THE LAST KING

OR

THE NEW FRANCE

BEING A HISTORY FROM THE BIRTH OF LOUIS PHILIPPE IN 1773 TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

BY

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NOW FIRST TRANSLATED. EDITED BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND APPENDICES

IN TWO VOLUMES. ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES AFTER FAMOUS ARTISTS

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THE NEW FRANCE

CHAPTER LXIII

Casimir Périer's last days—Provincial outbreaks—The cholera—Death of Casimir Périer.

WHILE these officers were employed in splendid achievements in which death seems sweet because of the glamour of victory, Casimir Périer languished, with a bleeding heart, upon the tortured couch of power. O Dante Alighieri, great inventor of torments, is there anything more dreadful in thy sublime poem than this page which we borrow from the works of Louis Blanc?

"The increase of attacks, which even those measures of which he hoped the most brought upon him, had thrown Casimir Périer into a state of exasperation which made him an object of pity or terror to all around him. Sometimes depressed and dragging himself about with difficulty, sometimes excited to a state of delirium, it seemed as if only hate kept him alive. Nothing had been able to quench his thirst for despotism, neither the humility of his colleagues, who obeyed the lifting of his finger, nor his dominion over the Chamber, whose passion rose and fell at his voice, nor the insolence of courtiers, curbed for him alone, nor the aspect of the king himself, forced to endure the injury of his service in silence. A martyr to his own pride, it was often his fate to offer a singular and terrible spectacle to those about him.

"One night Doctor de Laberge was sent for, privately, and hastened to him. Casimir Périer was in bed, candles burned in the room and lit up his profoundly altered countenance.

"'Read this!' said he to M. de Laberge, handing him a paper. 'This is my reply to the attack made upon me yesterday by M. Laffitte. Read it and give me your opinion.'

"M. de Laberge found it to be written with undue animosity, said so frankly, and was asked to soften any expressions that seemed to him too violent. Suddenly the door opened and an officer of dragoons appeared, bearing a letter from the king. Casimir Périer seized the letter, read it rapidly through, crushed it in his hands and threw it away furiously.

"'There is no answer!' he said to the officer, who withdrew in amazement.

"'They say the president of the Council is mad,' said M. de Laberge. 'And there goes a man who can confirm it.'

"Casimir Périer did not take offence at the rudeness of these words. He turned to M. de Laberge, whom he respected for his patriotism and frankness, saying, 'If you only knew what was in that letter! Pick it up and read it.'

"'Heaven forbid!' said the doctor, who knew the minister's suspicious character. 'In your present state of irritation you might confide the secret to some one else and then blame me for letting it out!'

"Then Casimir Périer spoke of the bitter and mysterious troubles of his political life.

"'The Chamber does not know whom I have to deal with!' he said, and added after a minute's silence, 'Why haven't I got epaulettes!'

"'And why do you want epaulettes?' cried M. de Laberge.

"At these words Casimir Périer raised himself, his eyes inflamed and his lips pale, and, pushing back the coverings, showed his emaciated legs, pinching the skin with his fingers.

"'Don't you see that I am no better than a corpse?' he asked."

We are reminded of Mazarin, showing his skeleton limbs to Anne of Austria and dying of exhaustion a year after the Spanish conference.

And when did all this take place? Before the news came of the troubles at Nîmes, at Calais, at Clermont, at Carcassonne, and at Grenoble. At Grenoble M. Maurice Duval showed himself; his arrest of the duchesse de Berry was to complete his unpopularity. We know what happened there. For a carnival joke twenty-five or thirty persons were injured. Three or four days of disturbance were ended by a *sortie* of the thirty-fifth regiment of the line, commissioned by the town authorities to execute the prefect's order.

It was a defeat for Casimir Périer, and he would not acknowledge defeats. Lieutenant-general Saint-Clair, who had authorised the surrender to the National Guard, in his anxiety to avoid bloodshed, was dismissed. M. Lespinasse, the commander of the place, was put on the unattached list. Colonel Chautron, of the artillery, was replaced. And finally, Lieutenant-general Hulot, the king's confidential man at Cherbourg, was sent to Metz, which was equivalent to a disgrace. This was because he had given the order to leave Grenoble to the thirty-fifth regiment. It was he who had had orders to raise Normandy and make sure that king Charles X did not return to France.

On the other hand, M. Maurice Duval was personally congratulated by Louis Philippe, and Maréchal Soult, in an order of the day addressed to the army, thanked the thirty-fifth in the name of the king of France.

After this can one be surprised at the fury the thirty-fifth showed in the rue Transnonain? It was orders of the day that did the massacre, not bayonets.

There was great disturbance in the Chamber. Casimir Périer pretended that the troubles had been increased by a mob calling for the king's assassination, and that men had shouted "Down with the government!" and "Hurrah for the Republic!" Then M. Dupin, senior, supporting the ministry, pretended on his part that the soldiers had been insulted and attacked, and had only used their weapons at the last resort when they were about to be snatched from them. Garnier-Pagès, on the contrary, who was better informed, said that the soldiers had marched upon the citizens with fixed bayonets, without the requisite summons beforehand, and that in consequence the citizens had been slaughtered.

No one knew what the truth was, and the most fervid spirits hesitated to accuse a prime minister and president of the Council of falsehood when a report of the municipal administration of Grenoble was published, stating:

"That the masquerade of the 11th did not represent or suggest the assassination of the king.

"That there were no shouts of 'Down with the government!' or 'Hurrah for the Republic!' anywhere.

"That the prefect, M. Maurice Duval, had given the order to surround the mob.

"That no legal summons had been proclaimed.

"That a single soldier of the thirty-fifth had gone into hospital on the 16th on account of inflammation resulting from a kick he had received.

"That on the spot where the mob collected there were no stones to throw at the soldiers.

"That fourteen of the wounds of the citizens were in the back.

"And finally that the events of the 13th had been the inevitable result of exasperation due to a flagrant violation of the law."

All this did not prevent the thirty-fifth from entering Grenoble with drums beating, the band playing, and cannon in their midst.

In the midst of these distractions more terrible news startled the capital. The cholera, child of the Ganges, after stretching eastward to Pekin, southward to Timor, northward to the frontiers of Siberia, after invading Moscow and St. Petersburg, entering Poland behind the Russians, decimating Bohemia and Hungary and reaching London, fell upon Paris and struck its first victim in the rue Mazarine.

The date is precise and terrible. It was on March 26th, 1832, that the first cry of agony broke upon the Carnival rejoicings. Misfortune showed no favour this time; the evil spread rapidly from poor to rich. However, when statistics were published, the quarters of the Tuileries, the place Vendôme, and the chaussée d'Antin showed eight dead for every thousand living, while the quarters of the hôtel de Ville and the city showed fifty.

Every one remembers this time of mourning when the closed houses and deserted streets, trodden only by funeral processions, of the rich by day and of the poor by night, seemed not like a living capital, but a city of the

dead whose sombre vehicles carried away more than seven hundred persons a day.

Then, as if there were not already enough cause for mourning, rioting augmented the misery. There are moments of despair when people will listen to any rumour. One day a rumour spread that there was no such thing as cholera, which was merely a fiction of the newspapers; but that a vast plot had been organised by wretches who had poisoned the water supply.

Every time that great scourge of the East which we know as the plague had stricken France, the populace, who could not believe in an impalpable contagion, had repeated this horrible tale of poisoning the water. The rumour, however, was dying away of itself when M. Gisquet, a creature of M. Casimir Périer, published a circular containing the following words:

"I am informed that, in order to give credit to atrocious suppositions, certain wretches intend to go the round of the taverns and butchers' shops with flasks and packets of poison to throw into fountains and vessels and over meat. Or they may make a show of doing so and be arrested in the act by accomplices who will let them escape after having described them as belonging to the police and done everything possible to confirm the odious accusations brought against the authorities."

So it was the Opposition that was charged with this unnamed crime. When governments number such methods among their resources they are like sick men given up by the doctors, who call in quacks and charlatans.

The imprudence of the prefect of police bore its fruit. A young man had his throat cut near the passage du Caire simply because a voice called "Down with the poisoner!" Another was stabbed to death in the rue Ponceau because he stopped at a wine merchant's door to ask the time. Another was cut in pieces as a pretext equally frivolous in the faubourg St. Germain; it was said he had looked into a well. And a Jew perished in the market because he laughed while selling fish. One wretch, accused of the same crime, had been rescued from the people's fury and taken to the guard-room at

the hôtel de Ville, when he was seized again at the instigation of some women and torn to pieces as in the times of Foulon and Berthier. Only, in '89 the people themselves devoured the flesh of the corpses, in 1832 a coal-porter made his dog eat it.

And yet these were the same people who posted sentinels at the doors of the Bank and the Treasury, in the revolutions, and shot those who were found carrying off a little silver—a people sublime or hideous in action as good or evil inspiration fills them.

During the month of April, 12,700 persons succumbed. The epidemic lasted 189 days. The official lists of dead gave a total of 18,402, and that is about two-thirds of the real figure.

The cholera, without attacking Casimir Périer, had dealt him a terrible blow. He had accompanied the king in his visit to the hospitals, and the sight of the dying and dead had made a fearful impression on the minister, dying himself. A scene with M. Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador, finished the business.

"The emperor, my master, does not wish it," said the ambassador in the course of a discussion with the minister.

"Does not wish it!" cried Casimir Périer. "Tell your master that France takes no orders, and that, so long as Casimir Périer lives, she will consult no one on her actions except herself and her own honour!"

One of the minister's friends, M. Milleres, entered just as M. Pozzo di Borgo was leaving in great agitation. He found Casimir Périer livid and foaming, and stopped, regarding him in anxiety.

"Oh, yes! Look at me! Look at me!" said Casimir Périer. "I'm done for! They've killed me!"

And indeed, on May 16th, 1832, he was dead.

"Casimir Périer is dead!" repeated the king when he heard of the event. "Is it good or bad news? The future will show."

Two days sooner Cuvier had died. He was born in the same year as Napoleon and left a name in science as imperishable as Napoleon's name in war.

CHAPTER LXIV

The duchess of Berry—The adventures of "Petit Pierre"—Growth of the Republican party—Death of General Lamarque—His character—His funeral—The author's impressions—An invitation.

The legacy bequeathed by Casimir Périer was a heavy burden. It consisted of two civil wars—the Royalist civil war and the Republican civil war.

Let us begin with the first and see it leaving England, crossing Germany, passing over Switzerland, halting on the shores of the Mediterranean, landing at Marseilles, drawing a furrow across the south, and dying out, amid angry mutterings, in the west.

At St. Cloud, the duchesse de Berry had proposed to Charles X that she should take the duc de Bordeaux in her arms, reach the capital and restore his son to the Parisians, preceded by the first general who would consent to act as guide.

The king had refused.

Eighteen years later, the duchesse d'Orléans in similar circumstances was to make a like proposal to Louis Philippe, and Louis Philippe, as had done Charles X, was to decline it.

On reaching England, Charles X stopped at Lulworth, and there drew up and signed an act ratifying the abdications of Rambouillet. It was there, at the reading of this document, that the duchesse de Berry made known to him her plans as to la Vendée.

Charles X shook his head: misfortune had made him incredulous. However, he thought he ought not to reject this last chance for his grandson's fortune. He appointed the duchesse de Berry regent.

As soon as she had thus obtained authority, the duchesse de Berry took ship, crossed Holland, went up the

Rhine as far as Mayence, reached Genoa, where Charles Albert lent her a million francs; passed from Piedmont into the state of the duc de Modène, where the reigning prince, who, as one remembers, had refused to recognise Louis Philippe, offered her his palace of Massa as a residence. It was at Massa that the expedition to la Vendée was being prepared.

The Legitimists were divided into three camps. M. de Chateaubriand and M. de Bellune, chiefs of the first, believed that nothing could be done except by legal and parliamentary means. Charles X and M. de Blacas headed the second, which placed all its hopes in the intervention of the powers. The third, which had for spokesmen M. de Bourmont, the comte de Kergolay, the duc d'Escars, and the vicomte de Saint-Priest, adopted all the plans, however adventurous, of the duchesse de Berry.

It had been decided also to rely for everything on French aid, and on French aid alone. However, as one can well understand, the French police had not lost sight of Marie Caroline; Louis Philippe, gazing fixedly at the little court of Massa, was giving the most precise orders that a cruiser should be stationed in the Mediterranean to keep watch on the attempts of the duchesse de Berry. This cruiser was to fall upon any vessel that seemed in the least suspicious, and if the duchess was seized, she was to be conducted to Corsica, there to await the government's instructions.

Now towards the beginning of 1832, the duchesse de Berry received a letter from M. de Metternich. The prince informed her that her presence at Massa was dangerous, that the French government was watching her, and that she must observe the very greatest prudence with regard to her plans.

After having drawn up a proclamation to the army, a regulation for the organisation of a provisional government, and another to do with wines and salts, the duchesse de Berry decided that the departure should take place on April 24th.

The duc de Modène was advised of it on the 22nd.

Massa was to be left on the pretext of making a journey to Florence; and those who were to embark with Marie Caroline had gone on beforehand to Leghorn.

Madame quitted the castle of Massa on the 24th at the Ave Maria; she was in a carriage drawn by four horses with Mme. de Podenas, Mlle. le Berchu, and M. de Brissac, and when some way from the gate of Massa the postilion was told to stop. It was at a spot where the shadow cast by the wall made the darkness still deeper: and the postilion took advantage of the halt to look to his traces. Meanwhile a footman opened the carriage door, and the duchesse de Berry, M. de Brissac, and Mlle. de Berchu alighted. Mme. de Podenas' lady's maid took their place beside her mistress, who remained in the carriage; the postilion did not notice the exchange, remounted and continued his road, while the princess hastened to the place fixed for the embarkation.

She was taken on board a launch; she had to put out to sea, where, at the distance of a league, was the *Carlo Alberto.* Everything happened as arranged, and towards eleven at night a light appeared which grew brighter and brighter. It was the *Carlo Alberto's* lantern.

At midnight, the duchesse de Berry, Mlle. le Berchu, maréchal Bourmont, his son Adolphe Bourmont, M. de Saint-Priest, M. de Mesnars, and M. de Brissac boarded the little steamboat, where they found M. de Kergolay and his son, M. Charles de Bourmont, and M. Ledhuy, M. Sabbatier, and M. Sala. It was at midnight, again, that they sighted the place of rendezvous, the Planier lighthouse. The sea was rough, but the duchess resolved to land, nevertheless, as she was uneasy on account of a cruiser which was guarding the coast of Carry. The signal agreed upon was given—it was to hoist two lanterns; and a quarter of an hour later a boat, commanded by M. Spitalier, took on board the duchesse de Berry, after the given password with the *Carlo Alberto* had been exchanged.

On a different occasion, and to the dictation of the man who unravelled this drama, a former aide-de-

camp of my father's,[1] I have related this odyssey in all its details, under the title of "La Vendée et Madame."[2] I have related how the duchesse de Berry, after having failed in her attempt on Marseilles, had asked and obtained hospitality from a Republican; then how from mansion to mansion, stopping by day and travelling by night, she had passed through the south and had reached the west. I have told how, arriving safely at château Pianac, near Saintes, she had there fixed May 24th for taking up arms. I have told how in peasant disguise, calling herself Petit Pierre, she sought shelter in the Meslier homestead. I have told how M. Berryer discovered her there and in vain exhausted his eloquence in begging her to leave la Vendée. I have recounted the struggles resulting from this decision, the engagement of Pénissière where forty-five Vendéans so valiantly defended themselves against a battalion, that to turn them out of their improvised fortress it had to be set on fire. I have related the assassination of Cathelineau, the execution of Bascher, the death of Bonnechose, my poor comrade at the baths of Trouville; I have followed the duchess fleeing from shelter to shelter, and at last, dressed as a peasant woman, and accompanied by Mlle. de Kersabiec, entering Nantes.

Now, it was on the night of June 9th that there reached Nantes particulars of General Lamarque's funeral procession, and of the bloody strife to which it gave rise. Let us return to this procession, at which, deputed by the family, I was instructed to see that the artillery of the National Guard took the place assigned it in the programme.

General Lamarque was dead: one might say that in this great duel between the opposition and the government Casimir Périer and he were quits. The two implacable enemies had died within a fortnight of one another.

In times of revolution everything serves as an excuse not only for hatred, but for pride; the court had had

[1] General Dermoncourt.—*Translator's Note.*

[2] Published by Guyot and Cannel, Paris, 1833. And see also Dumas' romance "Les Louves de Machecoul."—*Translator's Note.*

its day of triumph at the funeral of Casimir Périer, the opposition was about to have theirs at General Lamarque's. Besides, this noble soldier had died as he had lived, sword in hand, his country's name on his lips: and this sword to which, dying, he had pressed them was the one given him by the officers of the Hundred Days. Three parties, also, met together round this illustrious coffin—the Liberal, the Bonapartist, and the Republican.

During the year just passed, the Republicans had made enormous progress; though no one had sown the seed, the fruit had come of its own accord. The artillery, in particular, so divided at the time of the trial of the ministry, was, on June 5th, 1832, almost entirely Republican. But among the middle and lower classes the party had made little progress. The one saw in it nothing but a red cap at the top of a pike and the guillotine in the place Louis XV. The other saw not even that, and to it the word was nearly meaningless. It was, then, among the intellectuals that was to be found the true strength of the party, to which there rallied besides some officers and non-commissioned officers from the army, instinctively drawn to it by the traditions of the Carbonari of 1821.

For many, the four sergeants of la Rochelle were not only martyrs, but even apostles. Republican societies, also, were on the increase; the Society of Friends of the People, a mother society which alone was in existence at the time of the trial of the ministers, had seen spring up after her the Society of the Rights of Man, the Gallic Society, and the organising committee of municipalities. It is true that all these, wanting a powerful leader and but feebly united, were strong in initiative but weak in control.

The government, on the contrary, warned of the danger threatening it by daily explosions caused by public opinion, had already its well-prepared plan, and, not to be taken unawares like Charles X, always kept in readiness, in Paris as well as in the suburbs, between 40,000 and 50,000 men.

From the fourth instant, although no step had been taken by the Republicans, although no plan had been decided upon, it was surmised from the electricity in the air which precedes political as well as atmospheric storms, that the morrow would be reckoned among days of terror.

That evening every one assembled and tried to arrange something, to decide on some line of action; but Carrel, the greatest sceptic I have known, as regards revolutionary *coups de main*, preached calm and prudence, and Bastide, Guinard, and Cavaignac did not dare take any responsibility for fear of leading the whole party into some ill-considered attempt. Nothing was settled unless it were not to attack, but to hold one's self in readiness for a defence. The meeting-place was to be in the place Louis XV. On this being reached, it was found to be guarded by four squadrons of Carabineers. A move was made towards the residence of the deceased in the rue St. Honoré. The street was crowded; from upper stories of houses was to be seen, on the one side, the dense crowd stretching out as far as the Palais-Royal; and on the other, swelling in ever-increasing volume along the rue Royale, faubourg St. Honoré, and place de la Madeleine.

This crowd was composed of students, old soldiers, deputies, corporations of the different Paris trades, and of refugees. One sought in vain pupils of the Polytechnic school: they had been kept in check by General Tholozé.

This entire crowd was quivering with passion, and full of sudden alarms and confused rumours; one would have said that the social body felt that trembling which shakes the limbs of a fever patient the moment before his attack seizes him. Men, arriving from all parts of Paris, were reporting the precautions everywhere taken by the government. There was a squadron of dragoons at the Wine Market; a battalion of the 3rd Light Infantry at the place de Grève; the 12th was awaiting the funeral procession in full force on the place de la Bastille; the courtyard of the Louvre was



FUNERAL OF GENERAL LAMARQUE.

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full of troops. That entire district stretching from the Prefecture of Police to the Panthéon was given over to the Municipal Guard, of which a strong detachment was protecting the Botanic Gardens; finally, in the barracks of the Célestins, the 6th Dragoons were in readiness to mount. Police lined all the boulevards along which the procession was to pass.

When the funeral car stopped at the general's door, the horses were taken out, some young men harnessed themselves to it, whilst others, taking the places of the ordinary bearers, carried the corpse out on to the hearse.

It was only upon reaching the boulevard that order could be established in the cortège. The four pall bearers were General la Fayette, Maréchal Clausel, M. Laffitte, and M. Maugin. The car was draped with tricolour flags, and covered with wreaths of immortelles. The members of both Houses came immediately behind the car. Then the National Guard, armed with sabres only. Then artillerymen, with muskets, but no cartridges; the standard bearers only had loaded ones. Then refugees of all nations with their respective flags. Then the Society of the Union of July, with a mourning banner adorned with crape and immortelles. Then the schools of law, medicine, chemistry, commerce, and of Alfort, each with its own flag with this inscription—"To General Lamarque." The whole turned into the boulevard without confusion, in good order, but gloomy as an army marching to battle.

The weather was uncertain, inclined to rain; the atmosphere was charged with those currents of hot air which one would have declared to be invisible lightnings announcing to nervous persons an approaching storm.

It was at the top of the rue de la Paix that the general's funeral encountered its first disturbance. The young men walking in front of the coffin called out to those who were drawing it: "To the place Vendôme!"

This deflection was unforeseen, and it threw into that immense serpent, whose scales filled the boulevard

and whose tail reached the rue St. Honoré, an unrest and uneasiness, soon calmed as the reason for the coffin traversing the rue de la Paix was known.

It was desired to let the old soldier make the round of the column, to which, on his part, he had no doubt contributed some enemy's gun. But on seeing this crowd approach in disorder, the sentry of the staff feared an attack; powerless to resist it, he went within quickly, and closed the doors.

Those who were heading the procession, for their part, saw in this retreat, not its real cause, but an excuse for not paying funeral honours to the illustrious dead. The crowd at once pressed towards the door with threatening cries of: "Honour to the coffin, military honours! Honour to General Lamarque!"

Soldiers came out and presented arms: the crowd calmed down.

The coffin, drawn by the young men, made the round of the column and took its place once more at the head of the cortège. The military authorities had made the desired concession; and this concession had had a certain effect: it had increased the public excitement. Thus the procession went forward again with the triumphant air of a crowd convinced of obstacles, and of having conquered the first in its way.

At the turning of the rue de Grammont a great uproar and threatening cries were suddenly heard; this noise and these cries arose at the appearance of the duke of FitzJames, who, hat on head, was watching the procession pass. It was a strange provocation from one so intelligent as the duke: had he but possessed that religious feeling towards a coffin which, because it is founded in human egotism, survives all others, he would have stood bareheaded to watch it pass. The disturbance was so great that the duke of FitzJames was obliged to withdraw.

This retreat of the ex-peer was accompanied with shouts of "Long live the Republic!" which rose from the ranks of the artillery, and beneath the trade banners.

Towards the porte St. Denis, a gendarme who had tried to make an arrest, and who, struck in the face, was followed by five or six men armed with swords and pistols, fled into the artillery lines. The artillery protected him and saved his life. A little farther on, another gendarme came right into the ranks of the procession and laid hands on a man who had just shouted "Long live the Republic!" An old officer near him immediately set about his defence, and drew his sword; the gendarme did the same, and a duel with a hundred thousand spectators ensued. While keeping the officer off, the gendarme came up against the pavement and stumbled. The old man whose sword was raised against his adversary was surrounded, brought back to his place, and in the meantime the gendarme escaped.

These were various prologues of the terrible drama in preparation. I saw many intelligent persons who at that time did not give twenty-four hours' further existence to the throne of July. A young man, who no doubt understood that, called out from the midst of a group of students: "Now then, where are they leading us?"

"Pardie," replied the leader of the group, who sported a July decoration, "to the Republic!" Then, in a lower tone: "My dear friend," said he, "you are invited to supper this evening at the Tuileries."

The poor lad might have said, like Epaminondas: "With Pluto." He would not have been mistaken.

CHAPTER LXV

The artilleryman—A knight of the Apocalypse—Engagements of June 5th and 6th, 1832—An embassy to the king.

FROM that moment the thought of fighting was in every one's mind; men who were passing within reach of their homes suddenly broke the ranks; then, ten minutes later returned with the butt end of a pistol projecting threateningly from a pocket, or with a sword hilt buckled on. From the boulevard du Temple onwards, it was plain that it was a march to battle. The place de la Bastille was thus reached; it was bristling with bayonets; the 12th Light Infantry took up its station there.

But just when the artillery passed, an officer left the ranks, doubtless under pretext of shaking hands with a friend, and in a low tone: "Citizens," said he, "I am a Republican, you can rely on us." And upon the promise of a single man the news spread through the crowd that it was now certain that the army would not only not fire, but would even pass over with the people.

A moment afterwards a great noise arose from the direction of the rue St. Antoine, and sixty pupils of the Polytechnic School, of whom half had lost their hats, while some held naked swords, mingled with the refugees, exchanging handshakes with the artillerymen. They had broken bounds, and, heated by their long, rapid run, hurried up ripe for insurrection. On perceiving them, the band at the head of the cortège began to play the *Marseillaise* of its own accord. One should have heard these incendiary strains to understand the shudder which ran through the veins of the persons present.

The way along the boulevard Bourdon was taken; and the procession, stopping a moment at the Bastille,

again took up its march. The head of the column halted at the bridge of Austerlitz. There, from a platform, the funeral addresses were to be given. The first speeches made were by General la Fayette, Marshal Clauzel, M. Mauguin, and the refugee generals, Saldanha and Serrognani. Nothing in these discourses, prepared beforehand, was responsive to the general excitement; so they were heard in gloomy silence. These were not the kind of pronouncements required by that fevered and angry crowd.

But after these first speakers, others took possession of the platform. No longer parliamentary speakers with their chilly rhetoric, these were street orators burning with inspiration, picking up all the national questions trodden under foot for the last two years, and exposing the maltreated, like the corpses of criminals, to the gaze of the crowd. These were living enthusiasm, insurrection, menace personified. They were frantically applauded.

Suddenly, in the midst of these shouts, these outcries, and these visible arms shaken aloft, arms till then hidden in the breast, a terrible apparition, a kind of knight of the Apocalypse, all in black, came in sight; he was mounted on a black horse which made its way with difficulty in the throng. In one hand he held a red flag in whose folds he was draped: this flag was surmounted by a Phrygian cap.

Ten thousand men moving at quick march upon the Republicans would have terrified them less than this man: for he was the ghost of the first republic; he was '93 evoked still bleeding, on the square of the Revolution; he was August 10th; he was the September 2nd and 3rd; he was January 21st.

Republicans understood that at the sight of the spectre the middle class would take a step back, and that they themselves would remain isolated with only their conviction for support. But as their conviction was a great one, they did not hesitate. Then began that terrible struggle which, in one hour, covered half Paris with fire and smoke.

The particulars of these dreadful engagements of June 5th and 6th will remain one of the blood-stained pages inscribed by the hand of civil war. Never was the heroism of a party pushed further; for thirty hours sixty men held their ground against a whole army; and when the flames were extinguished, when the guns had ceased to thunder, twenty or twenty-five dead and twenty-two prisoners were found: the remainder of the combatants, perhaps eight or ten, had opened a passage at the point of the bayonet and had disappeared.

While the Republicans were consecrating with their blood the new religion of which they were at once apostles and martyrs, in the rue St. Méry, the members of the opposition were conferring together at M. Laffitte's.

The report of this conference in which they were wavering between a desire to resume power and the fear of compromising themselves would be curious. In the end, as usual, the opportunity was let slip. Once gone, it was felt to be irretrievable; and it was decided to take the same step with regard to Louis Philippe, on June 6th, as had been taken with Charles X on July 28th. M. Arago, M. Odilon Barrot, and M. Laffitte were chosen for this embassy.

The king had just re-entered the Tuileries. Towards half-past 5 in the evening the king had learned at St. Cloud what was going on in Paris. His first impulse was to confront the danger and measure it; he went to the queen, told her everything, and asked what she was intending to do.

"What you do," replied she.

"I am going to Paris."

"Then I go with you."

And, in fact, both set out. At 9 o'clock they were in the Tuileries. The ministers were assembled at the staff; the king sent them word to come to him. The council reassembled: it was proposed to put Paris into a state of siege; but the proposal seemed premature, and it was postponed till the next day.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. Little rest was

taken at the Tuileries: at 6 o'clock the king was on horseback. He visited several sentries, and passed in review the National Guard of the suburbs to cries of: "Down with the Carlists! down with the Republicans!"

Thus, not only had the government come to believe in a Jacobin insurrection, but also that this Jacobin insurrection was combined with a Carlist one. This stupid accusation gained credit and was repeated even by serious people. It is true that those who affirmed it the most positively were perhaps those who gave it the least credence.

At midday the Republicans were concentrated in the cloister of St. Méry, surrounded on all sides: it was now only a question of time and of corpses.

The king resolved to take a look at the boulevards. He went out of the Tuileries accompanied by the duc de Nemours, Maréchal Gérard, the ministers of war, of the interior, and of commerce; his orderlies and his aides-de-camp were with him; several platoons of carbineers, some dragoons, and National Guards on horseback preceded or followed him. He began by reviewing the troops concentrated on the place de la Concorde and in the Champs Elysées; then, going by way of the boulevards, and then by the faubourg St. Antoine to the barrier of the Trône, he returned to the Tuileries by the quays.

It was on his return from this ride, still warm with excitement, that the three deputies found him. When they reached the Tuileries, M. Guizot was with the king. The three deputies came in an open carriage so that every one might see them. But there was already a gulf between July 29th and June 6th, and in proportion as the king's passage had been greeted with acclamations, their own had been observed with coolness.

Just as they were entering the courtyard of the Tuileries, a man sprang to their horses' heads, stopping the carriage: "Sirs," said he, "take care! Guizot is with the king, and you are risking your lives." Then the giver of this advice disappeared.

They alighted, none the less, and demanded an audience of the king, who, in a few minutes, sent word that he was ready to receive them. At the door M. Laffitte stopped his two colleagues. "Gentlemen, let us behave ourselves," said he, "he is going to try to make us laugh."

The door opened. M. Laffitte, M. Odilon Barrot, and M. Arago were introduced.

A long conference took place between the king and the three deputies. They told him that his victory being a legal one and about to be decisive, it ought at the same time to be merciful; that if for the last eighteen months order was thus violently disturbed, not only in Paris, but also in various parts of France, that was due to the fatal system of March 13th adopted by him.

"You are about to triumph in the name of law," added M. Barrot; "and nevertheless it will be a cruel triumph, for it will be bought with French blood."

"Whose fault is that?" replied the king. "Some wretched people have attacked my government, am I not to defend myself? I am not aware, moreover, what information you have been able to pick up, but I myself believe that resistance is giving out. The cannon you hear are at this moment forcing an entrance into the cloister of St. Méry, in which the rebels are shut up."

"You are triumphant, sire," replied M. Odilon Barrot, "do not permit the victory to be abused: violence after the struggle might lead to fresh catastrophes."

"I have just taken a look at Paris," said the king, "and during my ride, I only heard two cries: *Long live the king!* and *Sire, prompt justice.* On my return I have informed M. Barthe of the people's wish. He has replied that, by holding extra assizes, the accused can be brought before a jury in less than a fortnight. That is sufficient, I believe; justice will then take its regular course without any kind of violence."

"To punish is not sufficient, sire," warmly responded M. Laffitte, "one must devise a means of allaying the general irritation. It is not by material force alone that

a government can proceed; it is above all by moral force, by the people's affection. The country is discontented with the course of affairs; in this lies the whole cause of disorder."

"You are mistaken, sir," returned the king; "nothing has succeeded in losing me the country's affection. The press works daily *to destroy* me with lies and calumnies."

"It is the system of government which causes all these ills," answered M. Arago; "it is the system that one must change. France has accepted all the consequences of the revolution. Nearly all the members of the opposition wanted a monarchy, but a popular monarchy."

"Say all," interrupted M. Laffitte; "the entire opposition is agreed that the monarchy of July must be preserved."

"I am charmed to learn," added the king ironically, "that M. Cabet and M. Garnier-Pagès think so."

"To-day," responded M. Arago, "there are three parties; but it is the ministerial system which strengthens the Republicans, and I accuse the ministry of it. A more liberal method at home and one less weak and compliant abroad is what is required. Then people and prince will be firmly united. The present system is a danger to the king, his family, and the country."

"There is something in what you say: my popularity is perhaps shaken; but it is not the fault of my government, it is the result of the hateful calumnies and manœuvres by which the Republicans and Carlists wish *to destroy* me. The press attacks me with unheard-of violence. I am cruelly outraged, but little or ill defended. I have made up my mind, strong as I am in the witness of my conscience. Have they not gone so far as to allege that I sympathised with Carlists! Go back to the origin of the House of Orléans, you will find among its constant enemies the ancestors of those who are to-day the leaders of the Carlist party. It is said that I am ambitious, insatiable for wealth, desirous

of a brilliant court! But I have gone through all the stages of life, and can say:

"'Happy he who is content with his humble lot . . .'

"I became king because I alone could save France from despotism and anarchy. I have always been opposed to the Bourbons of the eldest branch; no one is more hostile to them than I. It is therefore stupid to suppose that I have any idea of coming to terms with them. The bill of the hôtel de Ville is a disgraceful lie; I appeal to M. Laffitte. In a speech pronounced over Lamarque's coffin, some one, I don't know who, spoke of engagements solemnly accepted, then basely forgotten; it is false, I am indignant at it. I made no promise. By rights I had nothing to promise: as a matter of fact I have not promised anything. The revolution was accomplished to the cry of *Long live the Charter!* The people demanded it: it has been improved by the suppression of Art. 14. Directly I mounted the throne, I adopted the system which seemed good to me; it still seems so to me to-day. Prove to me that I am mistaken, and I will change it; otherwise I shall persist, for I am a man of principle and conviction: I could sooner be brayed in a mortar than led away contrary to my opinion. I have no circle: it is possibly on account of my *amour-propre*; but I am not under any influence. My system seems to me excellent; prove to me the contrary."

"Experience has proved it," said M. Arago: "the boldness of Carlists, political hatreds, civil war in la Vendée and in Paris condemn the system of March 13th. Our position is damaged: some young men have just tried to upset your government, because they counted on the people's dissatisfaction; fifteen months back they would not have done it."

"I have just crossed Paris; well, I have never heard more unanimous and hearty cries of *Long live the King!* never has the National Guard shown more devotion."

"I have seen the National Guard," M. Arago took him

up; "it wanted to put down anarchy, but it wanted a change of system. It is true that my opinion is only that of a private in it, and, in consequence, has little weight: it would have more coming from a colonel."

"I understand you . . . . I have never divined from what caprice Casimir Périer persisted in rejecting the suffrages of the twelfth legion. As to what you call the system of March 13th, it is not that; I adopted it after mature reflection on coming to the throne; it has always been followed, even under M. Laffitte."

"Your Majesty makes a mistake," said that gentleman; "I reject all comparison with the minister Périer. It is true that against my will measures have had more resemblance than I desired; but I cite the speech I pronounced with your approbation."

"The points of view were exactly the same," replied the king. "The government has always gone on the same line, because this line had been chosen after mature consideration. Show me its disadvantages; for in your report I have found nothing, absolutely nothing."

"Small causes would have produced great effects then; for the faults pointed out are those which have brought about the general disaffection. For example, the systematic disbanding of the National Guards of the most patriotic towns, the frontier towns, has destroyed many sympathies. At Perpignan there was no pretext whatever. It was a caprice of the prefect, who wanted to flatter Casimir Périer."

"At Grenoble," added M. Odilon Barrot, "government mistakes have been numerous and inexcusable."

"The most unfair insinuations have been spread about over this affair, gentlemen; authority has been calumniated, and so has the thirty-fifth regiment. One was obliged, I suppose, to allow authority to be degraded! One was obliged to allow the king's figure in the guise of an animal whose throat had been cut to be taken through the streets with impunity! and because some brave soldiers undertook defence of the king, of the law, and of public order, they have been blamed and treated as assassins!"

"There have been dealings with Carlists, terms have been made with them," answered M. Odilon Barrot: "it is a very serious error. We have often demanded that the law should be enforced against Carlist insurgents in the west, that the services should be purged of the Carlists who are to be found in them. Far from that, safe conducts have been given to the leaders."

"Never!" cried the king.

"Your ministers have admitted it in parliament," affirmed M. Odilon Barrot.

"They have said what they wanted to; but I persist in maintaining that safe conducts have been refused."

"A state of siege in four departments and great expense would have been avoided."

"I never opposed measures brought in against Carlists; Dupont (of Eure) has not spared them. I don't believe there were any in the army. There were some, perhaps, at the Treasury, but M. Laffitte knows how difficult and dangerous changes are in that service. The charge of favouring Carlists is the one that has most surprised me, for the emigration has never forgiven me for having refused to bear arms against France. I delayed in approving the Bricqueville proposal, it is true—I acknowledge it; but it was for the confiscation of *six hundred thousand francs* of property belonging to the proscribed family and I was unwilling to sign it. The honour of France exacts that this family should not be reduced to foreign alms. However, although the duchesse de Berry is the queen's niece, I have ordered her arrest; but I do not desire blood. Remember what a member of the Convention said: 'They cut off Charles I's head, the Stuarts returned; they contented themselves with banishing James II, the Stuarts disappeared from England for ever.' My father, despite my entreaties, in voting for the death of Louis XVI made the mistake of wanting to give bloody pledges to the Revolution; I do not mean to imitate him."

"What has most disaffected the country," replied M. Arago, "is the lack of dignity in foreign affairs; it is the pusillanimity of the administration, it is their dis-

regard of the national honour. The Prussians have been stopped by firm language; the Austrians would not have invaded Italy if they had been similarly addressed."

"You are speaking of our threats to Belgium, but these threats could not have much effect; for how many troops do you think we had then? We had 78,000 men, counting the Algerian army; 78,000, not more, and you want to make war with that?"

"It was enough then with the popular enthusiasm," continued M. Arago. "When the French government possesses the people's confidence it can always speak energetically. The vague language of M. de Saint-Aulaire provoked unanimous dissatisfaction. He asked a favour for the king of the French! . . . from the Pope!"

"Not so loud, M. Arago. . . . It seemed as if there was something to criticise in the tone of M. de Saint-Aulaire, but when taxed with it, he replied that one could not succeed otherwise. Besides, it is not we who have made concessions, it is to us that they have been made. All we asked was yielded, and all that was withheld at first; we brought the foreigner to do what he didn't want. For example, the Belgian affair will be completely settled in a few days; the king of Holland will have to subscribe to it. We have brought the emperor of Russia to agree to the separation of Belgium, and yet, to begin with, he had positively declared that he would never consent."

"This advantage has only been obtained at the price . . ."

"Thus," said Louis Philippe, interrupting M. Arago, "the Belgian affair is as good as finished. I do not see so clearly into the Italian one; I do not know how that will end, for it is not an easy matter to bring a pope to reason. Also, of all the European nations, it is still France which is in the most favourable position; for the others have all the elements of revolution, and to end them they have not the stuff of a duc d'Orléans. France and England could not be governed without the liberty of the press. I know its disadvantages;

I know that the indulgence of the jury does a great deal of harm, but I do not see a remedy. Thus, when in his fit of temper Casimir Périer proposed to make exceptions, I always opposed it. The German princes desire a censorship: I await their catastrophe."

"We fear to trespass on your Majesty's time," then said M. Odilon Barrot.

"I am a constitutional king, I ought to listen to every one; it is my duty: I have duly given audience to M. Mauguin and M. Cabet! I can then see only with pleasure three persons with whom I have had private relations, and who can acquaint me with the truth with less bitterness."

"Your Majesty finds the system perfect, and we—we think otherwise; it is, therefore, useless to prolong this conversation."

"I believe the system an excellent one; until the contrary is proved, I shall not change it. My intentions are pure, I desire the happiness of France; I have never armed against her. The whole difficulty arises because justice is not done me, because ill-will and calumny seek to *destroy* me. If I am present in council, journalists cry out that the State is lost and that there is an end of constitutional government. However, it is not I who will make illiberal decisions. For example, a state of siege was suggested to me this morning; I did not want that: the laws are sufficient; I don't wish to reign except by law; no one will ever make me swerve from that rule."

"We congratulate your Majesty on that," said the three deputies.

"In your report you accuse me of being insatiable of wealth."

"Sire," replied M. Arago and M. Odilon Barrot both together, "we are certain that that is not to be found in the report."

"Gentlemen, do not insist; it is to be found there," M. Laffitte told them.

"Ah, you see that M. Laffitte remembers it. You to accuse me of wanting to heap up riches!"

"We have merely said," replied M. Arago, "that the ministers have demanded too large a civil list for your Majesty; that was our intention."

"I do not recognise intentions, I only recognise facts."

"Among patriots," pursued M. Barrot, "there is irritation, disaffection, and discouragement, whilst Carlists are over-bold. I entreat your Majesty to seek the cause, and to apply the remedy. Perhaps there is still time. The moment is even favourable since you have just suppressed the insurrection. Your Majesty may place confidence in us, for we are all three inspired by our attachment to France and to your Majesty. M. Arago aspires but to leave politics for the sciences which have made him illustrious. M. Laffitte is but too disenchanted with power; and I am ready to affirm with my blood that I do not desire any place whatever in your government, too fortunate to be able to return to my study and to devote myself without distractions to the labours which have brought me independence and happiness."

"M. Barrot, I do not accept the resignation you offer me," said the king, tapping him on the shoulder.

"Sire, see in us only disinterested persons who are explaining to you the opinion of sincere and moderate-minded patriots. You are obliged to govern by liberty, and with liberty to accept all the consequences of that position."

"That is my intention, that is what I am doing. I shall not change, because I never change a system except when I have been shown to be in the wrong. I have but once deviated from this practice: it was with reference to my arms. I retained the *fleurs-de-lis*, because they were mine, like that of the elder branch, because they have always adorned our escutcheons. Their suppression was desired: it was folly. I resisted a long time, even to the pleadings of M. Laffitte. I ended by yielding to violence. But after all, what do you wish to suggest to me?"

"A golden mean between the system of March 13th and the republic," replied M. Arago.

"A proclamation," continued M. Barrot, "in which your Majesty, while acquainting France with the serious events of the last two days, will express once more, and frankly, your sympathies with the principles of the revolution of July, ought to produce an excellent effect, it seems to me."

"Unfortunately a constitutional king cannot go and explain himself to parliament. I can only personally make known my sentiments when I travel, and you will have noticed that I never let pass these opportunities without profiting by them."

"I withdraw, plunged into the deepest sorrow," then said M. Laffitte, "because I believe in the sincerity of convictions which make the greatest misfortunes inevitable. I dread them for France, and still more for the king. All the trouble is caused by the different points of view in considering the revolution of July. Some have seen in it only the charter of 1814 a little improved, and a simple change of persons; the greatest number, all the energetic men at least, see the triumph of the popular system and the complete annihilation of the Restoration. The press has protested against the system of March 13th for a long time; so has by its presence that enormous crowd which thronged to General Lamarque's funeral procession, that crowd composed of all ranks, of all degrees of fortune—the military, the middle class, the young people, the masses, and the National Guard; and if next day fifteen or twenty thousand of these citizen soldiers came to support the government, it is because its very existence was threatened. One forgot the system of March 13th to think only of the royalty of July."

"M. Laffitte, I credit your sincerity, but you are mistaken; the system of March 13th, as you persist in calling it, is only opposed by Carlists and Republicans."

"This system," said M. Laffitte, in conclusion, "has brought us to civil war. Even if its opponents are in a minority in the country, this minority is so energetic that it is unwise to despise it. Moral force is better than cannon or bayonet. Good citizens cannot but

feel extremely uneasy for the royalty so dear to them which is injured by a system distasteful to the French."

"Is Louis Philippe a quasi-legitimate king, or a legitimate king elected by the nation?" said M. Barrot finally. "Has he been chosen as a Bourbon or although he is a Bourbon? That is the question. If, instead of treading in the footsteps of the Restoration, you desire that all authority, all institutions, should have the same origin as yourself, there would be a union between France and your dynasty without the possibility of divorce. Since you think otherwise you will continue the experiment; but the friends of the country and of your Majesty can only look on at it with anxiety."

"I shall persist in what I believe to be my country's good," replied the king, "and I have a firm conviction that when passions are calmed, it will be recognised that I am just and right. My life is my country's; I know what I owe her and what I have promised her. You will know, gentlemen, if I fail in my promises or my vows."

CHAPTER LXVI

The courts-martial—Gracchus and Cornelia—The duchess of Saint-Leu and the author.

As the king had said, justice was prompt: only, the accused were not left to the assize courts, they were brought before courts-martial.

A young painter, named Geoffroy, was condemned to death; but, impressed by his appeal, the supreme court, on the pleading of Odilon Barrot, pronounced that the court-martial of the first military division had exceeded its powers. The rapid promulgation of this decree rejoiced all Paris; the death penalty for a political offence was already contrary to our customs, not to mention that it was outside our laws. The government was obliged to bow to this majesty of justice, more powerful than its own; it was acknowledged that it had committed the same offence as Charles X, without having paid the same penalty. The accused were, therefore, sent back to a jury.

In all political risings due to conviction, it is rare if a struggle does not bring out in relief some marvellous act of courage; a defeat, some sublime character. A certain man, Jeanne, was to carry off all the honours of public admiration for his courage in the fight, and for his character before the judges. By a strange chance, Jeanne of the barricades, Jeanne of the assizes, Jeanne the Republican was the brother of Jeanne the Carlist, of the stationer, Jeanne of the passage Choiseul, in whose window-panes one might see, on foot, on horseback, in busts, in medals—in short, represented in every manner—the effigy of the comte de Chambord.

The examination of Jeanne is a model of frankness, courage, and conciseness.

Q. "On the 5th of the month you were present in the funeral procession?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "At 5 o'clock were you not in the square St. Méry?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Armed?"

A. "Yes, sir, with a gun which I had gone home to get."

Q. "You worked at the barricade?"

A. "Yes; two National Guards had been killed near me on the boulevard; we had been fired on without provocation: it seemed to me that, if attacked, we had the right to defend ourselves."

Q. "Did you not give orders for the firing?"

A. "No, sir: a ball had just struck me full in the loins, and had knocked me over; I picked myself up, and I fired a shot—one only, for they had fled."

Q. "Yes, but they returned and found you at the same post?"

A. "I did not like to abandon my comrades."

Q. "And you remained all night behind a barricade?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Firing?"

A. "Firing."

Q. "Did you not distribute cartridges?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Where did you get these?"

A. "In the pouches of the dead soldiers."

Q. "On the morrow, you fired all day?"

A. "All day, yes, sir."

Q. "Were you not one of those who fired at the windows of No. 30, towards the end of the attack?"

A. "Yes. When a barricade was taken, we had no more cartridges, but for which we should have stayed there; we withdrew by crossing the lines of the regulars at the point of the bayonet."

One must add that Jeanne was splendidly supported by his mother; this Gracchus had also a Cornelia, not of a noble family like the Cornelia of antiquity, but with a noble heart. Here is the letter she addressed to her son, which Louis Blanc, the great historian of our poor time, has preserved for us.

This letter was put in Jeanne's hands on the eve of the trial.

"Thy mother is going to hear thee to day, and all the rest of the pleadings; thou hast not yet borowed anything from any one in what thou hast said; he who delivers a carefully prearranged speech can never be carried away by emotion as is the man who is speaking in accordance with his sincere convictions. I do full justice to the good intentions of M. P. and others; the fear of seeing thee fall makes them doubt thy powers, but I am acquainted with them, at least, sufficiently to be aware of what thou art capable. An uncalled for distrust of thyself at this supreme moment would be a blot on such a fine reputation; defend thy good right; make known as far as lies in thy power that it was a case of legitimate defence; be simple and generous; be as tactful with thine enemies as possible; complete my happiness, that I may hear from public opinion: 'He has been as great in defeat as he was brave in danger.' May thy spirit rise to the height of thy actions. Ah! if thou knewest how proud I am of having given thee birth! Do not fear any weakness on my part, thy great soul has the gift of raising mine. Adieu; though separated from thee, my soul does not leave thee."

The jury brought in its verdict. Jeanne was condemned to transportation; Rossignol to eight years' imprisonment; Goujon and Vigouroux to six years of the same; Ronjon to ten years' ordinary penal servitude; and Fourcade to five years in prison.

These are the names of the acquitted: Leclerc, Jules Jouanne, Fradelle, Faley, Metiger, Bouley, Conilleau, Dasuineray, Mutille, Maris, Renouf, Coiffu, Gumbert, Genrillon, Fournier, Louise Antoinette Alexandre.

As to ourselves, we had left Paris immediately after that dreadful day; this is what we wrote in 1833, after a conversation with queen Hortense, mother of the actual president.[1] It will be seen that after an interval of eighteen years our opinions have not altered either upon men or things.[2]

[1] This conversation was printed in 1833, some time after the appearance of my work "Gaule et France."

[2] Louis Napoleon.—*Translator's note.*

"The duchesse de Saint-Leu had invited me to breakfast next morning at 10 o'clock. As I had spent a part of the night in writing up my notes, I arrived some minutes after the appointed time; I was about to make my excuses for having kept her waiting, which was the less pardonable as she was no longer queen; but she reassured me with perfect kindness, saying that breakfast was not till midday, and that if she had asked me for 10 o'clock, it was to have leisure for our talk. Meanwhile she proposed a walk in the park; I responded by offering my arm. We took nearly a hundred steps in silence; I was the first to speak:

"'There was something you wanted to tell me, duchess?' I asked.

"'True,' she replied, 'I wanted to speak to you of Paris. What was the news there when you left?'

"'A good deal of blood in the streets, many wounded in the hospitals, not enough prisons, too many prisoners.'

"'You were there on June 5th and 6th?'

"'Yes, madame.'

"'Excuse me, but I am possibly about to be very indiscreet; from something you said yesterday, I thought I made you out to be a Republican.'

"'You were not mistaken, duchess, and yet, thanks to the sense and to the colouring given to this word by the papers representing the party to which I belong, all of whose sympathies, though not all of whose systems, I share, before accepting the name you bestow on me, I shall ask your permission to give some account of its principles. To any other woman such a profession of faith would be ridiculous; but to you, duchess, to you who, as queen, have been obliged to hear as many stern words as you as woman have been forced to hear frivolous ones, I shall not insist in saying how far I agree with social republicanism, or to what extent I dissent from revolutionary republicanism.

"'You do not agree among yourselves, then?'

"'We have the same aspiration, madame; but there are different means of procedure. Some talk of cutting off heads and dividing up estates; those are the ignorant and fools. You are surprised that I don't describe them even more energetically, it is useless, they are neither feared nor to be feared; they think themselves advanced, and are quite out of date; they belong to '93, and we are in 1832.

The government pretends to be a good deal afraid of them, and would be sorry if they didn't exist, for their theories are the quiver whence it draws its arms! They are not Republicans either, they are *républiqueurs*.

" 'There are others forgetful that France is the elder sister of nations, who no longer recollect that her past is enriched with every remembrance, and who seek among Swiss, English, and American constitutions the most suitable one for our country. These are dreamers, Utopians wrapped up in their arm-chair theories; they do not perceive in their theoretic imaginings that a people's constitution can only be lasting in so far as it rises from its geographical position, springs from its nationality, and harmonises with its customs. It results from this that as there are not on earth two peoples whose geographical position, whose nationality, and whose customs are the same, the more perfect a constitution is, the more individual it is, and the less in consequence is it applicable to any other locality than that which gave it birth; these people are not Republicans, they are *républiquistes*.

" 'There are others who believe that an opinion is a coat of barbel blue, a waistcoat with wide facings, a waving scarf, and a pointed hat; those are the parodists and *howlers*; they stir up riots, but take care to keep out of them; they raise barricades, and leave others behind them to get killed; they compromise their friends, and go about in hiding everywhere as if they were compromised themselves. These are not even *républiquistes*, they are *républiquets*.

" 'But there are others, madame, for whom the honour of France is a holy thing which they wish untouched; for whom a word once given is a sacred compact which they could not endure to see broken, even from a king to a people; whose vast and noble brotherhood extends to every country which suffers and every nation which awakes; they have gone to spill their blood in Belgium, in Italy, and in Poland; and have returned to be killed or seized in the cloister of St. Méry. These, madame, are puritans and martyrs. A day will come when not only will one recall those who are exiled, when not only will one open the prisons of those who are captives, but even when one will seek for the corpses of the dead to raise tombs to them. All the wrong with which one can reproach them is of being in advance of their time, and of having been born thirty years too soon. These, madame, are the real Republicans.'

" 'I need not ask you if you are one of these,' said the queen to me.

" 'Alas, madame,' replied I, 'I cannot boast altogether of this honour. Yes, certainly, all my sympathies go out to them, but instead of allowing myself to be carried away by my feelings I have appealed to my reason; I have wanted to do for politics what Faust did for science: to go down into them and touch the bottom. For a year I have been plunged in the abysses of the past; I entered with an instinctive opinion, I have emerged with a reasoned conviction. I saw that the revolution of 1830 had taken us one step, it is true, but that this step had led us simply from aristocratic monarchy to middle-class monarchy; and that this middle-class monarchy was an era that one had to exhaust before reaching popular magistracy. Thenceforth, madame, without doing anything to approach the government from which I differed, I ceased to be its enemy; I watch it tranquilly follow out its allotted course, the end of which I shall not see perhaps; I applaud what it does of good; I protest against what it does of ill; but all without enthusiasm or hatred; I neither accept it nor challenge it; I submit to it; I do not look upon it as a piece of good fortune, but I believe it to be a necessity.'

" 'Then, according to you there is no chance that this government may change its course?'

" 'No, madame.'

" 'Yet if the duc de Reichstadt were alive and had made an attempt?'

" 'He would have failed, at least I think so.'

" 'True, I was forgetting that with your Republican opinions, Napoleon, for you, can only be a tyrant.'

" 'Pardon me, madame, I consider him in another aspect; in my opinion, Napoleon is one of those men elect from the beginning of time, who have received a providential mission from God. One judges these men, madame, not according to the human will which has made them act, but according to the divine will which has inspired them; not according to the work they have done, but according to the result they have produced. When their mission is accomplished, God recalls them; they believe themselves to be dying, they go to render their account.'

" 'And according to you, what was the emperor's mission?'

" 'A mission of liberty.'

" 'You know that every one but myself would ask you for the proof of it.'

" 'And I would give it even to you.'

" 'Let us see; you do not know to what a degree this interests me.'

" 'When Napoleon, or rather Bonaparte, appeared to our fathers, madame, France was emerging, not from a republic, but from a revolution. In one of her fits of political fever, she had thrown herself so far in advance of other nations that she had upset the world's equilibrium. An Alexander was required for this Bucephalus, an Androcles for this lion; the 13th Vendémiaire brought them face to face, the revolution was vanquished; the kings who would have had to acknowledge a brother in the cannon of the rue St. Honoré, believed they had an enemy in the dictator of the 18th Brumaire; they took for the consul of a republic him who was already the head of a monarchy, and, madmen as they were, instead of shutting him up in a general peace, they created for him a European war. Then Napoleon called to him all that there was of youth, of courage, of intelligence in France and spread it over the world. For us a reactionary, for others he was a progressive; wherever he passed, he sowed the seed of revolutions; Italy, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Belgium, Russia herself have in turn summoned their sons to the sacred harvest, and he, like a labourer tired with his day's work, has crossed his arms and has contemplated them from the heights of the rock of St. Helena; then it was that he had a revelation of the divine mission, and that he let fall from his lips the prophecy of a republican Europe.'

" 'And do you believe,' returned the queen, 'that if the duc de Reichstadt had survived he would have continued his father's work?'

" 'In my opinion, madame, men like Napoleon have no father and no son; they are born like meteors in the morning twilight; cross the sky which they illume, from one horizon to the other, and are lost in the evening twilight.'

" 'What you say is not very consoling for those of his family who should preserve some hopes.'

" 'That is so, madame, for we have given him a place in our sky only on condition that he would leave no heir upon earth.'

" 'And yet he has bequeathed his sword to his son.'

" 'This gift has been fatal to him, madame, and God has annulled the bequest.'

" 'But you alarm me, for in his turn, his son has bequeathed it to mine.'

" 'It will be a heavy burden for a simple officer of the Swiss confederation.'

" 'Yes, you are right, for this sword is a sceptre.'

" 'Take care not to go astray, madame; I fear that you will live in that deceitful and intoxicating atmosphere which exiles carry with them: time which marches on for every one else seems to stand still for the proscribed; they always see men and things just as they have left them, and yet men change front and things alter their appearance. The generation which saw Napoleon pass on his return from Elba is every day dying out, madame, and that miraculous march is already no longer a remembrance, it is an historic fact.'

" 'So you believe there is no longer any hope of the return of Napoleon's family to France?'

" 'If I were king I would recall it to-morrow.'

" 'That is not my point.'

" 'Otherwise there is little chance.'

" 'What advice would you give, then, to a member of this family who should dream of the resurrection of its glory and of the Napoleonic power?'

" 'I should advise him to awake.'

" 'And if, in spite of this first piece of advice—which in my opinion is also the best—he were to persist, and asked you for a second?'

" 'Then, madame, I should tell him to obtain the cancelling of his exile, to buy an estate in France; to get elected a deputy, to endeavour by his talent to prevail over the majority of the Chamber, and to make use of it to depose Louis Philippe and to be chosen king in his place.'

" 'And you think,' returned the duchesse de Saint-Leu, with a melancholy smile, 'that every other means would fail?'

" 'I am convinced of it.'

" At that moment a bell rang for breakfast; we turned our steps to the castle, thoughtful and silent. During our return the duchess did not address a single word to me; but on reaching the threshold she stopped and regarded me with an indefinable expression.

" 'Ah!' she said, 'I should have very much liked my son to have been here and to have heard what you have just said!' "

CHAPTER LXVII

Death of the duke of Reichstadt—The Saint-Simonian religion—The accused—Guizot and Thiers—The duchess of Berry—Deutz.

The death of the duc de Reichstadt, which I mentioned in my conversation with the duchesse de Saint-Leu, had occurred on July 22nd, 1832.

One knows what rumours are always flying about round the graves of pretenders. For a long time, rightly or wrongly, political men were convinced that Napoleon's heir would die young; and when the news of this death spread abroad, people merely shook their heads and said: "He bears too great a name to live."

Some day, in private memoirs, perhaps we shall hear more about this death, and we shall relate to which princess of the Austrian court one should apply to learn the secret of that languor which brought Napoleon II to the tomb. [1]

Then, too, the report of this death, in France, was muffled and soon extinguished. The warmest of the emperor's partisans would have dreaded the return of a young man brought up in the school of M. de Metternich. In his fair hair, in his effeminate features, the duc de Reichstadt had more of his mother than of his father, more of Marie Louise than of Napoleon. Was it not to be feared that he was morally the same, and that he had a heart more Austrian than French?

In the event, he died; eleven years sufficed for the angel of death to seal the tomb of father and child; and as neither the return of the exile of St. Helena nor of the pretender of Schœnbrun was any longer

[1] In his own Memoirs Dumas writes at length of the last days of the duke of Reichstadt, but leaves this mysterious allusion unexplained.—*Translator's Note.*

feared, the statue of the emperor, a year and six days after this death, returned to its place at the top of the column of the place Vendôme.

Let us rapidly relate what had happened in this interval, of which the two great events were the death of the Saint-Simonian religion and the birth of the daughter of the duchesse de Berry.

It is impossible for us to follow here the Saint-Simonian religion[1] in all the details of its birth, development, and death; born on the deathbed of Saint-Simon, it grew up in the rue Monsigny, was dying at Ménilmontant, and died in the assize court. There appeared there, on August 27th, Père Enfantin, Michel Chevalier, Barrault, Duverryer, and Olinde Rodrigues.

They were accused: Of the offence provided against by Article 291 of the Penal Code, which forbids the assembly of more than twenty persons. Secondly, of the offence of outraging public morality and good principles.

M. Enfantin, M. Duverryer, and Michel Chevalier were each sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of fifty francs; M. Rodrigues and M. Barrault to a fine of fifty francs only.

And now let no one think that we side with the judges against the accused; no, the sentence was partial, or rather, blind; the men called upon to give it were of good faith, but short-sighted. In a doctrine ridiculous in certain points, as are almost all new-born doctrines, but full of promise in certain others, they saw only an offence. The gospel which summed up the religion was short and precise: *To each according to his ability, to each ability according to its works.* Perhaps the principle was wanting in charity, and there would remain for those poor in spirit for whom Christ was so full of gentle pity nothing but heaven; but, certainly, it was not wanting in logic.

Then, it was the first time that much respect was

[1] Claude Henri, count de Saint-Simon, who died in 1825, was the founder of French socialism. Strangely enough, he was the originator of the idea of the Suez Canal.—*Translator's Note.*

paid to the proper party: *work*; this slave of past centuries was becoming the king of centuries to come. Also, without community in women, and the abolition of inheritance, government—observe, we do not say justice—government would not have such a good bargain in the Saint-Simonian religion.

As to ourselves, who have been present, both as listener and friend, at most of the *conférences* of Père Enfantin[1] we repeat, without being for our part open to the charge of the fanaticism with which he inspired his apostles, that we understood him, and that we believed him to be logical and sincere.

Let us return to the government which suppressed social republicanism in the person of Père Enfantin, and revolutionary republicanism in the person of Jeanne.

Three men offered themselves, as successors to Casimir Périer: M. Dupin, M. Guizot, M. Thiers.

Louis Philippe had to choose among these three. His sympathies were for M. Dupin. M. Dupin had been managing the contentious business of the duc d'Orléans for a long time; and as the king saw in the administration of France only the conduct of a large contentious business, he hoped that M. Dupin would win his case with the kings his neighbours as he had won his lawsuits with the river-side holders of his estates.

But, contrary to expectation, M. Dupin was less ready with respect to public business than with respect to private. The conversation between the future minister and the king rose on each side, on the scale of obstinacy, to the gamut of the most vehement discussion. At last, quite beside himself, M. Dupin cried:

"Stop, sire, I see clearly that we can never understand one another."

"I see it likewise, sir," replied the king, supremely aristocratic, "only I did not venture to tell you so."

This answer, which put M. Dupin so harshly back in

[1] Père Enfantin was one of Saint-Simon's most notorious disciples.—*Translator's Note.*

his place, which the king thought he ought never to have quitted, ended the interview.

There remained M. Guizot and M. Thiers.

If the deserts of a prime minister are measured by his unpopularity, no one more than M. Guizot had the right to the unpopular inheritance of Casimir Périer; but at the moment there was perhaps some danger in facing the general disaffection attaching to the man of Gand. M. Guizot kept out of the way; there remained M. Thiers.

Yes, but the king mistrusted M. Thiers; there was at the bottom of that levity and prattling, of all those defects, in short, by whose help M. Thiers obtained forgiveness for his good qualities, there was a groundwork of nationality which never ceased infinitely to disquiet the man who had permitted the Russian expeditions of Warsaw, the Austrian ones of Modena and Bologna, and who was preparing to make an expedition to Antwerp.

Besides, it was known that M. Thiers, a great strategist in his "History of the Revolution," was possessed of a secret wish to pass from theory to practice. M. Thiers was thus rejected.

Besides these three candidates stood, upright, stiff, motionless, incapable of taking a step towards the disputed portfolio, M. de Broglie, who was in the school of doctrinaires what Père Enfantin was in that of the Saint-Simonians. The king turned to M. de Broglie. In this manner and under the protection of the prime minister, M. Guizot and M. Thiers might be turned to account. M. de Rémusat, one of the adepts of this school, undertook the negotiation.

M. de Broglie made his conditions; they were accepted, and France possessed a ministry which was given the name of the ministry of October 11th. It was composed: of M. de Broglie, for foreign affairs; of M. de Thiers, for the interior; of M. de Guizot, for education; of M. Humann, for finance; of Marshal Soult, for war; of M. Barthe, for the ministry of justice.

Maréchal Soult retained the title of President of the Council, although in reality M. de Broglie was chief of

the Cabinet. Also, to *popularise* this ministry, a great achievement had been prepared for it: the arrest of the duchesse de Berry.

We have seen that, on the evening of June 9th, the duchesse de Berry had entered Nantes disguised as a peasant woman. A shelter awaited her in the house of Mlle Duguigny. This shelter was a garret on the third floor, immediately below the roof. To the right, on entering, was a window lighting the apartment and looking upon an inner courtyard; in the corner on the same side as the window a fireplace, whose slab opened from right to left, betraying an aperture a foot and a half in height, had been made expressly for the occasion. It was a last retreat arranged for the duchess in case the house should be invaded. Two beds of sacking were intended, one for her, the other, no doubt, for Mlle de Kersabiec. There, informed of all that might occur, she was patiently awaiting events, and holding herself in readiness to profit by them.

Although ignorant of which house she was at, the court knew perfectly well that madame was in Nantes; besides, at the time of the trial of the twenty-two Vendéans [1] the duchess had written this letter to her aunt, Marie Amélie:

"Whatever may be for me the consequences resulting from the position in which I am placed in fulfilling my maternal duties, I shall never speak to you of my share, madame; but for the brave men compromised in my son's cause I shall not know how to refuse what may honourably be done in attempting to save them.

"Thus, her good heart and her religion being known to me, I beg my aunt to use all her credit to intercede in their favour. The bearer of this letter will give particulars of their situation; he will say that their judges are the men against whom they fought.

"In spite of the difference in our positions, a volcano is beneath your feet also, madame; you are aware of it. I knew

[1] This number 22 seems cabalistic with regard to trials; as we have said there had been two months earlier the trial of 22 Republicans, and were not those Girondins whose heads Marat demanded and obtained in 1793, 22 also?

of your very natural terrors at a time when I was safe; and I was not insensible to them. God alone knows what He destines for us, and perhaps, one day, my having placed confidence in your goodness and having provided you with an opportunity to be serviceable on behalf of my unfortunate friends will be acceptable to you. Believe in my gratitude.

"I wish you good fortune, madame, for I have too good an opinion of you to believe it possible for you to be happy in your position.

"MARIE CAROLINE."

As madame said in this letter full of dignity and sorrow, he who was taking it, a Royalist officer entirely devoted to his party, was ready to give all the information required, but Queen Marie Amélie was in too embarrassing a position to accept the commission entrusted to her. M. de Montalivet unsealed the letter, read it, went up to the queen's apartment, remained there a quarter of an hour, came down again, and returned the letter to the officer, saying that her Majesty could not receive it. And indeed, supposing that the queen was in her husband's confidence, it was a difficult matter. The king set about arresting his niece through the medium of a renegade Jew. Deutz[1] (there are names which become mortal injuries), Deutz was the name of this Jew. Deutz had accompanied Mme. de Bourmont to London and in Italy; he had seen madame the first time when going to Rome, he had seen her again a second time on returning from Rome. Madame could therefore place some confidence in him.

Deutz introduced himself to M. Thiers, exaggerating this confidence; but he undertook to deliver up the duchesse de Berry. Traitors are still rarer in France than one thinks; one of them offered himself; it did not do to turn up one's nose at him. The sum was discussed; it was fixed at a hundred thousand francs; and Deutz set out for Nantes accompanied by Superintendent Joly, the same who had arrested Souvel

[1] A pamphlet on the subject of Deutz by "M. Davy" is probably by Dumas, Davy, one of his own names, being occasionally used by him as his *nom de plume*.—*Translator's Note.*

after the assassination of the duc de Berry. This time he was about to execute with regard to the wife the same mission he had fulfilled with regard to the husband's murderer.

What is called duty is a strange thing among men in place! Also, the Restoration had given this fatal example of pricing treason. Had not Didier been betrayed by Balmain for a reward of twenty thousand francs?

Deutz arrived at Nantes, made himself known to the Legitimists, pretended to be the bearer of important dispatches, and declared that he wished to deliver these dispatches only to the person for whom they were intended, that is to say to madame herself. Madame was informed of what was going on, and did not conceive the least suspicion.

On October 30th, she ordered M. Duguigny to go to the hôtel de France, to ask for M. Gonzague there, to accost him with these words: "*Sir, you come from Spain,*" and to give him the half of a cut card. If M. Gonzague gave him the other half of this card, and if the cuttings of the two pieces fitted into one another, M. Duguigny was to bring back the messenger.

M. Duguigny went to the hôtel de France, and found M. Gonzague there, who was no other than Deutz. Deutz fulfilled the appointed condition, and, sure that he had really found the man with whom madame had to do, M. Duguigny offered his services as guide. On the way Deutz stopped; he seemed uneasy and wanted to know exactly where he was being led.

"I am taking you," said M. Duguigny, "to a house where madame is coming to give you an audience, and which she will leave immediately afterwards."

Deutz asked him no more and let himself be brought into a room where were the two Duguigny girls, Mlle. Stilyte de Kersabiec, and M. Guibourg.

"Has madame arrived?" asked M. Duguigny, to make Deutz believe that madame was not staying in the house.

"I think so," replied Mlle. de Kersabiec, "for we have just heard a stir in the next room."

At that moment, M. de Mesnars came in. Deutz started; although he had seen M. de Mesnars in Italy, he did not recognise him.

"What is it? Where am I?" cried he.

M. de Mesnars made himself known to him, and Deutz was reassured. Behind M. de Mesnars entered madame, but then Deutz declared he wished to speak to the duchess alone. Madame was so imprudent as to show him up into the garret which we have described, and which, as we have said, was the princess's hiding-place.

Madame and Deutz conferred together till 8 o'clock in the evening. A second interview was fixed for November 6th, at the same place.[1]

[1] According to the Marquis de Flers, Thiers and not the King employed Deutz. His Majesty is said to have informed the Princess that she was betrayed. She refused to fly, having the fixed idea that there would be an insurrection. "Le Roi Louis-Philippe," by Le Marquis de Flers.—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER LXVIII

The arrest—A letter from Chateaubriand—A case of forensic medicine—A duel.

On the morning of the 6th, Deutz sought out M. de Bourmont, announced to him that in the evening he was to see the duchess, and strongly urged that he should be present at the interview. Deutz wanted to seize the marshal at the same time as madame; but M. de Bourmont had resolved to leave Nantes, and, without having told Deutz anything as to his plans, happily for him, he went out of the town towards 5 o'clock in the evening, although he was in a burning fever, and to keep on his feet was obliged to take a friend's arm.

Meanwhile the authorities took their measures, for it was this same evening that the duchesse de Berry was to be arrested.

At the hour agreed upon, Deutz was brought in to the princess. This time he was perfectly calm, and madame did not observe any uneasiness in him. In the middle of the interview, a young man entered and put into her hands a letter in which she was informed that she was betrayed. The duchess passed the letter to Deutz. The wretched being was so much master of himself that he did not even change countenance, and he withdrew protesting his devotion and fidelity.

But the house was surrounded, and the street door, closed behind Deutz, reopened directly to give passage to some soldiers preceded by superintendents of police who rushed into it grasping pistols. Yet the house was not so quickly invaded but that madame, Mlle. Stilyte de Kersabiec, M. de Mesnars, and M. Guibourg had time to take refuge in their hiding-place.

When the police rushed into the room, all four had disappeared. The house, by the look of it, was no longer occupied except by the two Duguigny girls, Mme. de Charette, and Mlle. Stilyte de Kersabiec.

M. Maurice Duval immediately ordered the most minute search. The room pointed out by Deutz as the duchess's reception-room was the special object of the most thorough investigation. Nothing was found; still, as it was certain that the duchess had not left the house, it was decided that it should be occupied by soldiers so long as the duchess remained undiscovered.

Two policemen were installed in the garret; General Dermoncourt, military commandant of the town of Nantes, his secretary, Rusconi,[1] and the prefect, M. Maurice Duval, installed themselves on the first floor.

The duchesse de Berry and her companions, separated by a mere partition from their pursuers, were invisibly present at the council held, and heard with downright despair the decision taken. An unbearable heat soon invaded the hiding-place. The two policemen on guard in the room, to overcome the cold which was laying hold of them, had tried to light the fire with parcels of the *Quotidienne* which they had found on a little table near the window.

For some while longer the prisoners held out; they were breathing with the help of a little opening to which they in turn applied their mouths. Finally, further resistance was impossible; the bottom of madame's dress took fire from the red-hot slab. Mlle. Stilyte de Kersabiec was the first to call out: "We are coming out, take away the fire."

Great was the guards' astonishment; they did not know whence came this voice. They obeyed, however, and put out the fire in the room, and the chimney slab opened, pushed back by a kick from M. Guibourg. Five minutes longer and the prisoners would have been asphyxiated.

The police ran to inform General Dermoncourt, while

[1] Rusconi subsequently lived for many years with Dumas as a sort of major-domo.—*Translator's Note.*

the prisoners emerged crawling over the hearth. When General Dermoncourt entered, all four were already out of their hiding-place.

Madame was dressed in a green woollen stuff called Neapolitan; the hem of her robe was, as we have said, entirely burned. Over this robe she was wearing a black silk apron. In the pockets of this apron and of her dress there were 30,500 francs in gold, which she hastened to give up to the police. She was shod in list slippers. She had been sixteen hours in her hiding-place. Seeing the General, she advanced towards him:

"General," cried she, "I confide myself to your loyalty."

"Madame," responded the general, "you are under the protection of French honour."

Two days afterwards, the duchess embarked on a little brig-of-war commanded by Captain Mollien. She had with her M. de Mesnars and Mlle de Kersabiec. She was carrying all she possessed in a pocket-handkerchief.

O Queen Marie Amélie! What bitter tears you must have shed when you learned that, insulted by a prefect who stood before her with his hat on, your niece, the daughter-in-law of Charles X, at whose request your husband had been named Royal Highness, had thus been led to prison in that fortress of Blaye where the dishonour of a public accouchement was preparing for her. And yet, there were still to be some sweet moments for the duchess in this fortress of Blaye, where she received so many tokens of devotion.

M. de Chateaubriand wrote to her from Geneva:

"Madame,

"You will esteem me bold indeed in importuning you at such a moment to implore you to grant me a favour, the last ambition of my life; I should ardently wish to be chosen by you among the number of your defenders. I have no claim to the favour I beg in comparison with your new greatness, but I venture to ask it in memory of a prince of whom you deigned to name me the historian—I hope for



MARIE AMÉLIE.

it also as the price of my family's blood. My brother had the glory of dying with his illustrious ancestor, M. de Malesherbes, defender of Louis XVI, on the same day, at the same hour, for the same cause, on the same scaffold."

These evidences of devotion were so much the more precious to her in that her two good friends, M. de Mesnars and Mlle. Stilyte de Kersabiec, had just been taken from her and replaced by M. de Brissac and Mme. de Hautefort, both zealous royalists, both devoted servants of the princess, but, nevertheless, not so much in her intimacy as those from whom she was separated.

This capture of the duchesse de Berry produced an immense sensation in Paris, and plunged the government which had just effected it into the greatest embarrassment. What indeed was the king to do? Should he leave the princess to the courts? Should he call down on himself, guilty of the same crime, the same punishment that he had let fall on Republicans? Or rather, yielding to family considerations, to ties of relationship, should he content himself with throwing unpunished, on Italian shores, the woman who had just raised la Vendée in rebellion? If he should give the princess up to public trial, he would embroil himself with all the sovereigns of Europe. If he should send her away safe and sound, he would expose himself to the just accusations, not only of the Republican party, but also of the extreme parliamentary left.

In the Chamber there was a stormy sitting which led to nothing but redoubled hatred between the parties and threats among antagonists. Suddenly a telegraphic dispatch reached the Tuileries; it was in the daytime on January 17th. According to this dispatch:

"On the night of the 16th the duchesse de Berry had an attack of vomiting. It is believed that her Royal Highness is *enceinte*."

It was a melancholy, almost a shameful way of getting out of the difficulty; but a way it certainly was. The news was joyfully received.

On the morning of January 22nd, ministerial organs gave out that M. Orefila and M. Auvity had just set out for Blaye, to which they were summoned by a case of forensic medicine.

Feeling ran high on reading these terrible little paragraphs. What was this case of forensic medicine upon which these two eminent scientific experts were going to report?

On January 24th, M. Orfila and M. Auvity arrived at Blaye, were received by the princess, and stated in a report made jointly with M. Gintrac and M. Berthe:

"That the princess, born of consumptive parents, showed symptoms of pulmonary disease; that she was subject to inflammation of the lungs and bowels; that nearly always, after her walks on the ramparts, she had a little dry cough of an alarming nature; that her health called for serious precautions; that, finally, she ought to limit herself to going out only about midday, especially in a fortress where the cold was severe, and where there were thick and unwholesome fogs caused by the vicinity of a river."

This was not the report expected by the government; so it was interred in the portfolios of the Ministry of the Interior, where M. Argout had just replaced M. Thiers.

However, the famous phrase of ministerial journalists, *to determine a case of forensic medicine*, produced its effect. The *Corsair*, in its character of skirmisher, believed itself the first to have discovered the mystery hidden in this locution, and let people catch a glimpse that this case of forensic medicine might well be pregnancy.

Next day M. Eugène Briffaut fought a Royalist and received a bullet in his arm.

The day after, the *Corsair* made an even more affirmative charge, and received a fresh challenge. This policy of intimidation was a bad way to silence the Republican party, so especially distinguished for the kind of mad courage urging it on.

Accordingly, the same day the *National* and the

Tribune disdainfully threw down the glove to the Legitimists. Armand Carrel, always the first in the fray in these kinds of affairs, wrote in the *National*:

"It seems as if this were the moment to discover the celebrated Carlist-Republican alliance; never mind that; let *messieurs les cavaliers' servants* say how many they are; that one may see once and for all; we shall not seek out the men of the golden mean to help us."

At the same time, Godefroi Cavaignac, Marrast, and Garderin, in the name of the Republican party, sent this challenge to the *Revenant* newspaper:

"We send you a first list of a dozen people; we demand of you not a dozen simultaneous duels, but a dozen successive ones, as to the manner whereof, and places for which we shall easily agree; no excuses, no pretexts will save you from baseness, nor above all from the consequences it involves, between your party and ours: henceforth war is declared; no truce till one of the two has given way to the other."

On February 2nd the first encounter took place between M. Roux Laborie and M. Armand Carrel; chivalrous even to excess, the latter did not want to yield priority to any one. The duel lasted more than three minutes: M. Roux Laborie was slightly wounded twice in the arm; M. Armand Carrel seriously in the right side. The sword had pierced the liver.

It is difficult to convey any idea of the sensation produced by this first encounter; M. de Chateaubriand and M. Dupin met at the wounded man's door coming to inquire after him. It was decided that the meetings should continue, and there was an interview with regard to the spot and the arms.

CHAPTER LXIX

A secret marriage—General Bugeaud—The agreement—A royal accouchement (May 6th, 1833).

THE government, which had possibly felt some elation on seeing its enemies flying at one another's throats, was alarmed indeed at the effect produced by this first bloodshed. It took every means to make itself master of the situation; there were some arrests, and Republicans and Royalists were so watched that two duelling engagements fell through owing to the appearance of the police on the ground. Finally, on February 26th, this declaration appeared in the *Moniteur* sworn to by the duchesse de Berry, and deposited in the hands of General Bugeaud, governor of the fortress of Blaye.

"Under the pressure of circumstances, and the measures ordered by government, although I had the most weighty reasons for keeping my espousals secret, I believe I owe it to myself, as well as to my children, to announce that I was secretly married during my stay in Italy.

"MARIE CAROLINE."[1]

This declaration, which was still not the official announcement of pregnancy, but which was clearly a step towards this announcement, dismayed the Legitimist party, which saw nothing for it but to deny resolutely that this declaration was by the duchesse de Berry. Those who conceded most to Louis Philippe's government consented to acknowledge that it was indeed hers; but they asserted that she had signed it only under pressure.

So the government decided that, to silence the most incredulous, the duchesse de Berry, known for certain

[1] The marriage was to Count Lucchesi-Palli.—*Translator's Note.*

to be *enceinte*, should be publicly confined, and that a report of this accouchement should be drawn up. Accordingly, M. Deneux, the duchess's accoucheur, was dispatched to Blaye, where he arrived on March 24th, 1833.

The difficulty was to obtain from the prisoner her consent to this public confinement. Two things held her back: first, the shame, the mortal blow that this disgrace was bringing to her party; then, a cruel thing to relate, the fear that once this disgrace was made public, the price of it, that is to say, liberty, might escape her.

On this point General Bugeaud tried to reassure her; he gave his word, which he was known never to have broken, and declared that if the king did not keep his promise, he would keep his, would open the fortress gates, seize the sloop-of-war *Capricieuse*, and, on his own authority, would conduct madame to Sicily.

In spite of this promise, the duchess, refusing all the arrangements proposed to her, wrote him the following letter:

"I cannot but be indebted to you, general, for the motives which have dictated to you the proposals you have submitted to me. On a first reading, I decided to reply in the negative; upon reflection, I have not changed my mind. I shall certainly not make any request of the government, if it thinks fit to place conditions on my liberty, so necessary to my health, now quite ruined, *let it inform me in writing* if they are compatible with my dignity. I shall judge if I can accept them, in any event. I cannot forget that you, general, have on every occasion known how to combine the respect and consideration due to misfortune with the duties laid upon you; I am glad to express to you my gratitude.

"MARIE CAROLINE."

One sees why the prisoner exacted that the government should let her know the conditions it imposed upon her in writing. It was therefore decided to do without the prisoner's consent.

On the morning of April 24th, General Bugeaud

entered her apartment; he held in his hand a kind of report which he explained to her; it was decided that the accouchement should be public. Those who were to be present were: first, the sub-superintendent at Blaye, then the mayor, then one of his deputies, then the king's attorney, the presiding judge, the magistrate, the officer in command of the National Guard, and two surgeons, M. Dubois and M. Menière. All these witnesses were to enter the prisoner's room at her first cries; they were to ascertain her identity, to record her replies, to record her silence; if she cried out during her travail, they were to note the cries; there was nothing, even to the wailings of the infant, to which importance was not attached, and which was to be unmentioned in the report; moreover the witnesses were to inspect the room, closets, wardrobes, desks, drawers, and even the princess's bed, to make sure that there was no new-born child in the apartment.

At this long enumeration, each word of which caused her a blush, the princess remained almost unmoved; but when the general added that two warders would be placed in the sitting-room adjoining her bedroom, and that the door of communication would be left open, madame burst out. "Oh! this is too much, sir," cried she; "withdraw!" And from this sitting-room rushing into her bedroom, she violently closed the door. Two minutes later, the princess took to her bed, her face purple, her lips compressed, her limbs shaken with fever. For nearly a day the child ceased to stir; it was thought to be dead.

Great outcries have been raised about Marie Antoinette's sufferings in the Temple; Marie Antoinette in the Temple was contending only for her life, Marie Caroline at Blaye was contending for her honour. Who had to suffer more, Marie Antoinette or Marie Caroline?

After three days' illness, the vanquished prisoner began to parley. An agreement was drawn up on this basis: the duchesse de Berry consented:

1. To inform General Bugeaud when she felt her first pains.

2. To reply in the affirmative to the question which would be asked her: Are you the duchesse de Berry?

3. Finally, if the persons who were to be present at the accouchement as witnesses did not arrive till it was over, to receive them when M. Deneux should judge proper.

In return for these concessions the general promised in the government's name:

1. That M. Dubois, whom the duchesse de Berry held in abhorrence, should not, under any pretext, come into her room.

2. That she should be set free directly M. Deneux considered her fit to bear the journey.

3. That this promise should be deliberated upon in the Council, resolved and signed by at least five ministers.

4. That the original document, or copy, signed by the ministers should be sent to the general, who should preserve it.

5. That, finally, the prisoner herself should have a certified copy of this promise.

This last clause, to which the duchesse held *absolutely*, nearly occasioned a rupture of the negotiations, which were conducted by telegraph; at last they were accepted on both sides, and thus one could sleep in peace at the Tuileries.

The duchesse de Berry, regent of France, had just abdicated at Blaye, in a manner no less absolute than Charles X had done at Rambouillet!

This agreement, in so far as it concerned madame, was destined to be carried out on the night of May 9th. On May 6th, at 3 o'clock in the morning, madame felt the first pains and uttered the first cries. No one believed the event to be so near, every one was thus taken unprepared. M. Deneux and M. Menière were asleep in the sitting-room turned into a bedroom for them, so that, if their services were instantly needed, there was but a door to open to summon them. Suddenly this door opened, and Mme. Hansler, who slept near the princess, rushed in crying: "Come, come, M. Deneux; madame is confined." M. Deneux in his

turn darted into madame's room, while M. Menière ran to awake the general. The general immediately ordered the signal for summoning the witnesses to be given. This signal consisted of three cannon shots.

Now let us come to the report; nothing is more terribly eloquent, sometimes, than the cold rigidness of an official document. It is a recital which at least has the gloomy advantage of being unexceptionable.

Report of the Accouchement of the Duchesse de Berry

"In the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, on May 6th, at half-past three in the morning, we, the undersigned: Thomas Robert Bugeaud, member of the Chamber of Deputies, marshal of the camp, superior commanding officer at Blaye;

"Antoine Dubois, honorary professor of the Faculty of Medicine at Paris;

"Charles François Marchand-Dubreuil, sub-superintendent of the district of Blaye;

"Daniel Théotime Pastoureau, president of the District Court of Blaye;

"Pierre Nadaud, king's attorney for the same court;

"Guillaume Bellon, president of the Commercial Court, jointly with the mayor of Blaye;

"Charles Bordes, commanding the National Guard at Blaye;

"Élie Descrambes, parish priest of Blaye;

"Pierre Camille Delord, commandant of the fortress of Blaye;

"Claude Olivier Dufresne, civil commissioner of the government at the fortress;

"Witnesses summoned at the request of Marshal Bugeaud with a view to being present at the confinement of her Royal Highness, Marie Caroline, princess of the Two Sicilies, duchesse de Berry. M. Merlet, mayor of Blaye, and M. Régnier, magistrate, witnesses equally designated, being momentarily in the country have not been given notice in time.

"We were taken into the fortress of Blaye, and into the house inhabited by her Royal Highness; we were brought into a sitting-room leading into a room in which the princess was brought to bed.

"Doctor Dubois, General Bugeaud, and M. Delord, commanding officer, were in the sitting-room from the time of the first pains. They have declared to the other witnesses that the duchesse de Berry had just been confined at twenty minutes past three after very short pains; that they have seen her being confined and being attended by M. Deneux and M. Menière, M. Dubois having stayed in the room till after the deliverance of the child.

"General Bugeaud entered, and asked the duchess if she would receive the witnesses.

"She replied: 'Yes, directly the child has been washed and dressed.'

"Some minutes later, Mme. d'Hautefort appeared in the sitting-room, inviting the witnesses to enter on behalf of the duchess, and we immediately went in. We found the duchesse de Berry lying in bed, with a new-born infant on her left. Mme. d'Hautefort and Mme. Hansler were sitting at the foot of her bed.

"M. Deneux and M. Menière were standing at the head of her bed.

"The President Pastoureau approached the princess, and put to her the following questions aloud: 'Have I the honour of speaking to the duchesse de Berry?' 'Yes.' 'You are truly the duchesse de Berry?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Is the new-born child near you your own?' 'Yes, sir, this child is mine.' 'Of what sex is it?' 'It is of the female sex. I have moreover charged M. Deneux to declare it.'

"And immediately, Louis Charles Deneux, doctor of medicine, ex-professor of the Clinic of Accouchement of the Paris Faculty, titular member of the Royal Academy of Medicine, made the following declaration:

"'I have just confined the duchesse de Berry, here present, spouse in legitimate wedlock of the count Hector Lucchesi Palli, brother of the princes of Campo-Franco, gentleman of the chamber of the king of the Two Sicilies, domiciled at Palermo.'

"The comte de Brissac, the comtesse d'Hautefort, asked by us if they would sign the account of what they had witnessed, have replied that they came here to attend to the duchesse de Berry as friends, but not to sign any documents.

"Of all of which, we have signed the present report in triplicate, of which one copy has been deposited in our presence in the archives of the fortress; the two others have been put in the hands of General Bugeaud, governor,

whom we have charged to address them to the government, and we have signed, after reading, the day, month, and year, as under. Signed: Deneux, A. Dubois, P. Menière, D. M.; R. Bugeaud, Descrambes, *priest of Blaye*; Marchand-Dubreuil, Bellon, Pastoureau, Nadaud, Bondes, Delord, and O. Dufresne."

What a difference between this confinement of May 6th, 1833, in the fortress of Blaye, and that of September 22nd, 1820, in the court of the Tuileries!

The accouchement of the duchesse de Berry was announced to the government by telegraph; it could not learn such good news too soon. It faithfully kept its word also; not one of the parties opposed to the Carlists, however cruel or infuriated it was, had the courage to demand other punishment for her than that inflicted by her uncle.

On June 8th, Marie Caroline left her prison. A steamboat was at anchor before the fortress and was to conduct her to the brig-of-war *Agathe*, which was waiting in the roads of Richard. Several persons were awaiting the princess on board the steamboat; they were: the marquis de Dampierre, the prince and princess de Beaufremont, the marquis de Barbensoir, the vicomte de Menars, count Louis de Calvimont, and the Abbé Sabattier, quite recently appointed her almoner.

At a quarter past 9, the duchess crossed the threshold of her prison; close beside her walked the nurse carrying the princess Anne Marie Rosalie, who, born in a prison, was to emerge from it only to be laid in a tomb. Behind the duchess and the nurse came M. de Menars, Mme. d'Hautefort, M. Deneux, M. de Saint-Armand, aide-de-camp to the general, Mlle Le Beschu, and Mme. Hansler.

At a quarter to 10, the princess was on board the vessel, which at 10 o'clock weighed anchor and put out to sea. In about an hour the transhipment was effected without mishap, and madame had with her on the *Agathe* only the persons who were to accompany

her to Palermo. These were: M. de Menars, the prince and princess de Beaufremont, M. Deneux, M. Menière, General Bugeaud and his aide-de-camp.

On June 9th, the *Agathe* set sail for Palermo, where she dropped anchor after a prosperous crossing.

Thus ended this attempted rising, fatal to the vanquished, but still more fatal to the victor.

CHAPTER LXX

"Aim at but miss me!"—Persecution of the press—Patriotic publications—The insurrection—A bundle of evidence.

After attempts at insurrection came attempts at assassination. One can judge the stage to which a civilisation has attained by political assassinations.

In primitive societies, among the peoples constituting it, assassination is an affair of family; the son desires to succeed to the father, the brother to the brother, the wife to the husband. Thus died Paul I, Peter III, and Peter IV.

In societies which have reached the second stage of civilisation, assassination descends a step, and passes from the family into the aristocracy; it is no longer the succession of son to father, brother to brother, wife to husband which consecrates poison, dagger, or pistol; it is the substitution of the power of one race for another race. Thus died Charles XII and Gustave IV.

In societies which have reached the third stage, assassination descends to the people; it is destruction of royalty pure and simple, it is the negation of monarchy. Thus died, among us, Henri III, Henry IV, killed by Jacques Clément and Ravaillac; thus nearly died Louis XV, assassinated by Damiens.

The different attempts at assassination made upon Louis Philippe had for their object not only the destruction of the king, but of royalty; it was a single and unique principle striking by the hands of various assassins. Fieschi, Alibaud, Mercier, Lecomte are the successors of Louvel.

The first attempt upon Louis Philippe took its place in history as the Pont-Royal assassination or the assassination of the pistol shot! It was not very serious,

and nobody paid much attention to it. A young girl, Mlle. Bury, played a part in it thought by many to belong rather to the sphere of fiction than of history. M. Bergeron and M. Benoît were tried and acquitted. Was the attempt genuine, or did the authorities, as they were accused of doing in this instance, play the part that the capuchin Chabot wished to make Grangeneuve play? Only, Chabot said to Grangeneuve: "Kill me!" and the authorities would have said to the unknown author of the attempt of November 19th: "Miss me!"

Then came the Belgian campaign and the siege of Antwerp, a strange campaign in which France made war against herself; a siege in which the prince royal made such a glorious military *début*. There was, however, a growing feeling of irritation. One day, the *Tribune* accused the government of wanting to surround Paris with fortifications; only, quite unlike ordinary fortifications, these would be destined, like those of Gand, not to defend but to restrain the city.

For a long time the government had adopted the fatal system of bringing actions against the press. One does not ruin newspapers with fines; one exasperates men by sending them to prison. The whole Chamber rose against the *Tribune*; by 220 to 92 votes it was resolved to summon it before the House; and the editor, M. Lionne, to whom like Charles I a parliament had been given for judge, was condemned to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 francs.

Henceforth it was a duel between press and parliament. The *Tribune*, wounded, parried the blow, and this time with deadly effect.

There were in parliament 122 deputies who were public officials; these 122 deputies were drawing among them 2,000,000 francs of salary for duties which they did not fulfil; for instance, one of them, M. Destournel, member for the Nord, was minister to Colombia.

There was a tax of 3,380,000 francs on iron; the *Tribune* stated that this tax would have been abolished

if twenty-six ministerial members had not had an interest in maintaining it.

The *Tribune* further asserted that for a long time the civil list had owed the Treasury a sum of 3,503,607 francs, and it summoned the ministry to return this sum to the state coffers.

Finally it established this curious fact, that in contempt of French law, Louis Philippe, on ascending the throne, had made a gift of his estates to his children, a thing which he had no right to do, but also that the registration of this gift, a registration payable in advance, according to law, was not yet entirely paid for at the end of three years. Then, suddenly, a rumour spread that, on the hôtel Laffitte, passers-by might read upon a placard these words : *Mansion to be sold.* Thus the blow struck by Louis Philippe at his old friend, the man who had made him king, had been mortal ; the sale of the forest of Breteuil, made known by the registration, had struck at the basis of M. Laffitte's credit—M. Laffitte was ruined. A national subscription was opened to buy this house, where the revolution of 1830 was not made but undone. It was observed that the court did not subscribe. It was, however, a fine opportunity for investing a million, and, let us say further, it would have been a million well laid out.

In the midst of all this, a law passed which clearly showed the bastard position of this monarchy which, born of a revolution, disowned its mother. The law of January 19th, 1816, relative to the anniversary of *the fatal and for ever to be deplored day of* January 21st, 1793, was abrogated. If the anniversary of January 21st was a *fatal and for ever to be deplored day*, why was the law abrogated which made this day one of mourning ?

All this sowed bitter doubt in men's minds ; even those who defended the course of the government aloud, were in private disturbed at the steepness of the slope on which it was gliding. The king decided that he must strike a great blow to regain his popularity, and

on July 29th, 1833, forgetting the letter he had written to Louis XVIII in 1814, in which were these words: "My wishes, at least, hasten the fall of Bonaparte, whom I hate as much as I despise," he ordered that the statue of the man hated and despised by him should reappear on the top of the column in the place Vendôme. Later, he went further; feeling this popularity to be sinking still lower, he sent his own son to St. Helena to seek the bones of that man whom he no longer either hated or despised since he had understood that his corpse could be made to perspire popularity.

Let us return to the unrest which was agitating society and which seemed designedly kept up by the reactions of the government and the violence of the police. M. Gisquet was in office in the rue de Jérusalem at this time; he thought it clever to extend the stamp duty to pamphlets.

Now this stamping of pamphlets, of which sometimes as many as 50,000 were sold in one day, was a great matter. As no law exacted a stamp for these pamphlets, the newspaper *Bons Sens*, which alone was responsible for more than three-quarters of those sold, continued to print its pamphlets and the newsvendors to distribute them.

The newsvendors were arrested. The newspapers took the government agents before the courts, and they were convicted. The police, notwithstanding, continued the arrests.

Then M. Rodde, who, with Cauchois-Lemaire, edited the *Bons Sens*, decided to give a direct challenge to the police. M. Rodde wrote to all the newspapers on October 5th, 1833, that on the following Sunday he would himself distribute the patriotic pamphlets of *Bons Sens*; the distribution was to take place on the Bourse. If the police tried to arrest him, he would defend himself to the death.

It is needless to say that part of the population of Paris was at the rendezvous. M. Rodde was due to appear at 2 o'clock; from midday the place de la

Bourse was crowded, and numerous spectators were at the windows, as if in boxes overlooking an immense circus. At 2 o'clock a great noise arose in the crowd; M. Rodde had just entered the lists. He wore the dress of a common peddler, an amaranthine blouse and a glazed hat on which was this inscription:

PATRIOTIC PUBLICATIONS.

From the box slung at his side, in which were the pamphlets, the holsters of two pistols projected. A great shout went up: *Long live Rodde, long live the defender of Liberty! Respect to the law!*

In face of this vigorous demonstration the police withdrew, as they had already done in face of Carrel's manifesto, and M. Rodde returned home unmolested.

A lively feeling of irritation resulted from these various checks to the government, and a vow made by those in authority among themselves to take their revenge at the first opportunity.

This first occasion was not long in coming; a second revolt broke out at Lyons, but was suppressed by M. de Gasparin and General Aymer.

The *Tribune* then printed this piece of news:

"The Republic and a provisional government are proclaimed at Lyons; insurrection is spreading everywhere: St. Étienne is sending ten thousand armed workmen; dispatches were seized at Dijon; a regiment has proclaimed the Republic at Béfort."

Next day, April 13th, this placard was posted up at the Porte St. Martin:

"The long chain of humiliating acts of tyranny, disgraceful acts of treachery, of criminal betrayals is at last broken; our brothers of Lyons have learned how ephemeral is the brutal strength of tyrants in comparison with repub-

lican patriotism. Shall the victors of July hesitate to finish what mutualists have begun with so much success? Shall they let escape such a splendid chance of regaining this cherished liberty for which French blood has so long flowed? Citizens, so many generous sacrifices should not become unfruitful through unworthy cowardice. To arms! to arms!"

At this time of mutual exasperation, when, so to speak, one inhaled hatred with an atmosphere impregnated with passions, it did not need much more to bring about a collision. Indeed, an hour after these placards were affixed, a troop of armed men went to the boulevard St. Martin, broke the street lamps, took up the paving-stones and constructed barricades. At the same time there was a similar movement in the streets Grenier-Saint-Lazare, Beaubourg, Transnonain, and Michel-Lecomte.

This movement had travelled far; born in Savoy, it set out from Geneva, had reached Italy, and, suppressed by Charles Albert, the *Carbonaro* king, it returned through Lyons to Paris. These movements were a Vesuvius and an Etna with their mysterious channels, their subterranean fires, and their suddenly opening craters.

The insurrection was suppressed in Lyons and in Paris; but in what a manner and by what means! Read some of the certified testimony given in Lyons, then we shall show you some of the evidence taken down in Paris.

These certificates collected by a private individual (M. Charnier), who was making history without thinking of it, are copied by us from *l'Histoire de dix ans*, without any change either in style or in orthography.

"This day the first of May eighteen hundred and thirty-four, we the undersigned Bonnavanture Gallant, householder, wood merchant, great Paris Road; and Barthélemy Duperay, householder, manufacturing merchant, Rue Projetée number 8; and Honoré Picotin, wine merchant, old Paris Road, also householder, and Jean Chagny, house-

holder, tavernkeeper, number 9 Rue Projetée, in the interests of truth declare that Marie Grisot, wife of Louis Saugnier, muslin maker, living at Vaise, number 14, Rue Projetée, having fled from her house to take shelter at M. Coquet's locksmith, living on the Bourbon Road, where she thought she would be safer, it being further away from the suburb ; she was shot without having given cause for such treatment in any way, she leaves her husband, a man of unsullied honesty, father of four children, three in infancy, in witness whereof, we have signed this in the interests of justice.

" At Vaise, May 1st, 1834.

" PICOTIN, DUPERAY, CHARNIER, GALLAUD.

" Seen at the Mayoralty of Vaise, May 1st, 1834, for certification of the above signatures, to the number of four.

" THE MAYOR,
" ERHARD, *deputy*."

" We, the undersigned, all inhabitants of the parish of Vaise, declare, in the interests of truth, that the person named Claude Sève, an old man of seventy, living with his daughter Marie Sève, washerwoman, on the Bourbon Road, and the Rue Projetée, Sourdillon House, on the second floor, April 12th, 1834, has been shot and bayonetted in his bed, and afterwards thrown out of the window by soldiers of the 28th infantry regiment. We add further that they broke, and spoiled and threw out of window all his daughter's linen and household goods, she being away at the time. In witness whereof, we have signed this, for use in case of need.

" Vaise, April 28th, 1834.

" CIMETIER, SIMONAUD, BENOIT, NOEL, CHARNIER,
" PLAGNE, ANTOINE VERNE.

" THE MAYOR,
" ERHARD, *deputy*."

" We, the undersigned, attest that M. François Lauvergnat the Younger, silkworker, living at Vaise, Rue Projetée, was torn from the dwelling of M. Véron, blanket-maker, his neighbour (where he was quiet and inoffensive), by the soldiers of the 15th Light Infantry, to be shot, without his having had an opportunity of making the least explanation which would have left no doubt of his innocence.

"In belief whereof we have signed this for his widow's use.

"Vaise, suburb of Lyons, 29th April, 1834.

"J. Pelugaud, Damet, Gallaud, Berthaud.

"Seen at the Mayoralty of Vaise, April 30th, 1834, for verification of the above signatures, four in number.

"The Mayor,
"Erhard, *deputy*."

"We, the undersigned, declare that Mr. Étienne Julien, silkworker, living at Vaise, Magny House, number 7, Rue Projetée, was torn from his dwelling, where he was quiet and inoffensive, by soldiers of the 28th and other regiments, to be shot, which we have seen carried out that minute, without his having been able to make the least explanation which would have been sincere, and could not have been more exculpatory.

"In belief of which we have signed this present, 26th April, 1834.

"Tridon.
"Escoffier."

"We, the undersigned, inhabiting the parish of Vaise, declare that M. Benoit Herrault, a working mason, living at Vaise, Rue Projetée, Magny House, number 7; was torn from his dwelling where he was quiet and inoffensive by soldiers of the 27th infantry and other regiments, to be shot, without his having been able to make the least explanation, which would have been sincere and exculpatory. Further, the soldiers broke all his plates and dishes and cupboard. He leaves a pregnant wife and two little children; the elder only five years old; this poor family, in consequence of this event, is reduced to the greatest misery, unless help is forthcoming. In belief in which we have signed in the interests of truth.

"Vaise, 28th April, 1834.

"Antoine Verne.
"Chanier.

"Seen at the Mayoralty of Vaise, 29th April, 1834, for the legalisation of the above signatures, two in number.

"The Mayor of Vaise.
"Erhard, *deputy*."

"We, the undersigned, all inhabitants of the Parish of Vaise, declare, in the interests of truth, that the person of

Joseph Nandry, carrier, living at Vaise, on the Bourbon Road, at the house of Guillaume Laroche, innkeeper, on April 12th, 1834, was torn from his dwelling where he was quiet and inoffensive, by soldiers of the 28th regiment of the line who tore him from his wife's arms, and that they shot him at the gateway to his house, that he could not get any hearing to prove his innocence, and that he leaves a child of two years and a widow without resources, that they stripped her of her linen and broke her household effects, in witness whereof we have signed this for use in case of need.

"Vaise, 28th April, 1834.

"GOODWIFE LAROCHE, BENOIT, NOEL-MARTIN,
SIMONAUD BARCEL.

"Seen at the Mayoralty, 28th April, 1834, for the legalisation of the above signatures to the number of five.

"THE MAYOR,
"ERHARD, *deputy*."

"We, the undersigned, declare that the person named Pierre Véron-Lacroix, aged 27 years, living at Vaise, Magny House, Rue Projetée, number 7, was torn from his home where he was quiet and inoffensive, by soldiers of different regiments, to be shot, without his having been able to make the least explanation which would have been sincere, and could not have been more exculpatory. In witness whereof we have signed this present.

"Vaise, 27th April, 1834.

"ANTOINE VERNE, PLANCHE, J. PELUGAUD, DUPERAY.

"*For legalisation,*
"ROSSIGNOL, *junr. deputy*."

The murder of the last seems still more dreadful when one knows all the circumstances. When the soldiers came to the unfortunate Véron, he invited them to sit down at table; they ate and drank; then, after this meal, led him to their officer, who had him shot, as we have seen, without even giving him time to unfold his leave permit.

The father of the unfortunate Lauvergnat addressed a petition to the king, which, of course, remained unanswered. Here it is:

"SIRE, the reign of justice is that of great kings. Chosen of the nation, king of the barricades, I ask justice of you in the name of my unhappy son; I ask it in the name of a hundred persons, victims, like him, of the most criminal atrocity. On Saturday, April 12th, between midday and one o'clock, my son took some money; he was preparing to rejoin his mother and my eldest son who had set out for the village of Écally. He is stopped by neighbours and friends asking where he is going. He steps in for a moment to M. Véron and M. Nérard, number 7, Rue Projetée, where he finds another friend, M. Prost; these gentlemen were with their wives. Meanwhile the troops enter Vaise; they are soon masters of all the exits from the parish; then the soldiers of the 29th infantry, and the 13th light infantry, and some sappers of the engineers break open doors and enter houses. My son, Véron, and Prost are bayonetted, shot, they expire in the passages; and at the foot of the staircase, M. Nérard alone escapes as by a miracle. At the same time, a crowd of other harmless people perish in the neighbourhood.

"M. Soquet, a master locksmith, living in the Rue Tarare, number 7, is struck down dead in his house together with Mme Saunier; he was an old man of sixty-two years.

"Vaise, suburb of Lyons, 12th May, 1834.

"LAUVERGNAT, *rug-maker*."

Another petition was addressed by the Lyons landed proprietors to the king of the great estate, and to that he did justice; it is true that in it one reads this phrase which paints a whole epoch:

"The government has no wish that the triumph of order should cost tears and regrets. It knows that time, which imperceptibly effaces the grief caused by *personal losses*, is powerless to make one forget *losses of fortune, material ravages*."

The king was of this opinion; the deaths of the princess Marie and of the duc d'Orléans punished the father.

CHAPTER LXXI

The massacre in Paris—The judicial inquiry.

THE massacre was no less terrible in Paris. After having overturned the barricades of Porte Saint-Martin and dispersed their defenders, the military forces concentrated on the streets Beaubourg, Transnonain, Grenier-Saint-Lazare, and Michel-le-comte. The barricades obstructing these were demolished after a vigorous resistance; then the massacres began.

These massacres led to a judicial inquiry; we should not dare to narrate it, we quote from it:

"Mme. d'Aubigny is introduced; after the customary formalities:

"'Relate what you have seen,' says the presiding judge.

"*Mme. d'Aubigny.* At five o'clock the soldiery arrived by the rue Montmorency; it kept up a sustained fire and seized the barricade. A little later, another platoon of light infantry followed by the rue Transnonain, sappers ahead; they tried to break open the door of our house, which is extremely solid.

"'It's the regulars!' was the cry in the house; 'ah! here are our deliverers, we are safe!'

"We therefore rushed, M. Guitard, my husband, and I, to open the door; in a moment we were down the staircase. Lighter on my feet than these two gentlemen, I run into the porter's lodge and pull the cord; the door opens; soldiers rush into the passage, turn to the right, strike down my husband and M. Guitard. Just as they reached the last step of the stairs they fell under a hail of bullets; the detonation was so great that window-panes of the lodge, which I had not had time to leave, fly into splinters. Then I had a moment's dizziness; it left me only that I might behold my husband's senseless body stretched near that of

M. Guitard, whose head was almost severed from the neck by the number of bullets which had hit him. Quick as lightning the soldiers, headed by an officer, clear the second flight of stairs. A first solid folding-door has given way before them, a glazed door still holds out; an old man appears who opens it—M. Breffort the elder.

" 'We are peaceable men, unarmed,' says he to the officer; 'do not assassinate us!'

" He had not finished speaking when he falls with three bayonet wounds. He calls out, he appeals for help. 'Scoundrel,' says the officer, 'if you don't stay quiet, I finish you!'

" At M. Breffort's cries, Annette Brenon rushes from a neighbouring room to come to his assistance; but a soldier wheels round, plunges his bayonet below her jaw, and, in this position, fires a shot which, bursting, scatters pieces of her head against the walls. A young man followed her, M. Henri Larivière; he was shot at from so close that while the bullet penetrated his chest, his clothes caught fire; but as he was only mortally wounded, the soldier sets on him, and with one stroke of his bayonet, transversely divides the skin on his forehead and lays bare his skull; meanwhile, he is struck at in twenty separate places. The room is already a pool of blood. M. Breffort, who, in spite of his wounds, had had strength to take refuge in an alcove, was followed up by the soldiers; Mme Bonneville was shielding him with her body, and with her feet in the blood, and her hands raised to heaven, cried to them:

" 'My whole family is stretched at your feet; there is no one else to kill, no one but me!' And five bayonet strokes pierced her arms, and tore her hands.

" On the fourth floor, the soldiers who had just killed M. Lépine and M. de Robiquet were saying to their wives:

" 'Poor little women! You are much to be pitied as well as your husbands! but we are commanded, we are obliged to obey orders; we are as unfortunate as you.' "

Who then had given these frightful, inexorable orders. But perhaps it is thought that Mme d'Aubigny has exaggerated, *poetically*, as the judges said; *from enthusiasm*, as the courtiers said. Let us hear another witness.

" *Annette Vachée.* At half-past six in the evening, Louis

Breffort returned to me to sleep. We had a disturbed night. At five o'clock in the morning, M. de Larivière, who had passed the night on the second floor, at M. Breffort senior's, came up to bid us good-day. He told us that he had slept very badly and had heard crying all night. A voice called Louis from below: it was his father. M. Larivière went down and said he was just coming. Louis was dressing; I was scarcely dressed myself when, hearing a great noise on the stairs, curiosity drew me to the fourth floor.

"'Where are you going?' the soldiers call to me.

"I am too frightened to answer.

"'Open your shawl,' cries one of them.

"I open my shawl; they fire at me and miss; then I escape.

"'Stop!' calls one to me again, and again they fire at me; I utter a shriek, and reach Louis' door with difficulty.

"'Are you hurt?' he asks me, shutting the door behind me. 'I don't think so; they fired from so near that they could not have missed me; I think their guns are only loaded with powder.' 'What, no bullets! but your shawl is riddled in several places.' 'Ah! mon Dieu! they are going to kill us! Louis! Louis! let us hide; see, see, let's try to climb up on to the roof, we will help one another?' 'Be easy, then,' said Louis, 'people are not killed like that; I am going to speak to them.'

"The soldiers were already knocking at the door. Louis opens to them.

"'What do you want, sirs?' cries he. 'Do not kill us; I am with my good woman; we have just got up; make a thorough search, and you will see that I am no wrong-doer.'

"A soldier takes aim and fires; Louis falls full length, face foremost.

"He utters a long cry: 'Ah!'

"The soldier gives him two or three blows on the head with the butt end; he turns him over on his back with his foot to make sure he is dead. I throw myself on my lover's body.

"'Louis! Louis!' I cried; 'ah, if you hear me! . . .'

"A soldier threw me down on the floor; when I got up again, the soldiers had disappeared. I listened, I heard fresh footsteps coming near the room; I was frightened, I hid myself under the mattress. 'Isn't there any one else to kill here?' said a voice; 'look under the mattress

then.' 'No,' replied another, 'there's only one, you know, and he is quite dead.'"

But perhaps Annette Vachée, exasperated by the loss of her lover, has exaggerated her evidence a little. Let us see what Mme. Huë is going to say.

"*Madame Huë.* Since the preceding night, we had been to the number of sixteen persons, men and women, in the room occupied by Mme. Bouton; we had taken refuge there as soon as the besiegers had threatened to overrun the house, for it was those alone of whom we were afraid; we could scarcely dread the troops. What for? We were squeezed up together. M. Bouton had so many times spoken to us of his campaigns, of the dangers he had run, that we thought ourselves safer with him; it was natural enough. We still numbered thirteen when the troops tried to break open the door; at that moment we were half dead with fright. Mme. Godefroy was nearest the door; she had a child of fifteen months in her arms; next her came M. Huë, my husband, likewise carrying our child. Mme. Godefroy did not want to open.

"'Open, open!' my husband said; 'let these gentlemen see.'

"He puts a child in front.

"The door is opened. 'You see,' he said, 'we here are all peaceful fathers and mothers; I have a brother who is also serving with the colours, in Algiers.'

"He had not finished when Mme. Godefroy was shot in the passage; M. Huë, struck dead, falls with his son on the right side; the child has its arm fractured with a bullet; a mother's inspiration made me snatch it from my husband's arm, and, throwing myself backwards, I fell fainting into a grating which was behind me. At that moment my husband, already on the ground, is struck in the back with twenty-two bullets and bayonet wounds; his clothes can still be seen; they are so torn that they are nothing but rags stiff with blood. M. Thierry is killed; Loisillon, the porter's son, succumbs to blows; several people fall wounded. Loisillon utters an agonised cry.

"'Ah! scoundrel!' say the soldiers, 'not done for yet?' They stoop down and finish him.

"It is then that they catch sight of M. Bouton, doubled up under a table; as they had no guns loaded, they be-

laboured him with bayonet strokes. The noise was such that I think I hear it still; finally other soldiers came in who fired at him. . . ."

Would not one say that one had just read one of those pages torn from the book of the Terror, and stained with the blood of September!

These events left a profound impression: an impression of terror in the soul of the middle class, which shuddered at its own triumph; an impression of hatred in the soul of the people, which promised to have its revenge.

But then, the authorities were in the humour for it.

CHAPTER LXXII

Death of la Fayette (May 20th, 1834)—Violation of the Charter—The indictment of a party—The trial—The escape.

On May 20th, 1834, five weeks after the Lyons and Paris massacres, la Fayette breathed his last. It is said that the last hour of this chosen man of 1789 and of 1830 was a dark one; it is said that at the recollection of these two revolutions of which the first had slipped from his hands to fall into blood, and the second to fall into the mire, he doubted himself, and did not feel truly worthy of this name Republican which had been bestowed upon him. As to the party, it was in great grief, though it well knew that it was losing not a leader, but a name. As to France, she was losing one of her best children, one of her most loyal citizens.

However, this double triumph of royalty, in Lyons and in Paris, was bringing with it something still more terrible perhaps than the accomplished event; it was bringing the trial of April.

Upon a simple edict from the king, the Upper House, bent on the trial of April, constituted itself a court of law. This was to violate the Charter in a far more impudent manner than Charles X had ever done. The Charter had laid down:

"*No one shall be deprived of his natural judges.*"

And as one is aware that nothing is ever too clear for governments, which profit by not understanding, the legislators had added:

"*Accordingly, commissions and tribunals extraordinary*

shall not be created ; by whatever title or under whatever denomination."

This was clear, was it not? but nothing is clear for subtle minds. In article 28 a paragraph was discovered thus conceived :

" The Upper House takes cognisance of the crimes of high treason and attempts upon the safety of the State, *which shall be* defined by law."

That law did not exist, so the king's edict impudently violated the Charter. But there are times when governments can dare everything, not because they are loved or esteemed, but because they are shadowed by something unknown which alarms them. Only, the time comes when this something unknown bursts forth under the terrible name of revolution; then governments seek support; they demand this support from laws; the laws broken by them are no more than so much dust, and they fall in their turn, final ruins on the ruins they have made.

On February 6th, 1835, the members of the court signed the indictment. One hundred and thirty-two signatures witnessed to a connection between everything that had happened at Lyons, Paris, Besançon, Marseilles, Saint-Étienne, Arbois, Châlons, Épinal, Lunéville, and in the department of the Isère. The president of the court was to fix the opening day of the trial later on. The accused arrested on suspicion were confined at Sainte-Pélagie.

To give a harmonious character to the defence, a committee was elected composed of: MM. Guinard, Godefroy Cavaignac, Armand Marrast, Lebon, Vignerte, Landolphe, Chilmann, Granger, and Puhonnier. Then, this precaution taken, they wrote to their fellow-accused to strengthen themselves in the same way. These took the advice, and following this example they chose: MM. Baune, Lagrange, Martin Maillefer, Tiphaine, and Caussidière.

Thus, what had at first merely had the appearance of

a judicial trial rose to the level of a political struggle. It was no longer merely the indictment of some accused persons by the Upper Chamber, but of an entire party.

Thus the government took fright; action and reaction, old age and manhood, were about to be brought face to face; the present was about to call the future to its aid against the past. The defence had to fight for far more than for private individuals; it had to fight for that great principle for which the people has been struggling since the advent of the commons, that is to say for a thousand years. Thus the government comprehended the extent of the danger, and it was terrified at it.

On March 20th, 1835, M. Pasquier, president of the Upper House, decided that official counsel should represent the accused.

The accused protested against this decision. Three proxies were chosen *to go and demand an account* of this decision of M. Pasquier. These were MM. Armand Marrast, Lebon, and Landolphe. Strange to say they went to the Luxembourg and were received! They presented themselves in a threatening manner, they drew aside, in the president's astonished view, the veil hiding from statesmen the revolutions they are preparing, the ocean which they cause to rise and in which they are engulfed. They got nothing; they had not come to get anything, as we have said, they had come to threaten. The official counsel were offered retainers but declined them.

On March 3rd, 1835, an edict inserted in the *Moniteur* invested the Court of Peers with discretionary powers allotted to assize courts and their judges only. Counsel protested. In public opinion, the edict was illegal. They did more. On April 6th, 1835, the *Council of Order* assembled, and a resolution conceived in these terms was drawn up:

"Without concerning themselves with the illegality of the edict, without testing whether the mandate given them is binding, counsel must persist in declaring that an appeal

to their humanity, in the accomplishment of their professional duties, will never be addressed to them in vain; that always, should the accused thereto consent, or withdraw their refusal, they will be ready to pay their tribute to misfortune; but, if the accused persist in their resistance, it is impossible to enlist in an improper and undignified struggle with them.

"In these circumstances, the Council, limiting itself simply to giving advice, considers that the course *most expedient* is for counsel to make sure of the intention of the accused, and, in case of a refusal, to write to the president of the Court of Peers, that they would have hastened to accept the mission entrusted to them, but that the decision of the accused makes it incumbent on them to refrain."

This resolution bore the signatures of MM. Philippe Dupin, president of the benchers; Archambault, dean; Parquin, Mauguin, Thévenin, Conture, Colmet d'Aage, Gaubert, Hennequin, Berryer, junr., Gaudry, Lavaux, Delangle, Marie, Chaix-d'Est-Ange, Duvergier, Grouvre, Paillet, Odilon Barrot, Le Roy, and Fréderich, members of the Council.

At the same time a protest was made by the Rouen bar signed Senart and Dussaux; Senart as president of the benchers, Dussaux as secretary—the same M. Senart who was afterwards deputy and minister.

The example was given; nearly all the bars in France protested. It was something like one of the old parliamentary revolts which used to agitate France from Marseilles to Cherbourg, from Strasburg to Brest. These debates enormously improved the position of the accused. "You will convict us, but you will not judge us," they had said.

These crises which occur suddenly in a country, in which all courageous spirits are of the party of the oppressed, in which all generous hearts claim the title of accused and reject that of judge, are queer sort of affairs.

I was in Italy at this time; I remember how much I regretted, not only not being in France, but still more not being among the accused.

When, on May 5th, the first day of the trial, the judges were called over, out of 250 peers, 86 did not answer. This was more than one-third. The court had moreover announced that it would not compel any one to plead officially.

The accused numbered 121. The whole of France had supplied contingents to the noble group. Paris, 41. The departments, 80.

Permission to attend the trial had been refused to relatives.

M. Baune rose :

"I rise," said he, "to complain of the harsh orders given ; our wives, our mothers, and our sisters are deprived of the seats which should be theirs. I beg you to reflect that in the stormiest days of the revolution the families of the accused were always admitted within the precincts of the criminal courts ; privilege of rank and birth ought to yield to that of misfortune and nature. I demand, on my own behalf, that my wife be immediately admitted ; she has come a hundred leagues to share my danger and my imprisonment. I address my complaint to the impartiality of our judges or to the generosity of our enemies."

It was impossible—not to demand a favour—but to claim a right with more tact and dignity.

M. Pasquier rose and replied :

"Your demand has nothing to do with your defence, *it is entirely beside the mark.*"

Such were the men who for eighteen years had been the all-powerful masters of France.

A discussion as to the counsel followed. Those for the defence chosen by the accused were : MM. Voyer-d'Argenson, Audry de Puyraveau, General Tarayre, Lamennais, Trélat, Raspail, Carnot, Carrel, Bouchotte, Pierre Leroux, Reynaud, Degeorge, and de Cormenin.

After a deliberation of two hours, M. Pasquier gave a ruling which rejected the counsel proposed, on the pretext that they were not registered as barristers.

This protest appeared next day :

"Whereas the privilege of defence has been outrageously violated, and highly approving the resolve of the accused who by their silence have branded every element of the jurisdiction of the Court of High Commission, the undersigned counsel for the defence feel it necessary publicly to express their regret at not having been able to serve their friends, and protest with the whole strength of their consciences against the abominable injustice about to be consummated before the nation."

The signatures followed. And among these signatures those of Voyer-d'Argenson, de Cormenin, Lamennais, Audry de Puyraveau, and General Tarayre.

One should have witnessed these scenes of struggle which came near to fisticuffs, these threatening scenes which came near cursing; one should have heard the attorney-general's speech for the prosecution and the protest of the accused; one should have heard M. Martin (of the Nord) saying:

"It is asked that it may please the court, relying on the discretionary power indispensable for the ordering and management of a trial, to authorise the president to send out and return to prison any accused person who shall make a disturbance; the clerk of the court to take notes of the trial and to give a report of it to the person expelled, at the close of the sitting, so that the business may be thus continued in its entirety, as much with respect to the accused present in fact at the sitting, as with respect to those whose violence has caused them to be expelled."

One should have heard M. Baune replying:

"The undersigned accused declare that the defence being absent, even the appearance of justice has vanished; that the acts of the Court of Peers are henceforth in their view mere measures of force, the only sanction for which is to be found in the bayonets with which it is surrounded. Accordingly, they henceforth decline to participate by their presence in a trial where speech is forbidden to the defence and to the accused; and convinced that the sole recourse of free men is in an unshakeable firmness, they declare that they will not appear again before the Court of Peers, and

that they will make themselves personally responsible for anything that may arise from this decision."

Nothing like this had occurred at the revolutionary tribunal and in the trial of Danton and Camille Desmoulins; only, they had dared to ask for a conviction upon the documentary evidence.

On the day on which this requisition was made by M. Martin (of the Nord), two peers rose and left the court; these were M. de Talhouet and M. de Noailles. The day following, M. de Noailles wrote to M. Pasquier:

"Mr. President,

"I beg you to be so good as to make my excuses to the court inasmuch as I cannot continue to sit in the trial now proceeding. This is on account of the decree just pronounced. No doubt justice must rest upon force; but is it not force alone which triumphs when, through the absence of forms, there is truly no longer regular justice? In my opinion it is not a weakness to stop when one is not in step with the law."

Nothing stopped M. Pasquier.

On the 9th, the reading of the indictment began; but this reading did not reach the third part; the accused protested. The Municipal Guard took them all out. Then, twenty-nine only were brought back out of 121 prisoners. They belonged to the Lyons group. The authorities had seen in them men more docile than the others, and ready to sanction the finding of the court by their silence. The authorities were in error: among these prisoners was Lagrange. Scarcely had he been brought back, scarcely had they seated him with his companions, when he rose: "I rise to protest," said he.

M. Pasquier refused him a hearing.

"Ah, you refuse!" cried Lagrange; "well, I speak all the same. Yes, we protest against the parody of your prosecution, as we have done against your grapeshot; we fearlessly protest as men faithful to their oaths whose conduct condemns you, you who have so facilitated it and so betrayed it!"

At this violent challenge the president grew pale. "Guards," cried he, "take away the accused!"

But while he was struggling: "Sirs," cried Lagrange, "convict us at your ease without hearing us; send to their deaths, without having admitted their counsel, the supports of a hundred and fifty families of the people. As for me, I condemn you to live, for your blood will not cleanse from your foreheads the stains left by the blood of the bravest of the brave!"

Lagrange was dragged away by main force, and the reading of the indictment was proceeded with.

Then violence reached its last excess. Some of the accused had yielded to threats and had consented to defend themselves, but the others continued to protest; an attempt was made to crush these with every kind of ill-treatment. They were seen to arrive bleeding at the prisoners' benches; they had been dragged up the steps, and their heads beaten against the corners of the staircase; then, they recovered themselves; then, they threatened; and as the last of the Gracchi threw into the air that dust from which Marius was to spring, they hurled in the faces of the judges those bloody curses beneath which, fourteen years later, the peerage was to expire.

It was then that the court, hopeless of bending this implacable courage, pronounced the disjunction of the cases, and, by decree of July 11th, decided that it would proceed with the pleadings and convictions in so far as the Lyons group was concerned. The court felt the need of a breathing-space; so, by dividing the accused it carried out the moral of the fable of the bundle of sticks. It hoped to crush each group separately.

On the evening of July 11th, three fresh peers withdrew. These were count Molé, and the marquises d'Aix and de Crillon.

The next day, one heard that all the prisoners of the Paris group, with the exception of ten or twelve, had escaped. From a cellar opening into their corridor they had dug a subterranean passage ending in a garden in the rue Copeau. This underground passage

had been ready for some time; but no one had wanted to escape as long as there was any hope of defending themselves left to the prisoners. The decree of disjunction decided them to profit by the work they had accomplished. The escape took place on the 12th at 9 o'clock in the evening. Of the forty-three in custody, twenty-eight took to flight.

On the 13th, the decree concerning the Lyons accused was pronounced. On the 15th, in view of the resistance of the other prisoners, it was decided to try the case upon the documents. On December 7th, the decree was pronounced against the accused of Lunéville; on December 28th, against those of Saint-Étienne, Grenoble, Marseilles, Arbois, and Besançon; finally, on January 23rd, 1836, against those of Paris. Of these accused, thirty were present, twenty-seven were contumacious. Besides, a terrible event had occurred to divert attention from the trial.

CHAPTER LXXIII

Anniversary of the Three Days—The royal procession—The assassination —The victims—The harsh laws of September.

Sad and sombre, the anniversary of the Days of July was drawing near. It was the fifth; and in five years so many steps backward had been taken that a strange phenomenon occurred; some of those who had been decorated with the red and blue ribbon on the occasion of those days were before the Upper Chamber, charged with having remained faithful to the spirit of liberty which had caused them to take up arms five years previously.

For his part, the man for whose advantage those days had been was preparing to celebrate them this year with more solemnity even than usual, as if, by reviews and fireworks, he could change public opinion and make people forget that at that very moment such a deed of violence and repression was taking place in the Upper Chamber as history had not had to reproach previous monarchies with.

Then, to this widespread sadness, which always weighs upon a town witnessing such reactions, were added some of those vague rumours which precede great catastrophes.

On July 25th, the Hamburg correspondent had announced that the days of the 27th, 28th, and 29th would be ensanguined by a great conspiracy.

News came from Berlin: "The rumour is universal that there will be a catastrophe during the anniversary of the Three Days."

Again, two travellers had inscribed in a register, in Switzerland, after the names of Louis Philippe and his children: "May they rest in peace!"

Finally, a more definite fact, a more certain indication, the Prefect of Police, M. Gisquet, had received from M. Dyonnot, commissary of the quarter of the Chaussée d'Antin, the following information :

"PREFECT,

"An honest manufacturer, an elector, father of a family, who does not wish to be named, came to seek me this evening at the opera where I had to supervise a rehearsal of the *Ile des Pirates,* and told me that some conspirators had got ready a new infernal machine for an attempt to-morrow upon the king's days, during the review on the boulevards ; that this machine was in position on the level of the Ambigu. It is believed to be a case of a tunnel made in some cellars jutting out upon the boulevards where some barrels of gunpowder have been put. This information strikes us as important, and we hasten to transmit it to you, adding that the conspirators are to meet in a place known only to themselves at 7 o'clock to-morrow."

As we have said, the prefect was M. Gisquet, a man somewhat volatile in character. Much attacked on many points, he was much open to attack ; he did not attach all the importance it deserved to this warning ; still, he had some houses ransacked near the Ambigu theatre ; but upon the complaints of the owners, and the protests of the newspapers, these searches were stopped. Therefore it was simply supposed that there would be some demonstration like that at the last review, when there were shouts of "Down with the uppermost !" when the king was passing. But, this time, it was said that only an amnesty would be demanded.

It was in this belief that on July 28th, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the king left the Tuileries, accompanied by his three sons, the duc d'Orléans, the duc de Nemours, and the prince de Joinville, the marshals Mortier and Lobau ; his staff, the Prefect of the Seine, M. de Broglie, Maréchal Maison, and M. Thiers.

As usual, the king was preceded by a certain number of police-agents, entrusted with exploring his road in

advance as it approached the Temple boulevard, the spot indicated as about to be the theatre of the unknown catastrophe menacing the royal family. These patrols became more and more numerous; but nothing had been discovered, and everything led to the presumption, said successive reports, that the uneasiness had been caused by false intelligence. And yet, visible disquiet brooded over the crowd, more silent than usual, and in the ranks of the National Guard, less compact than was customary.

At a few minutes past twelve, the royal procession, coming at a foot pace, arrived in front of the Jardin-Turc. There, a National Guard leaves his place, advances towards the king, and presents him with a petition. The king stoops from his horse to take it. As he does so he notices a slight smoke at the second floor of a house numbered 50. "Ah!" says he, "that is for us, Joinville."

He had scarcely ceased when something like volley-firing is heard, and around him the ground is covered with blood, with wounded, and with dead. The king glances in succession at each of his three children. He has received a violent blow on the left arm; the prince royal a bruise on the thigh; the prince de Joinville's horse rears wounded in the croup; the duc de Nemours is untouched.

But round the royal family, so marvellously preserved, the slaughter is great. Maréchal Mortier and General Lachasse de Vérigny have been killed outright. M. Villate, artillery officer, slips backward from his horse, and falls with outstretched arms, struck by a ball on the forehead; Raffé, colonel of gendarmes; M. Rieussec, lieutenant-colonel of the 8th legion; the National Guards, Prudhomme, Benetter, Ruard, and Léger, a working-woman with a fringe, named Laugerey, an old man of seventy, M. Labrouste, and a young girl Sophie Remy, are mortally wounded. Seven or eight persons more or less seriously injured are carried into neighbouring houses or into the garden of the café, to be seen to there.

Two aides-de-camp are ordered to set off immediately to go and reassure the queen and the princesses, who are at the house of the Minister of Justice in the place Vendôme; and depart at a gallop.

Suddenly cries are heard: *The assassin is caught! The assassin is caught!* And the crowd rushes towards the houses numbered 48, 50, and 52 on the boulevard. It is indeed on the second floor of number 50, at the corner window, that the king saw that smoke which has been followed by this frightful and death-dealing report.

This is a matter for police agents, judges, and hangmen; a matter in which the king could not intervene even to pardon. He therefore continues his way amid enthusiastic hurrahs, a natural reaction from the late terrible catastrophe. Besides, has the hand of God ever been more clearly stretched out over a predestined family? Yes, predestined to give a great example.

In seven years' time, on the 13th of this same month of July, fatal to monarchies, the eldest son will break his neck on the pavement of a road called the Road of Revolt.

In fourteen years, the father, a fugitive, leaving the Tuileries on foot will stumble in the place de la Révolution, at the very spot where, in 1793, the great duel between a nation and a king was decided.

In eighteen years, the duc d'Aumale, a refugee in England, will send the keys of his pavilion at Chantilly, so that at the races of 1851 the honours may be done to the head of the State. And this head of the State will be a Napoleon whom Louis Philippe will have kept imprisoned for four years in the fortress of Ham!

Let us return to the assassin. A pot of flowers, falling at the feet of a police agent, made him look up. A man hanging on to a rope along which he let himself slide, bleeding, was springing from a window-sill on to a roof. "There's the assassin escaping," cried the police agent.

At the same moment a National Guard aimed at the fugitive, calling out: "Stop, or you are a dead man."

But the man continued his flight, sometimes with one hand, sometimes with the other, wiping away the blood flowing fast from two wounds, one in his forehead, the other in his cheek. The assassin disappeared through an open skylight in the roof, quickly descended a staircase, upsetting a woman in his way, and rushed into a courtyard. There was no way out of this courtyard already full of National Guards and police. He was arrested there. Thus scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since the assassination when on all sides were heard the words: "The assassin is caught."

At first a mistake was made as to his name. The police agents had hurried into the room whence the fatal report had proceeded, and in the midst of the smoke still obscuring it they saw the infernal machine which had just scattered death upon the boulevard. It consisted of twenty-five gun-barrels mounted on cross-pieces, and looking like a large Panpipe of which all the pipes were of the same size. The breech ends of the guns were leaning on a cross-piece. But this cross-piece was raised eight inches so that the inclination should make the projectiles slant diagonally from top to bottom. All the touch-holes were at the same height, and could be ignited by a single train of powder. However, two of the guns had remained undischarged, and it could be seen from this that the charge was fourfold. Four had burst; and it was the explosion of those which had hit the assassin in the face. These six gun-barrels were probably those aimed at the king and princes.

There was an alcove in this room, and in this alcove a mattress doubled in two with a label at one corner: the label bore the name Girard. It was under this name also that the tenant of the room was entered. This tenant had given himself out to be a mechanic; he had never let the concierge enter the room, and, since he had rented it, that is since the last quarter day, he had only received one man whom he called his uncle, and three women whom he said were his mistresses. On the 28th, he seemed to be greatly upset, had gone up



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and downstairs several times, and, contrary to his custom, had entered the café, where he had taken a glass of brandy.

Conveyed to the guard-house after his arrest, he had refused to answer a National Guard. "Who are you?" he had been asked. "That's no affair of yours," the assassin said contemptuously; "I shall answer to my judges." All Paris, preoccupied with the sinister event, might thus suppose the assassin's name to be Girard.

The king, however, had ended his review, and had re-entered the Tuileries, where, having reassured the queen and the princesses, his first care had been to write this letter to the bishops:

"Bishop, prayers for the victims of July had scarcely ceased, when fresh cause for mourning was given to France. Providence has turned aside the blows destined for me and my sons. But if we ought to thank God for having preserved our lives in disconcerting the plans of the assassins, how many regrets, how many tears do we not owe to that illustrious marshal, to his noble companions in arms, and to those generous citizens whom death has mown down all around us. I have therefore to beg on their behalf the prayers accorded by the Church to all Christians dead in her pale. Thus you will celebrate, for this purpose, a funeral service in all the churches of your diocese, and a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for the notable protection with which God has shielded us.

"Your affectionate

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

The funeral took place on August 5th. Fourteen hearses, of which the young girl's was the first and the marshal's the last, solemnly followed, to the melancholy roll of the drums, the whole length of the boulevard which stretches from the rue St. Antoine, where the corpses had been exposed in the church of St. Paul and St. Anthony, converted into *chapelle ardente*, to the Invalides, where the funeral route ended. There, the king and his sons were awaiting those whom death had struck down in their place; he, as well as the princess,

sprinkled holy water on their bodies and returned to the Tuileries to dream of the advantage to be drawn *politically* from this catastrophe.

We say *politically*, others would add—and *pecuniarily*. Maréchal Maison repeated at this time a phrase he may have *heard*, but which we dare not credit. "Now," the king will have said, on returning to the Tuileries, "here we are sure of our appanages." What a funeral oration for fourteen corpses!

Certainly the political *opportunity* was greatly exploited; the name of the man who had struck the blow and to what party he belonged were still unknown; but already the Republicans were accused. This was a tradition both of the empire and of royalty. After the infernal machine intended for him, Bonaparte had also accused Republicans. After the assassination of the duc de Berry, Louvet's dagger had been called a liberal notion.

There was more: M. Thiers had Armand Carrel arrested. Armand Carrel arrested by M. Thiers as an assassin's accomplice! Surely, when these two men, seven years before, had been connected in close friendship, one of them was unacquainted with the other.

A portrait of the duc de Bordeaux had been found in the assassin's room; but the idea that he might be a Legitimist was very quickly rejected, and certainly with reason: was it quite right to accuse him thus immediately of being a Republican?

"We know whence came this blow," said the courtiers, "and Legitimists don't exist for nothing."

And from the political point of view, from this view which admits neither true nor false, but only reasons of state, he who breathed these words to them was right. There was nothing to be feared from the Royalists, who represented the past; everything, on the contrary, was to be feared from Republicans; they were the future.

When kings have such intuitions, and certainly, from Louis XVI to Louis Philippe, there has been no lack of them, why then, instead of directing the car or cart they are driving towards the future, do they try

to put on the drag by throwing themselves under its wheels ?

On August 5th, 1835—no time had been lost, you perceive, for it was the very day of the interment—on August 5th, 1835, M. Persil brought forward in the Chamber three bills. These were the laws afterwards held up to public execration as the laws of September.

The first gave to the Minister of Justice entire power, in the case of a trial for rebellion, to form as many assize courts as required ; to each solicitor-general, in case of need, the right of abridging the formalities for bringing to trial ; finally, so that the Upper Chamber should not be privileged as sole arbiter, the right just granted it, of taking away by force any accused causing a disturbance in court, was extended to the presidents of the assize courts.

The second law granted a secret vote to the jury, decided that the majority required for a conviction should be reduced from eight to seven, and finally increased the penalty of deportation.

The third, and this was the most important—for terrible as were the other two, they were merely the corollary of the press law—the third declared punishable with imprisonment and a fine of ten to fifty thousand francs, injury to the king's person and all attacks on the principle of the government by means of publications.

Oh ! that was certainly the most important, we repeat ; and to be as sure of it as we are, one has only to read it.

And to think that all this formidable ministerial artillery, directed against what should have been the most sacred thing in the world for sovereigns, against human thought, had for pretext the solitary crime of a miserable being whose real name even was unknown !

The Chamber, which unites individuals in a feeling of irritation whenever it is a question of bridling, gagging, and muzzling the press, the Chamber hastened to join hands with the king. It appointed three chairmen : M. Hébert for the law as to the assize courts ; M. Parent for the jury law ; M. Sauzet for the press law. It is

almost incredible how keen counsel, who believe in being able to say anything, are to prevent others from writing.

M. Sauzet set about it with veritable passion; the commission over which he presided demanded through its organ that the security given by newspapers should be raised from 48,000 to 200,000 francs, that the deposit should be exacted in cash, and that the editor should be rejected by the government if he did not produce proof that he possessed in his own name a third of this deposit.

It is true that the Chamber lowered the figure from 200,000 francs to 100,000. But, except for this little reduction, the government should have been satisfied.

CHAPTER LXXIV

Joseph Fieschi—His accomplices—The trial—The executions.

On January 30th, 1836, a week after the verdict against the Paris accused, and as if the two affairs had some connection, the assassin of July 28th appeared before the Upper Chamber.

During the interval which had elapsed, his real name had been ascertained. He was called Joseph Fieschi, he was born in the canton of Vico in Corsica, September 3rd, 1790. Tired of being a shepherd like his father, when eighteen he had voluntarily enlisted in a battalion which was going to Tuscany; from thence he had gone to Naples, where he had been enrolled in the Corsican legion. He had made the Russian campaign, and was sergeant in a regiment under command of General Franceschetti; disbanded in 1814, he had returned to Corsica, and had again enlisted in a provincial regiment which was dissolved after the Hundred Days. Meanwhile Murat was getting ready his Calabrian expedition. Franceschetti followed the former king of Naples, and Fieschi followed General Franceschetti. The Calabrian expedition proving abortive, Fieschi returned to Corsica, and not knowing what to do, he stole, and was sentenced for this theft, in 1816, to ten years' confinement and to the pillory. 1830 arrived; Fieschi, out of gaol for four years, passed himself off as a political prisoner in this character, sought and obtained a pension, came to Paris, was taken into M. Baude's police, and entrusted with spying upon political societies. Appointed overseer of the works in progress at the aqueduct of Arcueil, he embezzled the workmen's money, made false coin to replace it, changed his

name to escape the police pursuit, and under the name of Girard, thought at first to be his own, hired the apartment of No. 50 of the boulevard of the Temple, where the crime of July 28th had been committed.

Thank God, such a wretched being did not belong to any party.

To the honour of human nature there was a further fact: this man was hideous. It was difficult to find anywhere more audacity, craft, greed, low and slavish cunning than on this face torn with scars. Add to this the squeaky accent of the Corsican patois, an eternal agitation, and you will have an idea of the appearance Fieschi presented when brought before his judges.

Two men sat down near him, charged—in the jargon of the courts—with complicity in the perpetration of the crime. Two others, bowed beneath less serious charges, seemed not to be accused of anything but non-disclosure.

Fieschi's two accomplices, Morey and Pépin, were of very different types.

Morey was an old man of sixty-eight; with white hair, a pale face, and impassive features. In the middle of this countenance, which seemed already corpse-like, only his eyes, fixed, gloomy, full of fire, remained living. Under this simple and enfeebled exterior, one divined the existence of an implacable will; a revolutionary in 1793, he was still one in 1835; nothing of him but externals had changed; the soul had remained the same, and did not fail the decrepit body for an instant.

He had been involved by Fieschi's mistress, Nina Lassave, who, returning from the Salpêtrière, and seeing her lover's dwelling invaded, had taken refuge with Morey; but to the questions put to him the old conspirator had replied with so much coolness that he had been set at liberty. A trunk which Fieschi had had carried to him two hours before the fulfilment of the crime gave the police fresh ground for suspicion. Arrested for the second time, he left prison again only

to appear before the Chamber of Peers, and to go to the scaffold.

Pépin, on the contrary, was weak and cowardly in the extreme, the embodiment of the petty Parisian trader; for the first time the grocer was raised by Pépin to the rôle of conspirator, and dishonoured by his cowardice. Compromised in the June affair, he had been acquitted; under fresh suspicion in connection with the attempt of July 28th, he had succeeded in getting out of Paris; he was believed to be abroad, and his extradition was about to be applied for, when the police were informed that there was a man hiding in the forest of Crécy. M. Gisquet issued a warrant, and Pépin was arrested at Magny, in a cupboard where he had taken refuge in his shirt at the moment when the police had knocked at the door.

Both belonged to the Society of the Rights of Man, Pépin as head of the section, Morey as an ordinary member.

The two others, Boireau and Bescher, were simple workmen; Boireau knew that a plot was going on, but, according to Fieschi, he knew nothing else; as to Bescher, it was admitted that his sole crime was having lent his certificate to Fieschi, at Morey's request.

Now, how had Fieschi been brought, not only to confess everything, but also to play this part of bully and murderer which earned him the momentary curiosity of fools and the abiding contempt and repulsion of honest folk.

M. Dufresne, inspector of prisons, thought he recognised Fieschi, from having seen him at the Gobelins manufactory, which was managed by Colonel Ladvocat. M. Ladvocat was brought into Fieschi's prison and also recognised him.

Thenceforth, Fieschi no longer concealed his real name and real occupation; he adopted a new line of defence. He hoped by making certain avowals and by interesting M. Ladvocat in his case to get the death penalty commuted. Thus, with this man everything was vile and calculated, even to this sham feeling of gratitude which

he expressed to his old patron now become his protector.

One must add that Fieschi was encouraged in this belief in impunity by the highest personages; it was always hoped that his revelations would not stop at a poor harness-maker and an obscure shopkeeper: it would have been so sweet to involve enemies, whom one was forced to respect, in the shameful network of an assassination. Unfortunately, Fieschi could only relate the actual facts. He accused Morey, who heard him quite unmoved, without the change of a single line of his stoical physiognomy; he accused Pépin, who heard him pale with terror and with convulsive denials; but there, as we have said, his denunciation stopped.

During the whole time that this hideous trial lasted, a humiliating spectacle was afforded to France and the world. The highest personages in the government put themselves in touch with Fieschi—some bringing him money, others writing to him; at one time Fieschi's autographs were almost as much sought after as were to be later those of Lacenaire—a little more and they would have been quoted on the Bourse, and speculated with for a rise or a fall. M. Pasquier especially could make a precious collection of them.

After a trial lasting a fortnight, at the end of which Pépin seemed to recover a little firmness, and in the course of which Morey's impassivity did not fail him for a moment, the Court of Peers sentenced Fieschi, Pépin, and Morey to death, and Boireau to twenty years' imprisonment; as to Bescher, he was altogether acquitted.

The three accomplices received the announcement of their sentences according to their manner of suffering and feeling; Fieschi with a nervous titter, Morey with his usual calm, Pépin with a resignation not wanting in greatness.

Pépin, already clothed in the straight jacket, and in the midst of his warders, in speaking to his counsel seemed only to think of his wife and children.

Morey, when offered poison, reflected for an instant;

then: "No," said he, "I prefer my blood to be on their heads."

As to Fieschi, impudent to the last, he wrote to the Archbishop of Paris to ask his permission to hear mass. He added: "Do not forget, my lord, that the first mass was served by the penitent thief."

On February 19th, at daybreak, the Abbé Grivel entered Fieschi's cell, and told him that the time had come for him to make ready for death.

"It is impossible," cried Fieschi, gazing with frightened eyes at the confessor.

The night before he had assured his lawyer that not only had his life been promised him, but also that he had the promise of being sent to America in a small private venture.

Then his lawyer had shaken his head and had told him: "Do not buoy yourself up with that hope, Fieschi; your disappointment would be too cruel, and perhaps your courage would desert you when you had need of it."

"In any case," Fieschi replied, "if they do not keep their word, Nina Lassave will throw herself at the feet of Maréchal Mortier's wife; she will intercede with the king, and the king will pardon me."

"Everything is possible, no doubt," said Maître Patorny; "still, do not count on it."

"Listen," then said Fieschi, showing his fists, "if I am executed, you have lent me some books, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will get these books, and in one of them you will find written in detail the promises made to me."

After Fieschi's death, Maître Patorny searched the books in vain; he found nothing.

On the night of the 18th, the scaffold had been set up at the barrier of Saint-Jacques, and at daybreak on the 19th, as we have said, the Abbé Grivel had gone into Fieschi's cell to prepare him for death.

Fieschi gradually regained all his boastfulness; he

still hoped. Among other attentions, he had received some excellent cigars. Morey was smoking; Fieschi took one of these cigars and sent it to him as a mark of reconciliation. Morey declined it; Pépin took it and smoked it.

The room was opened in which, when there are several condemned persons, the common *toilet* is made. Pépin submitted to the dreadful ordeal with resignation; Morey remained as impassive as ever; Fieschi, looking towards the door, did not cease to repeat: "M. Ladvocat; but isn't M. Ladvocat coming?" Then, grinding his teeth: "Oh, my father," said he to the Abbé Grivel, "if he does not come, I am damned."

At last the condemned were told that the time had come, and that they must go down. Three carts were in waiting at the bottom of the staircase; each got up into his own.

"To be sure," said Fieschi, seating himself near the priest, "I ought not to be astonished at what is happening to me."

"Why?"

"Because, at the time of my expedition into Calabria, a sorceress predicted that I should die by the guillotine with a contented spirit; she has not deceived me."

As 8 o'clock struck, the dismal procession reached the barrier Saint-Jacques: three rows of soldiers surrounded the scaffold; the living wall opened, the three condemned men passed through the gap. Then the opening closed behind them. The vehicles stopped. Fieschi, always agitated, and impatient, sprang from the bottom of his; Pépin got down with the calm which had never left him since he seemed to have made up his mind to die. Morey had to be lifted and set down on the ground. Then, with the first smile that had touched his lips: "It is not my heart failing me," said he, "but my limbs."

All three, their hands tied behind them, leaned with their backs against the scaffold. There, the priests, in the midst of the last exhortations, put the crucifix to their lips.

Pépin, who had smoked all along the road, threw away his cigar to kiss the Christ. At that moment a commissary of police approached him. "If you desire to reveal anything," he told him, "your sentence will be respited."

"I have nothing to reveal," said Pépin, "and as I think I am quite ready to die, it will be so much the better for me to die at once."

The commissary withdrew. The executioners came up to Pépin. "Come," said they.

"Ah, they begin with me," said he; and nodding to Morey, he took a step forward.

They threw a yellow cloak over his shoulders, and with a firm tread he went up the steps of the scaffold. Having reached the platform, he stopped; it was seen that he wished to speak, and the most profound silence fell upon the spectators.

"I die innocent, I die a victim," cried Pépin; "adieu." Then, taking a last look at the heavens, he gave himself up to the executioners.

Morey came next, near the guillotine, the executioner laid hands on him rather violently, and tore the top of his flannel waistcoat. Then, turning to the man: "Why spoil this waistcoat?" said he gently; "even if you scorn it, a poor fellow might make use of it."

As he finished speaking, his black silk cap was removed, and his white hair streamed in the wind. This calm, white head produced a great effect on the crowd; a dull murmur arose, which was only stilled when the old man's head fell beneath the knife.

It was Fieschi's turn to mount the scaffold. "Do not leave me till as near eternity as possible," he had said to the Abbé Grivel; and he, faithful to his mission, ascended the platform with him. The priest made him kiss the crucifix for the last time.

"To thank you I should like to be permitted to return in five minutes to give you some news of the other world," said Fieschi to him.

These were his last words. He laid himself down upon the machine, as if he were in haste to have done

with life. He was clearly the least courageous of the three.

This is the part played by each in the crime: Pépin had given money for the hire of the room; Morey had constructed the infernal machine and had loaded the guns; Fieschi had ignited them.

Two days after, the place de la Bourse was thronged by people brought by curiosity to the door of a café called the café de la Renaissance, which has since disappeared; the proprietor of this establishment had engaged Nina Lassave, Fieschi's mistress, to preside at the bar.

One of the characteristics of Louis Philippe's reign is the shameless speculation of which the above-cited specimen is not perhaps the saddest example.

CHAPTER LXXV

Reconstruction of the ministry (February 1836)—A prince to marry—Alibaud's attempted murder—His trial and execution.

WHILST the events just related were occurring, M. Thiers had broken with M. Guizot, and had attained the presidency of the Council. However, the first ministry, as established by M. Thiers, had been upset by an escapade of M. Humann, who, suddenly going against the decision taken in full council, had proposed the reduction of the national debt.

Two days after the death of Fieschi and his accomplices, on February 22nd, 1836, the ministry was reconstituted in the following terms: M. Thiers, Minister for Foreign Affairs and President of the Council; M. Sauzet, Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice; the comte de Montalivet, Minister of the Interior; M. Passy, Minister of Commerce and of Public Works; M. Pelet, Minister of Public Instruction; M. d'Argout, Minister of Finance; Admiral Duperry, Minister of Marine; Maréchal Maison, Minister of War.

On taking up foreign affairs, the first intelligence M. Thiers received was of the violation of the treaties of Vienna with respect to Cracow.

Cracow, a free, independent town, strictly neutral, into which, without pretext, no military force could be introduced, had just been invaded, first by the Austrians, then by the Russians, and lastly by the Prussians. The occupation had taken place on the 17th; M. Thiers took up his duties as Minister for Foreign Affairs on the 22nd. M. Thiers allowed Cracow to be occupied.

Meanwhile, Lord Palmerston invited M. Thiers to intervene at least in Spain, since he did not do so in

Poland. M. Thiers had never desired anything so much as to intervene in Spain. M. Thiers then was going to lose no time in doing it. Lord Palmerston's astonishment therefore bordered on stupefaction when M. Thiers responded to his overture with a refusal.

Henceforth M. Thiers belonged body and soul to continental politics. Whence came this reaction? We are about to tell:

It was desired to follow the example of Napoleon in the very thing that had ruined him. It was desired to marry the duc d'Orléans to an archduchess.

M. de Werther and M. Apponi were informed of a journey of the princes to Germany: they were not told more; but ambassadors understand half a word. It was replied that the duc d'Orléans would be very well received, and he set out with the duc de Nemours, taking a case full of snuff-boxes and portraits; the snuff-boxes with ciphers, and the portraits set in diamonds. Before his departure I had the honour of spending an hour with him; and he showed me all these diplomatic wonders which his jeweller Bapst had just brought him.

The two princes began with Prussia, where they were admirably received. It was quite simple. To the courtiers they were bringing diamonds and crosses; to the people they were displaying in their persons the living image of the revolution.

From Berlin they passed to Vienna. One recalls the duc d'Orléans, handsome, witty, affable, very attractive when he wished to please, conversant with every literature, and speaking four or five living tongues as well as French. All the women in Berlin had doted on him; all the women in Vienna went wild over him.

The choice of the duc d'Orléans fell on princess Thérèse, a daughter of the archduke Charles. The archduke Charles has been so much beaten by us that he is almost popular in France.

One day in a corner of the imperial drawing-room the children of the archduke Charles were surrounding

the young duc de Reichstadt and ready to die of laughter.

"What are you doing there, children?" the archduke called out to the merry young folk from the far end of the room.

"Oh, papa," replied his eldest son, "Reichstadt is telling us how his father was always beating you; it is very amusing."

It was very amusing, no doubt; only, that shows that the duc de Reichstadt knew of it, as history, much longer than one thought.

Poor little duke, perhaps he paid very dear for his cousin's laughter!

Thus, the duc d'Orléans had cast his eyes on princess Thérèse, daughter of the archduke Charles. He had pleased the princess; he had even pleased the archduke. Unfortunately the person whom it was necessary to please beyond every one else was the archduchess Sophie, and the way to please her was not to please princess Thérèse. The marriage fell through.

M. de Metternich was charged with finding a good reason for this refusal. "It is impossible," he said, "to expose an Austrian princess to driving in a carriage riddled every minute with pistol shots."

The young princes set out for Italy, where they were intending to make a stay for some months, when news reached them that the king, with his usual good fortune, had just escaped from a fresh attempt at assassination. The shot had been fired from so near at hand that the wad remained in the king's hair.

The assassin was not long in being identified. A National Guard had seen him aim at the king and had knocked up the barrel of the gun. This National Guard was the gunsmith Devisme; that stick-gun which the murderer had just used came from his shop. Besides, the assassin had not even tried to escape.

Devisme sprang at his throat, and recognising him: "Oh! the unfortunate fellow," he cried, "I know who he is; his name is Louis Alibaud; it is from me he got that weapon."

He whom Devisme had just denounced by name was a young man of twenty-six, who, by an odd contrast almost incredible, was extremely graceful and gentle in appearance. His countenance was handsome, elegantly framed in flowing locks, and a black beard; his blue eyes displayed a singular mixture of power and melancholy; and at this terrible moment, far from seeming moved, neither blows, threats, nor insults could chase from his lips the serious and disdainful smile parting them.

A police agent flung himself upon him, and, though he did not defend himself in any way, tore out a handful of his hair.

"Ah!" said he bitterly, "that is what I call courage. My friend, you are a brave man."

He was searched; he had nothing on him but a comb, two pipes, a packet of tobacco, and twenty-three sous.

On seeing this miserable sum, a colonel doubtless thought that want had something to do with the crime.

"Monster!" said he, "you should have told me that you had need of money, I would have given you some."

"For money," replied Alibaud, "I do not beg, I earn it, and any one who prevents my earning it I kill."

It is a fatal sign for monarchies that their hour has struck, when men like Morey or Alibaud become assassins.

Alibaud was born on March 4th, 1810, at Rheims, his parents being Barthélemy Alibaud, a carrier, and Thérèse Madeleine Barrière. At the time of the revolution of July, he was in the 15th regiment of infantry, which was quartered in Paris. He left the army in 1832, and went abroad, obsessed by the terrible idea of killing the king. During his three years of travel, the plan, instead of fading from his mind, took root more firmly day by day. On November 17th, 1835, he re-entered Paris.

He had determined upon everything. But he was so poor that he actually lacked money to buy the weapon with which he proposed to effect the crime. He

offered himself as a commercial traveller to Devisme, who entrusted him with two dozen air-guns; a fortnight later he returned all but one, which he kept, and for which he acknowledged himself liable.

This occurred towards the end of February. On the 27th of the same month he entered the service of a wire-merchant, at a wage of £20 a year with board and lodging. On the 25th of the following May, he left, and put up at a lodging-house in the rue des Marais-Saint-Germain, where he was still living on June 22nd, the day when the attempt was made.

On his homeward journey Alibaud had had occasion to prove his courage, his unquestionable courage, in a singular manner. In the course of a quarrel which he had at Perpignan he had received a blow, and his friends, who knew his bravery, had no doubt that a duel would ensue. He, however, shook his head. "I fight?" said he; "oh no, I have something else to do." Three days later he set out for Paris, where the crime that he attempted explained upon what sinister task he had departed from Perpignan.

The authorities understood at once that they must make an end of such a man, and that the less he was exhibited to the populace the better. On June 25th, the very day of the crime, the Chamber of Peers was formed into a court of justice.

Alibaud was requested to name the chief of the conspiracy and its members.

"My head," he replied, "is the chief, and my limbs are the members."

"But how long ago," he was asked, "did you determine in your mind upon this fatal scheme?"

"Since the king first put Paris into a state of siege; since he chose to govern instead of reigning; since he caused citizens to be massacred in the streets of Lyons, and in the cloisters of Saint-Merry. His reign is a reign of infamy. I wished to kill the king."

The counsel chosen by Alibaud or assigned to him was Charles Ledru. The only way to assist a man who owned his crime, and even gloried in it, was to appeal

to the king's mercy. Charles Ledru quoted the clemency of Augustus to Cinna. At these words of his advocate Alibaud sprang to his feet.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I thank my counsel for his good intentions, but I have never had any desire to defend my life; my intention—as must be plainly seen, since I did not even try to escape—was to lay it before you honourably, believing that you would take it in the same spirit. A conspirator must succeed or die. My right in regard to Louis Philippe the First was the same as that of Brutus in regard to Cæsar."

The murmurs of the Chamber interrupted him.

"Regicide," he continued, raising his voice, "regicide is the right of the man who can only obtain justice by his sure hand."

This was not the sort of defence that M. Pasquier or the High Court wished to hear. Alibaud was silenced. There could be no doubt as to the nature of the judgment to be pronounced. Alibaud was sentenced to the punishment of parricides.

He refused to sue for mercy. But Charles Ledru, whose imagination comes from the heart, and who, doubtless, on that account, has been so much slandered, wrote to the king:

"Sire,

"Since Alibaud is determined to die, notwithstanding his aged father's need of consolation, it falls upon me to fulfil that sacred duty and to entreat that you will look with mercy upon a condemned man whose immovable determination will add a glory to the pardon that your Majesty lets fall from your high throne. It proved impossible, sire, to prevail against the obstinacy of a man too scornful of life to desire its lengthening by a single day. It seemed to me that, if the duty of every citizen is to forgive his enemy it might be worthy of the State's first citizen to forgive his assassin."

The petition was rejected. This news reached Charles Ledru on a Sunday morning. He hurried to M. Sauzet to lodge an appeal. M. Sauzet replied that

there was no appeal from a verdict of the Chamber of Peers.

"And why not?" cried Charles Ledru.

"Because it would not be *proper*," replied M. Sauzet.

Alibaud spent the Sunday partly in meditation, partly in singing the airs of his province. Strange that what a man remembers best and most fondly at the point of death should be the earliest memories of his youth.

On Monday, at daybreak, the Abbé Grivel entered the condemned man's cell. He was sleeping in absolute calm. The light of the lamp that still burned beside him was reflected upon his fine countenance, at once serene and firm. He seemed to have died already, and to have died smiling. How different was this man from Fieschi, whose cell he was occupying! The Abbé Grivel awoke him, and confessor and penitent exchanged the last words. In vain, however, did the servant of God endeavour to guide Alibaud towards repentance.

"How can you imagine such a thing, father!" said Alibaud. "If I were to repent, it would show that I had made a mistake."

As he had eaten nothing and expressed no wish to eat anything before his execution, the Abbé Grivel offered Alibaud a glass of wine from his own province. He accepted it, but had scarcely put his lips to the glass when he set it aside. The idea had occurred to him that some drug had been put into the wine which would deprive him either of bodily strength or of moral courage in the moment of death. The worthy priest guessed his thought, took the glass, drank half its contents and handed it back to Alibaud, who emptied it.

At four in the morning the executioner arrived. Alibaud was taken down to the little outer office. His face remained as always, pale and proud. The only tremor that ran through his veins was at the touch of the scissors upon his neck when his hair was cut. It lasted but an instant, however, and a smile took its place. Then a white wrap was thrown over his shoulders and a black veil over his head. After that the party set out towards the place St. Jacques.

It was barely five in the morning. If the streets were no longer quite dark they were still quite empty ; only when the scaffold was neared did the town seem to be alive and shuddering around that one point. A whole regiment encircled the scaffold. At its foot Alibaud alighted and the executioner, drawing away the black veil which concealed it, allowed the people and the soldiers to behold his proud, erect head. The judgment of the court was read to him and he listened quietly. Then, without assistance, he went up the steps of the scaffold, and when he reached the platform came to the edge of it and called aloud : "Frenchmen, I am dying for freedom." A few seconds later the head was severed from the body.

When the remains of Alibaud were about to be laid in the earth the grave-digger of the gloomy burying-ground took the head by its long, dark hair and showed it to the few spectators who had followed the funeral wagon so far. "You see," said he to them, "this head is really Alibaud's."

CHAPTER LXXVI

A death at the right moment—Events of 1836—Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—The Strasburg attempt—Death of Charles X. (November 6th, 1836).

THE year 1836 was one of tragedy in our annals, filled as it was by Fieschi's execution, Alibaud's attempt, Carrel's duel, the conspiracy of Strasburg, and the death of Charles X. The details of Carrel's death are well known. Wounded mortally by M. Émile de Girardin, in a fair fight, he expired on the morning of July 24th, with the words on his lips: "France, friend, republic." All his life was comprised in those three words; at every opportunity he had offered his life to France, to his friends, and to the republic.

It was Carrel's misfortune that he died outside politics. Yet—let it be sorrowfully confessed, for it is a sad thing to say—as a political leader it was time that Carrel should die. If he had lived he would not have lost his reputation for honesty—that was impossible—but perhaps he would have lost his reputation for ability. Not every man is so lucky as to die at the right moment; witness la Fayette and Louis Philippe, both of whom missed their opportunity of dying: la Fayette should have died on June 5th, 1832[1]; Louis Philippe should have died on July 28th, 1835.[2]

By the by, we are forgetting to enumerate, among the important events of the year, the persecution of Switzerland by the French government and the intervention in Spain which was in the first place refused to Lord Palmerston, then secretly authorised by the king with the assistance of foreign troops, and finally refused after

[1] The date of General Lamarque's funeral.—*Translator's Note.*

[2] The date of the attempted assassination by Fieschi.—*Translator's Note.*

a sharp altercation between M. Thiers and M. de Montalivet, and in opposition to the opinion of the duc d'Orléans. It was wrong of us to forget this, since it led to the fall of M. Thiers.

His seven months' ministry had thus two quite distinct stages. In the first, when he was hoping for an alliance by marriage with the royal families of Prussia or Austria, M. Thiers turned away from the English policy and drew nearer to the continental powers; in the second, having given up the hope of a matrimonial alliance with Prussia or Austria, he returned to a political friendship with Lord Palmerston.

His resignation having been offered and received, M. Thiers went to Italy and left his post to M. Molé.

The government was then thus constituted: President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Molé; Justice and Public Worship, M. Persil; Home Office, M. Gasparin; Admiralty, M. Rosamel; Treasury, M. Duchâtel; Education, M. Guizot; War, M. Bernard; Trade and Public Works, M. Martin.

It was under this government that the Strasburg attempt took place. On November 2nd, 1836, a statement appeared in the *Moniteur* that a rebellious rising against the garrison of that town had broken out under the command of prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, but had been suppressed.

The attempt had long been preparing. In my "Impressions of a Swiss Journey," printed in 1834, I recorded the hopes cherished by the exiled family and a conversation on the subject that I had with queen Hortense. I had at that time no suspicion that these hopes would ever develop into what were afterwards called the affrays of Strasburg and Boulogne. All these details, however, belong rather to memoirs than to history. Such *personal* memoirs I am actually engaged in writing, and when they reach the point at which we now are, I undertake to include in them some curious particulars about men and things.

Let us return to prince Louis and this attempt of which the brilliant opening and the melancholy close

were announced in the same number of the *Moniteur*. The course of events had been as follows: for a lengthened period, as I have already said (and any reader can verify my statement by reading what I wrote about the prince's plans in my "Impressions of a Swiss Journey," that is to say, two years before this event), the prince had been receiving news from France; once, in la Fayette's lifetime, he came, by way of England, to have an interview with him, but the meeting led to nothing. Later on he crossed the Rhine, went to Strasburg, and, gathering together a council of his friends, tried the ground upon which he was about to venture. Even those among his friends who were the most daring, even those who were most interested in the success of the enterprise, had warned him that the issue was uncertain, and he returned to Arenenberg, postponing but not relinquishing his schemes.

A special characteristic of prince Louis' temperament is that tenacity which becomes genius in superior men, but in inferior ones remains obstinacy. He did not therefore consider himself defeated. He wrote to General Voirol, who was in command of the department of the Lower Rhine, and asked for an interview. General Voirol did not answer, but he kept the letter a secret. He spoke, however, to the prefect of the department, M. Choppin d'Arnouville, of the schemes which he supposed the young prince to be entertaining.

"I have an agent near him," replied the prefect, "and he takes no step of which I am not informed."

This was not all. The prince had not contented himself with writing to General Voirol only; he had communicated his plans to a captain named Rauedre, who gave information to M. de Franqueville, his superior officer, and M. de Franqueville laid the matter before General Voirol. The latter then began to consider the affair as somewhat serious and sent prince Louis' letter, together with a report, to the minister. This was the period in which conspiracies were fostered instead of being forestalled, and in which it was considered wise rather to stifle the event when it came

to birth than to suppress it beforehand, and the minister allowed matters to take their course.

On October 25th, 1836, the prince left the castle of Arenenberg, under pretext of a hunting party, and betook himself to the duchy of Baden, where he expected to meet some important people upon whose co-operation he believed that he might reckon. The persons whom he expected failed to keep the appointment. He waited in vain for three days and then set out for Strasburg. The two men upon whom Louis Napoleon more particularly relied were Colonel Vaudrey and Commandant Parquin. Colonel Vaudrey had done everything in his power to dissuade the prince from risking so hazardous an attempt, and the prince had thought to bring him over by showing him a deed which settled £400 on each of his children. The colonel had torn up the paper, saying to the prince: "Monseigneur, I give my blood, but I do not sell it." Thenceforward, since his blood had been offered and accepted gratuitously, the colonel made no further objections.

Commandant Parquin was brought to a decision much more easily. I knew him personally very well; he was one of those men of the empire who were entirely devoted to the imperial tradition, as firm and straight as his sword, but like it only an instrument and nothing more. At a later time, while he was in prison, he published two volumes of memoirs, which he sent me and in which this military type of intelligence—the only kind that he possessed—was very strongly marked.

On October 27th, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the prince called together his council; and it was decided that the movement should take place on the 30th.

Since the influence of Napoleon's name was one of the party's main assets, the soldiery were the first body to attack. The garrison of Strasburg was made up of three regiments of infantry, three of artillery, and a battalion of sappers and miners. The artillery had been secured; the colonel of the 4th Artillery was in the plot; there had been dealings with the engineers and they were reckoned friendly; but the infantry was

more uncertain. Moreover, Colonel Vaudrey had the keys of the arsenal.

All these points considered, a proposal was made to bring out the artillery in the first place, to lead them to the place d'Armes and to point the guns upon the infantry barracks; the infantry would then, it was urged, either join the revolutionaries or be wiped out.

This proposal was defeated, and the following plan carried in its place: the 4th Artillery quartered in the Austerlitz barracks was to be first approached, and would easily, indeed certainly, be induced to revolt. The revolutionaries would pass on to the Finkmatt barracks and try to bring out the 46th Regiment of the Line. On the way to these barracks the town hall, the prefect's offices, and the offices of the general staff would be seized.

By whom this proposal was made is not known. If it was the prince, how came he to make it? If it was not he, how came he to accept it? A man who is Napoleon's nephew and who aims at succeeding the greatest strategist in the world ought to know that one of the first rules in military tactics is to collect a majority that may be trusted, and to lead it against a minority that is doubtful. The contrary plan had been adopted.

The attempt was foiled; it went to pieces at the infantry barracks before the movement had assumed that importance in the town which was necessary, and which it would have attained had the citizens been awakened by the rumble of artillery in the streets instead of only by the shout of *Vive l'empereur!*

It was a mere lieutenant who caused the defeat of the scheme—one of those grains of sand which, as the Scripture says, stay the chariot of the conqueror and cause its overthrow. A lieutenant called Plegnier rushed towards the prince and laid hands upon him.

"You are not Louis Napoleon," said he. "You are Colonel Vaudrey's nephew; you are usurping a name to which you have no right: I arrest you."

"You are not Louis Napoleon!" Who can estimate

the range of that doubt, cast at such a moment into the minds of the soldiers? Did Lieutenant Plegnier really believe what he said? or was he destroying with a jest the whole scaffolding that had been raised upon memoirs of the Empire? If it were so, the deed was well done, and Fate was wrong in making this man only a lieutenant. Instantly another rumour began to spread which declared the rising to be a Legitimist one. Thus a threefold resistance was aroused against which it was impossible to make way. In the first place, prince Louis' name had not brought over the regiment; in the next place, the man who called himself prince Louis was not prince Louis; lastly, the man who called himself prince Louis was a Royalist agent.

The prince had but one way of disproving such accusations—namely, to give himself up, and he did so. The same thing, it will be remembered, nearly happened to Bonaparte on Brumaire 18th; but for his brother Lucien, he would have been lost. Louis Bonaparte had no Lucien; he was arrested and taken to the fortress.

At the same time, on the same day, a sergeant named Bruyant incited his regiment to revolt at Vendôme; it happened to be the Chartres regiment of hussars which had been the duc d'Orléans' own. The man was sentenced to be shot, and I saved his life through the duke's intervention; I will narrate elsewhere how this pardon was granted to me.

As for prince Louis, the only punishment inflicted on him was that he was made to cross France that he might see how little attention the country paid to him. That was very well; but it was a mistake to send him to America: he should have been taken to Switzerland again and left there in peace. For a little while he was afraid that he was to be treated as thus insignificant. M. Gabriel Delessert reassured him on his way through Paris. No doubt it was when he knew that he was to be treated as a real conspirator that he wrote, actually from the police station, a letter of thanks to the king. On November 21st, prince Louis left France.

Seventeen days earlier occurred the death of Charles X. He had fallen ill at Goritz, in Styria, on the day of his patron saint; and on the 6th of the month, at a quarter past one in the morning he yielded up to God the soul of the last Bourbon who reigned in France—and we say here, with the deepest conviction, the last Bourbon who will ever reign there.

The body of Charles X rests in the Franciscan convent of Graffenberg (the mountain of the Counts) and in the simplest of tombs. The stone which covers the prince thus exiled not only from the throne but also from the burial-place of his fathers bears the following inscription:

HERE LIES
THE VERY HIGH, VERY PUISSANT, AND VERY EXCELLENT PRINCE
CHARLES, TENTH OF THAT NAME,
BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING OF FRANCE AND OF NAVARRE,
WHO DIED AT GORITZ ON NOVEMBER 6TH, 1836,
AGED 79 YEARS AND 28 DAYS.

His death made very little impression in France; his name had passed from unpopularity into oblivion. Only one voice was heard lamenting over his grave like David over the body of Saul. The verses are fine, the action was brave; both bear the sign-manual of Victor Hugo. Here are some of his lines:

"Vous vous taisez; mais moi, moi dont parfois le chant
Se refuse à l'aurore et jamais au couchant,
Moi que, jadis à Reims, Charles admit comme un hôte,
Moi qui plaignis ses maux, moi qui blâmai sa faute,
Je ne me tairai pas: je descendrai courbé
Jusqu'au caveau profond où dort ce roi tombé;
Je suspendrai ma lyre à cette voûte noire,
Et, sans cesse à côté de sa triste mémoire,
Mon esprit, dans ces temps d'esprit contagieux,
Fera veiller dans l'ombre un vers religieux.

Et que m'importe à moi qui, déployant mon aile,
Touche parfois d'en bas à la lyre éternelle;
A moi qui n'ai d'amour que pour l'onde et les champs,
Et pour tout ce qui souffre, excepté les méchants;
A moi qui prends souci, quand la nef s'aventure,
De tous les matelots risqués dans la mâture,
Et dont la pitié grave hésite quelquefois

De la sueur du peuple à la sueur des rois ;
Que m'importe, après tout, que depuis six années
Ce roi fût retranché des têtes couronnées,
Froide ruine au bord de nos flots écumants,
Vain fantôme penché sur les événements !
Qu'il ne changeât de rien ni le poids ni le nombre,
Que rasé dès longtemps son front plongeât dans l'ombre,
Et que déjà vieillard, sans trône et sans pavois,
Il eût subi l'exil, première mort des rois !
Je le dirai sans peur que la haine renaisse,
Son avènement pur eut pour sœur ma jeunesse ;
Saint-Remy nous reçut sous son mur triomphant,
Tous deux le même jour, lui vieux, moi presque enfant.
Et moi je ne veux pas, harpe qu'il a connue,
Qu'on mette mon roi mort dans une bière nue.
Tandis qu'au loin la foule emplit l'air de ses cris,
L'auguste Piété, servante des proscrits,
Qui les enselevit dans sa plus blanche toile,
N'aura pas dans la nuit que son regard étoile
Demandé vainement à ma pensée en deuil
Ce lambeau de velours pour couvrir ce cercueil."

CHAPTER LXXVII

An aristocracy of money—Money to marry with—No money to live on—"Monte-Cristo" and facts—Unpleasant facts for the royal family.

EVERYTHING, it will be seen, thus favoured the prosperous advance of the royal family to the height of absolute power towards which all the wishes of its head tended. Indeed, it must be owned that as king he was powerfully aided by the protection of Providence, as a father he was greatly blessed by the goodness of Heaven.

As a king, he enjoyed complete invulnerability; he had escaped that first pistol aimed at him by an unknown foe, the infernal machine of Fieschi, and the musket of Alibaud. As a king, he had seen those friends and those enemies whom he had most cause to fear fall one after another—la Fayette, Casimir Périer, and Charles X. As a king, he had, if not annihilated, at least dispersed the Republican party; and had almost become reconciled with continental Europe without being obliged to quarrel with England. Finally, as a king, he had become the head, the type, the emblem, the hero, the fetish of that ambitious middle class which, after dethroning the nobility, now weighed down the people and was aspiring to replace the court-aristocracy of Louis XV and the feudal aristocracy of Louis XIII and Henry IV by an aristocracy of money.

As a father, he was marvellously encircled by a noble and active family: five princes, all handsome, all brave, bearing the oldest and most illustrious titles in Christendom, the brilliant group dominated by an eldest son in whom his fiercest enemies could find no fault except his almost feminine beauty, nor his friends, except his almost frantic courage; three princesses,

in whom beauty, that crown of womanhood, was but a secondary quality—three princesses, of whom the eldest, princess Louise, was known for her goodness and piety; the second, princess Marie, was illustrious among artists; and the third, princess Clémentine, was almost famous as a wit.

What more could a father and a king dare to ask of Heaven? The father with these eight young faces, beautiful and smiling, around him; the king, with his throne, the greatest throne in the world, and with an immense private fortune; a civil list of 12,000,000 francs and the finest châteaux in France, the Tuileries, Versailles, Saint-Cloud, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, and Rambouillet.

What he dared to ask was money, more money, and always more money.

From time to time, indeed, he also asked for a little more despotism. But despotism cost the middle classes nothing; nay, more, they were not sorry to see their representative striking down the poor whom they felt stirring beneath their feet, and the intelligent whom they felt murmuring above their heads.

On December 27th—yet another fact that we forgot to note in the year 1836—their king had again come near to being murdered; a wretch named Meunier had shot at him, but, he being but a common assassin who wept and begged for mercy, mercy was granted to him; and the middle classes applauded his pardon as they had applauded Alibaud's execution. Thus far, their king had received from heaven the gift of infallibility.

Moreover, there was good news; the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe was to marry the king of the Belgians. True, he was a king of a later creation than even Louis Philippe himself; true, he ruled but a scanty kingdom, but still, he was a king.

The duc d'Orléans, on his part, was to marry princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. True, he was marrying this young princess against the will of her brother, who did not think a Bourbon, a duc d'Orléans, a descendant of Saint Louis, sufficiently well-born, and

that the influence of Prussia was requisite to counterbalance the influence of Russia in the affair.

Thus the middle classes in the persons of their royal family were allying themselves with the houses of Coburg and of Schwerin, which was a great honour for them, and the poor middle classes felt themselves quite ennobled. But there was one thing they had not thought of—to wit, that it costs a great deal to be married. So the king asked for money. He asked for a dowry of a million, at once, for his eldest daughter, the princess Louise, who was just married. He asked an allowance of a million, per annum, more for his eldest son, who was just going to be married. And, finally, he asked, by way of annual endowment, 500,000 francs for the duc de Nemours, who might be marrying.

Well, for once, the middle classes became uneasy. As long as only their honour, that is to say, France's honour, had been touched, they said nothing. But now their purse was being touched, and they grumbled. And was this a time to ask such increases of dowry, of allowances, and endowments, when one sad plaint, one long lament was rising from every part of France? In towns, departments, and provinces, everywhere, there was the same cry of privation, distress, and hunger.

It was at Rouen that the string of woes began. The mills of Rouen were idle, there was no work for the dyers, the wage of the weavers had been so much reduced that they could no longer live on it; some had become paupers, some were applying to charity, others had become sweepers at a shilling a day. In the department of Aude there was famine and actual want of bread. In Arriége bands of poor people were on the roads travelling like mediæval shepherds, carrying wallets and begging. In the district of Limoux two cantons had been deserted by their inhabitants, who had spread themselves over lower Languedoc and Roussillon asking for bread, and threatening to take it if it were refused them. In Normandy the north-east wind had driven back the sea beyond its bounds, and the waters of the Vire, swollen by melting snow and by incessant

rains, were flooding the marshes and drowning cattle. And lastly, Lyons, the second city of the kingdom, Lyons, torn by two riots, was complaining that death by starvation was so much slower than death by a ball, a bullet, or a bayonet. Lyons had just beheld the terrible spectacle of a mother who for six days— six long days—fed her child without touching food herself, and who, on the seventh day, feeling death drawing near and her milk failing, gathered together what little strength was left her and, going out with her child in her arms, dropped down in the place Bellecour, and died there, died of hunger, entreating the pity of passers-by for her child.

And we were accused of exaggeration when we let the father of Dantès starve to death in his attic among the alleys of Meillan!

It is true that we were also accused of exaggeration when we brought the comte de Morcerf before the Chamber of Peers and when we saved Mme. de Villefort from the scaffold by poison.[1]

It is true that, a year later, the Teste case and the Praslin poisoning turned the poet into a diviner and showed that reality always outdoes imagination.

It was at this moment, as we said before, that a million was asked for the queen of the Belgians, an additional income of a million for the crown prince, and a yearly endowment of 500,000 francs for the duc de Nemours.

No wonder that everybody rallied round M. de Cormenin-Timon when he published his new pamphlet about the income for the duc de Nemours. This pamphlet went into twenty-four editions, two more than the *Villeliade* of Messieurs Barthélemy and Méry reached, at the time of the Restoration. The pamphlet was in the form of a letter. Alas! pamphlets are almost always produced in that way, one after another. We see Paul Louis Courier destroying the royalty

[1] The father of Dantès, the count of Morcerf, and Mme. de Villefort are characters in Dumas' romance "The Count of Monte-Cristo."—*Translator's Note.*



LOUIS PHILIPPE, MARIE AMÉLIE, AND MADAME ADÉLAÏDE.

of 1815, as M. Cormentin was destroying the royalty of 1830; letters, always letters! Now, this one was addressed to the duc de Nemours, who was powerless in the matter; a poor young prince full of honour, delicacy, and disinterestedness, who had opposed the making of this demand in his name and who was made a whipping-boy for his father.

"Confess, your Royal Highness, that the French nation is, indeed, a generous one and that your family owes its boundless gratitude for the comforts, profits, and great wealth with which it has at all times been filled and refilled, endowed and endowed again, loaded and reloaded. First of all, the edicts of 1661, 1672, and 1692 took from the State and gave to your Royal Highness's ancestor a heritage made up of so many fiefs, lands, manors, towns, palaces, châteaux, farms, governments, principalities, duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, freeholds, champarts, feudal rights, pasture lands, canals, woods and forests that I might tire myself in a hundred pages if I should enumerate them. Your Royal Highness's house was reckoned, in 1789, the richest, non-reigning, princely house in Europe, its capital being estimated at a hundred and twelve millions; a total too large in every respect to be left in the hands and at the disposal of a single man, prince though he might be, and dangerous at one time to liberty and at another to power itself; for history, your Royal Highness, will speak justly when it declares that the revolutionary use made by your ancestor of his prodigious fortune contributed more than anything else to overturn the throne of Louis XVI his cousin and master. The fate of pecuniary good luck, which clings to their steps, pursued your family even into exile; for while other emigrants were dying of hunger abroad, the duchesse d'Orléans, your grandmother, was receiving a large pension from the French Republic, and, about the same time, the public treasury paid more than forty millions to discharge the debts of your emigrant father. Forty millions—a brilliant foretaste of the Civil List! Nor was this all. Louis XVIII had scarcely landed from England when, yielding to your prayers, he restored to you, at his own will and pleasure, all that was left to the nation of the unsold property belonging to the inheritance of the duc d'Orléans, which inheritance had been irrevocably abolished,

not by the emigration law of 1793, but by the second article of the law of inheritance passed on December 21st, 1790. In order to excuse this flagrant violation of the law, it has been pretended that Louis XVIII was, at that time, omnipotent; but if we are to reason in that way he might have despoiled any chance citizen for the purpose of enriching you, even as he despoiled the State. The law of indemnity for emigrants, which seems to have been passed for your fortunate family, came in the nick of time to increase its *bons points*, conveniences, comforts, and profits by giving an opportunity to repudiate a paternal inheritance that was riddled with debts and to accept a maternal inheritance radiant with gold and silver; an ingenious division of patrimonies which, craftily permitted by judges who held their posts at the king's pleasure, was equal to a bonus of twelve million crowns sterling in your coffers. Finally, besides that jewel, the crown of France, the most brilliant jewel of the universe, the Chambers, desiring to exalt your family by wealth as they were exalting it by power, added to the vast riches of your father the real and personal property that had been settled upon Charles X as king. I have reckoned up your fortunes too often for it to be still necessary that I should remind your Royal Highness that you and yours enjoy the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Elysée-Bourbon with their appurtenances; the châteaux of Marly, Saint-Cloud, Meudon, Saint-Germain, Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and Pau, as well as the houses, buildings, factories, fields, pastures, and farmhouses that belong to them; the woods of Boulogne and Vincennes and the forest of Sénart; the diamonds, pearls, precious stones, statues, pictures, engravings, museums, libraries, and other monuments of ancient art and the furniture contained in the royal wardrobe and in the various palaces and establishments."

CHAPTER LXXVIII

More facts—A frightened Chamber—A new Government—Marriage of the duke d'Orléans (May 30th, 1837)—M. Jacques Arago and the Republican Party—Death of Talleyrand—Birth of the Comte de Paris (August 12th, 1838)—The Huber case.

Now, as the 500,000 francs of endowment asked by M. de Nemours were represented by the demesne of Rambouillet and the forests of Senonches, Châteauneuf, and Montereau, M. de Cormenin proceeded to some calculations which were alarming, in that they demonstrated that the estimates made were false, and that the demesne of Rambouillet, alone, was worth forty millions.

Then, with the forty millions of Rambouillet he showed, beforehand, how much good M. de Nemours could do. With the forty millions of Rambouillet he could give libraries for the people to the 38,000 parishes of France; he could establish 12,000 sewing schools for poor women in the country; he could pay the expenses of 10,000 infant schools; he could open free almshouses in 350 towns for old men and old women; he could prevent 30,000 unemployed workpeople from dying of starvation during two months of the winter; he could give a pension of 100 francs to 5,000 wounded, maimed, or infirm soldiers for five years.

Such attacks were indeed alarming at a time when the place du Châtelet was daily covered with furniture sold by process of law; when the place de l'hôtel de Ville was daily crowded with unemployed workpeople; when the Savings Bank was paying out in a single week—the first week of April—the sum of 1,766,000 francs.

Thus at the base of society a whole people was famished and crying for bread, and at the apex of society a king, rolling in riches, was asking for gold;

and midway between the people and the throne, hanging over that abyss of misery of which the rich never think until it is ready to swallow up society, M. de Cormenin, a gloomy Democritus, laughed at everything with a bitter smile and tears in his eyes.

This time the Chamber was frightened; it refused. The ministry, already wounded by the rejection of the law of disjunction, received its deathblow by the rejection of the duc de Nemours' settlement. One morning the ministers were obliged to send in their resignation, and the king invited M. Guizot to form a new Cabinet.

M. Guizot, who was believed able, until the day when the monarchy fell with him into the pit that he had dug; who succeeded for eighteen long years in making the world believe that pride was genius; who, at last, gave the measure of his capacities in that incredible book called "Of Democracy in France," a book which appears to have been composed by a man at once deaf and blind,—M. Guizot was so much embarrassed by this mission that he sought out M. Thiers to invite his assistance in the task imposed by the king.

M. Thiers, who headed a party that he had just contrived to knead together, out of all the soured tempers, disappointed ambitions, and thwarted grudges on the left—which party was called the left centre—refused.

M. Guizot, being unable to enter into partnership with M. Thiers, was obliged to enter into competition with M. Molé. He sent his list to the king. M. Molé, on his part, sent his.

M. Guizot's list was composed of: M. Guizot, M. de Montebello, M. de Rémusat, and M. Dumon.

M. Molé's list was composed of: M. Molé for Foreign Affairs and the Presidency; M. Barthe, Justice and Religion; M. de Montalivet, Home Affairs; M. de Salvandy, Public Education; M. de Lacave-Laplagne, Treasury, and M. Rosamel, Admiralty.

In both cases M. Martin was to remain at the Ministry of Public Affairs.

The king decided for M. Molé's list, and there was a botched-up government.

This government enjoyed the honours of the duc d'Orléans' marriage to princess Helen.

Alas, poor woman! who would have foretold to her, when at every stage within the French frontier one found sheaves of flowers and piles of fruit awaiting her, who would have foretold that she was going to so swift a widowhood and so long a time of mourning?

It was on May 24th that the princess crossed the border and on the 29th that she entered Fontainebleau. On the morrow, the 30th, the marriage was celebrated in Henry II's gallery.

Elsewhere, we will give some curious particulars, all doing honour to the duc d'Orléans' courtesy, of this first meeting between the future husband and wife.

Then followed the festivals which attended the opening of the Versailles Museum, that museum which was promised to all the glories of France, but in which everything is sacrificed to military glory.

At the end the course of popular rejoicings was closed, as in the case of Marie Antoinette, by a great misfortune. On June 14th a representation was being given at the École Militaire of the taking of the citadel of Antwerp, and all Paris betook itself to the champ de Mars. Everything went well while the spectacle lasted, but, the spectacle over, everybody was, as usual, in haste to get away, and the crowd turned, like a great river, towards the two exits which lead back to Paris. We all know what a crowd is, and how the torrent of it, once set in motion, does not stop; it went on to break itself against the iron rails, and soon lamentable cries of suffering arose, mingled with cries of rage: all this living flesh was crushing and being crushed.

That same evening a vast funeral cloud overshadowed Paris; fate folded a black crape round the wedding flowers of that poor princess-royal whom, after the death of her husband, an insolent minister, formerly her humble servant, was to treat as a foreigner, and, by the use of that designation, to compare with the queen

of infamous memory who gave up her son's crown to the English.

On the next day, June 15th, there was to be a ball at the hôtel de Ville; the courtiers insisted that the prince should go, as though no accident had occurred.

What did it matter to courtiers that these people had met their deaths? They were nearly all common people. But the noble young man rebelled against such effrontery.

"Nay, gentlemen," said he, "let us at least defer our dancing until the bodies have been identified and buried."

The ball was put off and did not, I think, take place until the 19th or 20th.

Some days after his brother's marriage, the duc de Nemours set out for Africa; he had a great retaliation to make. His retaliation was splendid; Constantine, taken by assault, fell into our hands one Friday in October 1837; this capture cost the lives of General Danrémont, General Perregaux, and Colonel Combe, the man who took Ancona by the daring surprise that we have recorded. The duc de Nemours was near to General Danrémont when a cannon-ball, striking him in the flank, laid him dead at the prince's feet.

The soldiers greatly admired their young chief's composure on this occasion, and the words he uttered were quoted as examples of military discipline.

"Gentlemen," said he, without thinking of leaving the fatal spot where balls and bullets from the town were whistling like a whirlwind through the air, "this event has been provided for: General Vallée is governor-general of Algeria."

I do not know what the duc d'Orléans would have said in his brother's place, but I am sure that while announcing the succession of the survivor he would have found a word of regret for the departed. It was to this rigid formality, which, perhaps, is a virtue, that the duc de Nemours owed the unpopularity that was displayed in every direction when, on his brother's death, the king caused him to be appointed regent.

By the side of this military victory arose the beginning

of a fresh political struggle. The Republican party, which had been thought dead, had not been completely crushed by the trial in April; the event which deprived it of an active leader in the person of Carrel had driven it to make that immense step forward which is called reflection. Now, the Republican party had reflected that a country like France is not to be taken by force, and that ideas must find their way into the fortress by the breach that bears the name of conviction; thenceforward the Republican party had the only strength which it had lacked—prudence, which makes attack opportune and movement united. In fact, from the moment when it abandoned violence, the party had to be met by reason; and from the moment when discussion became public, legal, almost constitutional, it had a good chance—speaking as it did in the name of every honourable feeling, even if its speakers might be less clever than those on the other side—of gaining its end by arousing that vast force to which for the previous forty years no one had seemed to pay attention—democracy.

The Republican party began by choosing a leader. This time, so that it might incur no reproach of levity, it chose its leader from the highest place that the genius of a man can give him. In this there was a great calculation; it was not democracy which by mighty efforts was going to raise its leader to the level of great fortunes; it was that leader, already at the summit, who was to reach down a hand and, without effort, shock, or contest, raise the party to himself.

This leader was M. Jacques Arago—that is to say, a man whose name was known, admired, and venerated by the whole world. By means of M. Arago the Republicans could conquer M. Laffitte and were keeping M. Dupont (of the Eure).

MM. Arago, Laffitte, and Dupont (of the Eure) composed, it will be admitted, a terrible political trio, even if they had been acting only individually. But when there was grouped around them an electoral committee which included, besides, the names of MM. Mauguin, Mathieu Larabit, Ernest Girardin, Maréchal Clausel,

Garnier-Pagès, Cormenin, Salverte, Thiers, Chatelain, Cauchois-Lemaire, Berk, Louis Blanc, Frédéric Lacroix, Durand, Thomas Dubosc, Goudchaux, Viardot, Dornès, Nepomucène Lemercier, Rostan, Félix Desportes, Marie, Ledru-Rollin, Dupont, Sarrans, Guilbert and David d'Angers, then it became a government outside the government, a democratic power opposed to the middle-class power, and one which this time challenged it to a field of battle far more fatal than before; this time, there was no material war, no killing or being killed with firearms, but, on the contrary, that flashing warfare which arises from the clash of ideas, and which, instead of being seen and heard by a few people only, and confined to a comparatively narrow space, bursts majestically over the whole earth, and knows no bounds but those which God Himself has set to the world.

Then it was that M. Odilon Barrot, who in 1849 was an obstinate minister of the Republic, declared that, as the leader of the constitutional opposition, he must separate himself from a committee in which the Republican party had displayed its banner.

The formation of this committee was a terrible blow to the king, since, uniting as it did all the most honoured names of the opposition, it left no room for any liberal or constitutional committee.

About this time it was that God put an end to that second comedy of Faust which had run concurrently with Goethe's. Eighteen years had elapsed since the death of Faust-Napoleon when Mephistopheles-Talleyrand was called from the world.

Space fails us for a critical appreciation of this man, that diabolical power, that vulgar, second-rate demon to whom all the clever people of an epoch attributed that immoral and cynical wit which they did not dare to have themselves. In our personal memoirs we shall be able to expound the subject at greater length and to estimate the life and death of that famous comedian who was always playing the traitor's part in the long drama that began in 1789 and ended, for him, in 1838.

Like Voltaire, M. de Talleyrand when on his death-

bed denied his past. Doubtless the two illustrious materialists, who were ready to make use of any example, relied upon that of St. Peter, who denied Jesus thrice. So be it, but St. Peter, sirs, in denying his God, did not deny himself.

M. de Talleyrand died on May 17th, 1838, uttering a witticism, an occupation which had been that of his whole life.

Abbé Dupanloup having repeated to him M. de Quéleu's words: "For M. de Talleyrand I would give my life," the dying man answered: "He might spend it to more advantage," and expired.

This last jest was quite in character.

The year 1838 marks the highest point of king Louis Philippe's power. In this year the prosperity of his House reached its zenith with the birth of the comte de Paris, and in the first days of the next year misfortunes began with the death of princess Marie.

The comte de Paris was born on August 12th, 1838. The princess Marie died on January 2nd, 1839. Assuredly the ground beneath the king's feet, between those dates, must have seemed to him firm enough for building a new monarchy as solid and as durable as that of the Valois and the Bourbons had been.

Two letters arrived together at the Tuileries, one, sealed with red, from Mexico; the other, sealed with black, from Pisa. This was on January 10th as breakfast was being served. One letter announced the taking of Saint-Jean d'Ulloa by the prince de Joinville; the other announced the death of princess Marie.

An odd chance has put into our hands the letters written by various members of the Orléans family on the occasion of this bereavement. Some day we shall have an opportunity of placing these before the reader, who will then be able to judge the less or greater depth of the wound, the less or greater share of affection implanted by nature in these princely hearts.

The letter of the king endeavours to console his son-in-law, the duke of Wurtemburg. His is the contrary case to that of Rachel, who refused to be comforted be-

cause her children were not. God fashions hearts of a particular pattern for princes and kings.

The admirable talent of princess Marie, who was the pupil of Scheffer, or rather of her own genius, is well known. The only finished statue of hers is at Versailles. It is Joan of Arc; a gentle and pious reincarnation of the young heroine by a young girl, of the shepherdess by the princess.

In the course of the year 1838 occurred the Huber case, one of the most dreadful and scandalous cases of the reign. A pocket-book, dropped by a passenger from England on December 8th, 1837, and picked up on the quay at Boulogne by an official of the Customs named Pauchet, formed the foundation of the charge.

This pocket-book contained: a square of paper covered with German characters; memoranda consisting of a succession of numbers which did not form any sum nor yield any result; and a letter in these words: "All the material is concentrated in Paris; I bring the plan required."

The owner of the pocket-book, who was arrested two hours later in a Boulogne hotel, had a passport in the name of Stiegter, but this document did not long conceal his identity. The sham Stiegter was recognised as Louis Huber, an ardent Republican whose name figured in every tragic and blood-stained day of the Republican records. Furthermore the gendarmes found, in Huber's hat, the coloured plan of a machine which was thought to be a new kind of infernal machine.

Investigations were at once undertaken, and the government, supported by the accusations of a wretch called Valentin, who had been convicted of forgery, brought the following persons to trial in the Seine assize court, about May 1838: Mlle. Laure Grouvelle, MM. Louis Huber, Jacob Steuble, Louis Arnaut, Martin Leproux, Vincent Giraud, de Vauquelin, Léon Didier, Valentin, and Annat.

Why cannot we, alas! in this book, where our space is strictly limited, dwell at length upon some sacrifices of self, and describe certain characters? We would tell

what were the virtue, the devotion, the charity, the faith, and the courage of poor Laure Grouvelle, whom we knew personally and whom the solitude of her cell drove mad. Oh, liberty, so dearly bought, so often snatched away again, how many things thou must do for thy children in order to repay but half of what they have done for thee !

Huber was condemned to be transported. Laure Grouvelle, Steuble, and Annat to five years' imprisonment. Vincent Griaud to three. To-day Steuble has cut his throat and is dead.

And after three years in prison Vincent Giraud has come out with his hair as white as an old man's.

During this time princess Victoria was being crowned queen of England, and Maréchal Soult, the conqueror of Toulouse, attended the coronation as the representative of France.

CHAPTER LXXIX

"The Society of the Seasons"—The conspirators—The Insurrection—The new ministry—The trial of Barbès—Victor Hugo's entreaty for pardon—Mohammed Ali.

THE formation of the republican electoral committee has already been described. Its immediate aim was to make not a republican Chamber of Deputies, but one of which, thanks to the coalition, the prevailing spirit should be constitutional.

It was with profound regret that the king saw the fall of the ministry. Three leaders had held command over the victorious battalions of the coalition—M. Odilon Barrot, M. Thiers, and M. Guizot; it was but natural, therefore, that the new ministry should include M. Thiers and M. Guizot and establish M. Odilon Barrot as president. And yet, owing to the influence which the king exercised behind the scenes, that arrangement could not be effected. Not only so, but six other proposed combinations failed one after another, and from March 8th to May 12th France was left without a ministry. Nothing but a violent crisis was sufficient to settle this problem, which was regarded as insoluble.

Not all the Republicans had engaged in the political struggle or rallied to the coalition that had placed M. Arago, M. Dupont (of the department of Eure), and M. Laffitte at the head of the electoral committee. An association had been formed about 1836 and 1837, out of the remnants of the Society of the Rights of Man, which bore, in its new form, the name of the Society of the Seasons. Its chiefs were Barbès, Guignot, Nêtre, and Meillard. It was determined that advantage should be taken of the disturbed conditions produced in Paris by the absence of a ministry to attempt a revolutionary rising on May 12th.

Never was a plan more precisely laid down beforehand. Blanqui had mapped out the scheme with the army handbook beside him. In the first place, the prefect of the police's office was to be captured and barricaded like a fortress. The bridges to be occupied had been settled beforehand; the place of each barricade marked out on the previous day; the number of men to be sent to each point decided and a written ticket handed to every one of them in his home. Proclamations signed by Barbès and Martin Bernard were drawn up in advance. It was believed that about a thousand men could be counted upon. In addition to these, the Republicans believed themselves sure—just as they did on June 5th—of the sympathy of many citizens likely to join in the rising although not members of the society.

At half-past 3 on May 12th, a Sunday, the movement broke out; the conspirators made their way through the rue Bourg-l'Abbé, and the cry: "To arms!" rose and re-echoed in one direction as far as the Palais-Royal and in the other as far as the hôtel de Ville.

The revolutionary forces were divided into two columns, one commanded by Martin Bernard and Guignot, the other by Barbès, Meillard, and Nêtre. Barbès' column, which attracted most attention, crossed the bridge of Nôtre-Dame and the Quai-aux-Fleurs and advanced upon the Palais de Justice. The officer in command, taken by surprise, immediately called his men to arms.

"Yield!" shouted Barbès to him.

"Die rather!" replied the officer, and turning to his followers, "Fire! Fire, men!" he cried.

But the soldiers were not ready, while the assailants were. Two shots came from their ranks, and one killed the lieutenant. This murder was laid to Barbès' account, but not justly. It was not Barbès who fired the shot by which the lieutenant was killed, but he was accused of having done so. To exculpate himself he must have named the man who did; he, however, was shot down

almost in the moment of his firing, and Barbès would have appeared to be sheltering his own guilt behind a dead man's name. He kept silence.

Everybody knows how the insurrection failed and how a ministry came out of it.

The ministry was composed of: Maréchal Soult, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Teste, Justice; M. Schneider, War; M. Duperré, Admiralty; M. Duchâtel, Home Affairs; M. Cunin-Gridaine, Trade; M. Dufaure, Public Works; M. Villemain, Education; M. Passy, Treasury.

Of the two last, when their names were presented to him on a previous occasion, the king had said: "He is an enemy of my House," "he is my personal enemy." The crisis had, however, become so acute that, in order to bring it to an end, the king consented to accept as members of a ministerial coalition a man whom he regarded as *the enemy of his House* and another whom he regarded as *his personal enemy.*

It is true that the king had such faith in the seductive powers of his own manner as to be convinced that any man who came to close quarters with him must not only cease to be his enemy, but, however fierce his previous animosity, must infallibly become his creature. Thus his influence had affected many men; thus, he hoped, it would affect all; thus, indeed, it did affect M. Villemain and M. Passy.

The Chamber of Peers was summoned once more. Barbès, with characteristic courage and generosity, took upon himself the whole responsibility of the outbreak. When he was accused of having murdered Lieutenant Drouineau, he made a sign that he desired to speak.

"I do not rise," he said, "to answer your accusation. "I am not inclined to answer any of your questions. If others besides myself were not concerned in this matter, I would not so much as speak. I would make my appeal to your consciences, and you would recognise that you are not judges assembling to judge people accused, but politicians deciding the fate of political

foes. But as the 12th of May put into your hands a number of prisoners I have a duty to discharge.

"I declare, then, that at 3 o'clock on the 12th of May none of these citizens knew anything of our plan to attack your government. They had been called together without knowing why they were assembled; they thought that it was merely a review which they were attending; it was not until they had reached the appointed place where we had been careful to have ammunition ready, and where we could get hold of arms, that I gave the signal, put weapons into their hands, and ordered them to march on. These citizens, therefore, were led away, forced by moral violence to obey my order. To my mind, they are innocent.

"I think this declaration ought to carry some weight with you, since, for my own part, I cannot claim any benefit from it. I declare that I was one of the leaders of the association; I declare that the signal for the fight was given by me and that I prepared all the means for its being carried out; I declare that I took part and that I fought against your soldiers. But if I thus take upon me full and entire responsibility for these general deeds, I must likewise refuse responsibility for certain acts which I neither performed nor ordered; I mean acts of cruelty which morality condemns; among such acts I will name the killing of Lieutenant Drouineau, which the indictment alleges to have been my premeditated and treacherous act.

"I do not say this to you, for you are not disposed to believe me; you are my enemies; I say it so that my country may hear. Of such a deed I am neither guilty nor capable. If I had killed that officer it would have been in a fair fight—as far as can be in a street battle—with equal weapons and equal chances as to sun and ground. I have never been an assassin, and the charge brought against me is a slander, intended to disgrace a soldier fighting for the people's cause. I did not kill Lieutenant Drouineau; that is all that I had to say."

Having made this declaration, Barbès resumed his

seat and refused to reply to any other questions; but being pressed by the president he said, without rising:

"When an Indian is conquered, when the fortune of war throws him into the hands of his enemy, he does not attempt to defend himself; he resigns himself and yields his head to be scalped."

"Yes," returned M. Pasquier, "and the prisoner does well to compare himself with a savage, and the most pitiless of savages."

"The pitiless savage," said Barbès, "is not the one who yields his head to be scalped, but the one who scalps."

With a defence of such a description there could be no doubt of Barbès being found guilty, and he was. The Court of Peers delivered its verdict on July 12th, 1839. Bonnet, Lesdazzie, Dugas, and Grégoire were acquitted. But Barbès was sentenced to death; Martin Bernard to be deported; Mialon to penal servitude for life; Delsade and Austen to fifteen years' imprisonment; Nourgues and Philibert to six years' imprisonment; Roudil, Guilbert, and Lemière to five years' imprisonment; Martin and Longuet to five years' imprisonment; Walsh and Pierné to two years' imprisonment.

Barbès' death sentence made a profound impression in Paris. Three thousand students went, unarmed, bare-headed, and in silence to the Chancellor to beg that the death penalty for political offences might be abolished and that Barbès might not be executed. A second detachment of young men and workmen went to the Palais-Bourbon; but was less fortunate, being dispersed by a cavalry charge close to the St. Louis bridge.

Some day I will relate how, notwithstanding the Council's obstinate determination that the law should take its course, the king pardoned Barbès, and at the same time I will tell what part the duc d'Orléans, princess Clémentine, Hugo, and I took in bringing about that good action. Here is Hugo's entreaty; it will be admitted that mercy was seldom demanded in more beautiful and more touching verses:

"By her, your angel, flown as flies a dove,
By him, your little child, frail, tender bloom,
Mercy, sire, in the name of yonder tomb,
And mercy, in the name of cradled love."

In the midst of all these events arose a question which drew the eyes of France towards the East. It had reference to Syria, which Mahmoud wished to take back and Mohammed Ali to keep.

Mohammed Ali, that Spartan soldier, having become a viceroy, had proclaimed his independence and, as we know, invaded Syria as far as the Taurus. Thus the Turkish empire was melting away piecemeal.

Mohammed Ali, as we have just said, had not only proclaimed himself independent, but, by the intervention of Ibrahim, his beloved son—or perhaps only his mistress's son, for Ibrahim's birth is as mysterious as that of any prince in the "The Arabian Nights"—by the intervention, then, of his son he had defeated the Sultan's generals at Moms, at Beylan, and at Komieh. The pasha of Tunis threatened to do likewise, and talked of sending no more tribute to the Porte, and, to be ready for any event, began to organise his army after the French model.

Servia, on its part, had rebelled and been victorious. Moldavia and Wallachia were now dependencies of the czar. The battle of Navarino had deprived Mahmoud of Greece. Since 1830 France had occupied Algeria. The Turkish empire was thus no more than a sort of frontage having hardly any depth, and through the gaps in it the Russians were visible from the Dardanelles and the Egyptians from Odessa.

Furthermore, like those emperors of ancient Rome whom their overweening power made mad, the sultan was overcome by fits of dizziness and pursued by omens and prophecies. Indeed, he had reason enough for madness, situated as he was between a wretched past and a future more wretched still; even the keys of his capital no longer lay by his bedside, but had been yielded to Russia by the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi. Might not such things well make him dizzy? As to the

omens, they were terrible. One day as he was passing over the new bridge that he had just had built at Galata, a dervish who was called the Long-haired Dervish, and who was much renowned for his holiness, rushed in front of him and, seizing his horse by the bridle, cried : "Stop, Sultan Giaour ! "

Some time afterwards, that is to say in the month of January 1839, a fire had broken out in the very place where the divan held its deliberations. This place, which was called *The Porte*, was considered almost sacred, and the terror aroused by this accident had been redoubled by the certainly inauspicious fact that Mahmoud's portrait had perished in the flames.

Now, at last, events were justifying the Sultan's fears by bringing Ibrahim to the foot of the Taurus mountains.

Now, were we to abandon our old ally, Mohammed Ali—the man who had reaped the harvest of civilisation sown by us in our Egyptian campaign—in favour of Mahmoud, Russia's new ally ? Were we to renounce our influence in Egypt and allow England to take our place at Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez ?

Assuredly no ; not only the laws of dignity, but also those of interest forbade ; for, as owners of Algeria, allies of Mohammed Ali, supporters of Syria, creditors of the king of Italy's uncle, Otto, bankers of Spain—both as to money and as to men—it was our very positive and very real interest that no power should counterbalance our own in the Mediterranean, and that the inland sea should be, in Napoleon's phrase, a French lake. Such was the opinion of the duc d'Orléans, and out of it arose his second serious political struggle with his father.

European politics were still, however, hanging uncertain, and the sovereigns had declared to the foes who stood facing each other that they would hold the first aggressor as the guilty party. Mohammed Ali and Mahmoud had accepted this intimation and were waiting until the emperor of Russia, the king of France,

the queen of England, and the king of Prussia should have decided their fate.

At this point it was that Lord Ponsonby, by promising the sultan England's support, decided him to break the truce. On April 21st, 1839, the Turkish vanguard crossed the Euphrates at about thirty leagues from Aleppo. Couriers sent by Ibrahim at once carried orders to the Egyptian troops for an advance upon that town.

Admiral Roussin, who had assured the French government that the truce would not be broken by Mahmoud, suddenly learned that the Turkish general's vanguard had reached Nezib and that fourteen villages in the district of Anilat had been occupied. He instantly demanded an explanation from the minister and from the Turkish grand-admiral, and, when they attempted to deny the facts, he showed them the official dispatch which he had just received and sent word directly to France.

Mohammed Ali, on his part, had heard how the agreement had thus been broken through, and as he had been wishing for nothing more than for this rupture, he exclaimed : "Glory to God who permits His old servant to end his labours by the fortune of war ! " He immediately sent Ibrahim orders to drive the Turkish soldiers from the posts which they were occupying, to march straight upon the main army and to give battle ; in case of victory he was to encamp only one night among the slain and to continue his advance upon Malatia, Carpout, Orfa, and Diarbekir.

The battle thus enjoined upon his son by Mohammed Ali was that of Nezib ; it resulted in the death of three pashas and the capture of four pieces of cannon, 20,000 rifles, and 9,000 prisoners of war.

On the previous evening, Colonel Selves, our brave fellow-countryman, said to Ibrahim's soldiers, whom he had trained : "To-morrow in the tent of Hafiz ! "

And Hafiz, the conqueror of Albania, the conqueror of the Kurus, the true believer before whom the star of Mohammed Ali, the rebel, should have paled, Hafiz

had left that tent so hurriedly that he had forgotten his nicham set with diamonds.

Six days later, while Mahmoud lay dying in the pavilion of Tchamlidja, while Ibrahim Pasha was folding his tent to cross the Taurus, an aide-de-camp from Maréchal Soult, president of the Council, appeared before the victor with a letter from Mohammed Ali. This letter forbade his son to attack if he had not attacked, or to proceed further if he had conquered. In return for this compliance with the wishes of the European conclave, France promised the pasha of Egypt her powerful offices as a mediator.

On the actual day of the battle the Chamber of Deputies had heard M. Jouffroy's report, the purport of which was that a sum of ten millions should be allotted to the government and devoted to the increase of the French forces in the Levant. The ten millions were granted.

Seeing this, the king returned to the question of the grant to the duc de Nemours. This time the king did not ask for the estate of Rambouillet, nor the forests of Senonche, Château-Neuf, and Montereau, but only for a poor little half-million a year and another lump sum of 500,000 francs to cover the expenses of his son's marriage to princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg.

And, modest as was the demand, the Chamber became angry again; M. de Cormenin took up his pen anew, and 226 adverse votes taught the king that he must give up his hopes of a dowry from the nation for the duc de Nemours.

This was the Cabinet's deathblow.

CHAPTER LXXX

A gleam of hope—Thiers and Guizot—The second funeral of Napoleon—A current story.

There was a gleam of hope; a new government, less subservient to the king, might perhaps restore the credit of our name in the East and take advantage of Mahmoud's death, the fleet's desertion, and Ibrahim's victory; a new government might perhaps accept Lord Palmerston's proposal to unite the English and French fleets, force a passage through the Dardanelles, and go to meet the Russians as far as the Golden Horn. The refusal of the grant, therefore, and the official announcement that M. Thiers had been summoned to the palace, were received with outbursts of joy.

M. Thiers had indeed become the indispensable man. There was thus nothing for it but to go his way and allow him to make a government to his liking. This government satisfied nobody and the king least of all.

The left centre, which had caused the grant to be refused and from which had escaped the impertinent exclamation, "C'est une question de haute mendicité," the victorious left centre was left unrepresented, except by M. Pelet (of the department of Lozère) and M. Vivien; therefore the left centre was dissatisfied. The *doctrinaire* party, represented only by M. de Rémusat and M. Jaubert, was also dissatisfied. Lastly, the pure democrats, who had a grudge against M. Thiers on account of the September laws, electoral privileges, monopoly, and exclusion, the democrats, who interpreted M. Thiers' three years of opposition rather as an expression of ill-will than as a real return to popular

opinions, were, and with even better reason, yet more dissatisfied than the left centre and the *doctrinaires*.

It was noticed, too, especially by those whose sympathies were with the pasha of Egypt—and in France such sympathies were numerous—that the very man appointed to the Admiralty was Admiral Roussin, who had been our ambassador at Constantinople and who had given more proof than any other man of hostility toward Mohammed Ali.

As for M. Guizot, he remained ambassador in London. The remarkable point about M. Guizot's position was that he had gained it as seats in the Academy are generally gained—by a succession of failures. Thus, instead of saying to the ambassadors of the world, like Cardinal Richelieu: "Gentlemen, politics are altered," M. Thiers merely said, "Gentlemen, politics are the same as ever."

So on the morrow of his accession to power, having slipped so that everybody thought him about to fall, M. Thiers regained his footing only to creep among secondary legislative questions such as that about "conversion des rentes" passed by the Chamber of Deputies and thrown out by the Peers, the Sugar Bill, the Bill about the salt-pits in the East, and the Internal Navigation Bill.

Conscious of his waning popularity, he felt that he must find some support from outside—outside not only the situation and the events of the moment, but outside his epoch. Thus, suddenly, during the sitting on May 12th, M. de Rémusat ascended the tribune and made the following statement, of which no sort of previous indication had been given:

"Gentlemen, the king has ordered his Royal Highness the prince de Joinville to repair with his frigate to the island of St. Helena in order to receive the mortal remains of the emperor Napoleon. We now appeal to you for means of giving them a worthy reception on French soil.

"The government, anxious to fulfil a national duty, addressed itself to England and asked back the precious

trust that fate had left in her hands. The wish of France had hardly been expressed before it was granted. Our magnanimous ally gave the following answer:

"The British government hopes that its prompt reply will be regarded in France as evidence of a desire to efface the very last trace of that national animosity which, in the lifetime of the emperor, armed France and England against each other.

"The British government is happy to believe that if such feelings still exist in any quarter they will be buried in the grave where the remains of Napoleon are to be laid!"

Then, after pausing to behold the effect produced upon stupefied France by this generous response from England, M. de Rémusat continued:

"England is right, gentlemen; this noble restitution draws yet closer the bonds which unite us and wipes away completely the melancholy traces of the past. The time has arrived for the two nations to remember nothing but their glory.

"The frigate bearing the relics of Napoleon will return to the mouth of the Seine; another vessel will bring them to Paris; they will be laid in the chapel of the Invalides; a solemn service, with great religious and military ceremonies, will attend the opening of the tomb which is to preserve them for ever.

"It concerns the majesty of such a memory, gentlemen, that this august sepulture shall not be exposed in a public place, amid noisy and careless crowds; it should be in a sacred and silent place, where it may be visited with pious contemplation by all who respect glory, genius, greatness, and misfortune.

"He was an emperor and a king; he was the *lawful sovereign* of our country; as such he might be buried at St. Denis; but Napoleon should not lie in the ordinary burial-place of kings, he should still reign and command in the spot where soldiers of our land are laid to rest, the spot which will always be sought by those who are

called to defend it. His sword will be laid upon his tomb.

"Art will raise beneath that dome, in the temple consecrated by religion to the God of armies, a tomb worthy, if possible, of the name to be engraved upon it. The monument should be simple in its beauty, noble in its outlines, and endowed with that aspect of immovable solidity that seems to defy time. Napoleon should have a monument as durable as his memory.

"The grant which we ask from the two Chambers is to defray the expenses of bringing the body to the Invalides, of the funeral ceremony, and of building the tomb.

"We do not doubt, gentlemen, that the Chamber will desire to associate itself in patriotic emotion with the royal wish that has just been communicated to it. Henceforth France and France alone will possess what is left of Napoleon. His grave, like his fame, will belong to none but his country. The monarchy of 1830 is, indeed, the one legitimate heir of all France's proud memories; to that monarchy, which first rallied all the forces and conciliated all the aspirations of the French Revolution, the duty of fearlessly raising and honouring the tomb and statue of a popular hero naturally belongs; for there is but one thing which fears no comparison with glory: 'that one thing is liberty.'"

Nobody can have any idea of the effect produced by this statement. A thrill ran through the whole assembly, and applause broke out repeatedly. Instead of the one million asked by the ministry, two were voted.

At this point it may be interesting to our readers if we lay beside Louis Philippe's opinion as king of France Louis Philippe's opinion when in exile. We will merely reprint here a letter already quoted at the beginning of this work; it was written by the duc d'Orléans to Louis XVIII.

"Sire,

"Is it possible that a better future is foreshadowed, that your star is at last emerging from the mists that obscured it, and that that of the *monster* who has crushed

France is paling, in its turn? How admirable are present events! How glad I am at the successes of the coalition! It is time to complete the destruction of the revolution and of the revolutionaries. My great regret is that my king has never let me take service with the sovereigns as I so ardently desired to do. I wanted, by way of retribution for my errors, to dedicate my own person to the work of opening for my king his path to Paris. My thoughts, at least, would hasten the fall of Bonaparte, whom I hate as much as I despise. What greater enemy have we than this man who killed our poor cousin the duke of Enghien and usurped your crown, which he has befouled with his crimes? God grant that his fall is imminent! I pray for it each day."

Louis Philippe must, indeed, have felt the comfortable cloak of popularity, so warm upon a king's shoulders, slipping from his own when he tried to make himself another out of the grey overcoat of *that monster his hatred of whom equalled his contempt.*

And so, at first, thoughtful people saw nothing in this return of Napoleon's body but an imprudent speculation, rendered all the more risky by the choice of the man who had asked it of Lord Palmerston, namely, M. Guizot. In other words, the man of Ghent, the man who had been obliged to cross the field of Waterloo in order to get back to France, the man who, to gain a good reception from the duke of Wellington, was capable of going to wipe off upon the English commander's carpet the last traces of French blood still clinging to his feet.

People presently began to seek the true cause of the government's action, for it was difficult to believe it due, as the official report declared, to French initiative. The following story became current.

A relative of the emperor—we will not say an heir, for men of Napoleon's stamp have relatives and nothing more—a relative, then, had persuaded O'Connell, the great Irish agitator whose interest it was that France should become agitated, to introduce in the House of Commons a motion suggesting that the remains of

Napoleon should be restored to us. What, indeed, did England want with these relics, a dry stem whose leaves were scattered over the whole world, a kind of Mahommed's coffin suspended between sky and sea, the shrine of endless pilgrimages? Was not the well-nigh divine homage done to the vanquished an insult to the victors, who, still living, were completely forgotten?

So, when O'Connell informed Lord Palmerston of his intention, the latter, with an oath, bade him take care what he was doing.

"Instead of pleasing the French government you will, perhaps, put it in a very awkward predicament."

"That is not the point," returned O'Connell; "the point for me is to do what I think I ought to do. Now, my duty is to propose to the House that the Emperor's bones should be restored to France; England's duty is to agree to my motion. I shall therefore make it without troubling myself about whom it may please and whom it may hurt."

"Very well," said Lord Palmerston. "Give me a fortnight, first."

"I'll give it you," said O'Connell.

On the same day, rumour further declared, Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers to warn him that, at the instigation of Mr. O'Connell, he would shortly be obliged to admit that England had never refused to give up Napoleon's remains to France, and would have given them up long ago if France had ever asked for them.

M. Thiers was said to have shown the dispatch to the king, and these two skilful actors were credited with having worked out together the comedy that had just been performed with such great success before the Chamber of Deputies.

But, as is the case with all false speculations, if this one produced, not indeed anything good, but an abatement of present evils, it opened the way for very inconvenient consequences in the future. The speech which had been so elaborately prepared and was so warmly applauded by partisans in the Chamber, yet as

it penetrated from the surface to the depths of society offended pretty nearly every party.

It offended the Legitimists by making Napoleon, whom they regarded as a usurper and adventurer, a lawful sovereign of France, with a claim to be buried at St. Denis, like a Bourbon or a Valois.

It offended the strict Orléanists by setting up hopes, in Napoleon's family, of succeeding to that lawful sovereign's inheritance, and by creating for Louis', Lucien's, and Jérome's sons claims equal to the comte de Chambord's.

It offended the Republicans, who did not clearly discern what Napoleon's mission had been and how there had arisen out of it the great principle of that equality which raises, in place of that equality which lowers, and in whose eyes Napoleon was only the man of Vendémiaire 13th and of Brumaire 18th.

Lastly, it offended the Bonapartists themselves, who considered that the honours rendered to their emperor amounted to an intrigue, but not to a rehabilitation. In their opinion the relics of the victor of Arcola, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Friedland, and the Moskowa ought not to have been made matter of bargain with Lord Palmerston, but to have been taken from the English by force. They should have been brought to France not by a mere frigate commanded by the youngest captain in the navy, but by the largest of French vessels escorted by a whole squadron and commanded by the most distinguished and oldest admirals. The coffin should not have been brought from Havre to Paris by water, but should have made a triumphant process across France at its widest part. And, finally, so that the monument should be worthy of the only man worthy of the monument, he should have been buried, as he desired by will, under the column, not under the dome of the Invalides, mixed up with Fieschi's victims, like a mere marshal of France, like Catinat or Villars.[1]

[1] See "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," by W. M. Thackeray.—*Translator's Note.*

This was not what Poetry had promised to Glory when she said :

"Dors, nous t'irons chercher, un jour viendra peut-être,
Car nous t'avons pour dieu sans t'avoir eu pour maître ;
Car notre œil s'est mouillé de ton destin fatal,
Et sous les trois couleurs, comme sous l'oriflamme,
Nous ne nous pendrons pas à cette corde infâme
Qui t'arrache à ton piédestal.

"Oh ! va, nous te ferons de belles funérailles ;
Nous aurons bien aussi, peut-être, nos batailles ;
Nous en ombragerons ton cercueil respecté,
Nous y convierons tout, Europe, Afrique, Asie,
Et nous y conduirons la jeune poésie,
Chantant la jeune Liberté.

"Tu seras bien chez nous, couché sous ta colonne,
Dans ce puissant Paris qui fermente et bouillonne,
Sous ce ciel tant de fois d'orages obscurci,
Sous ces pavés vivants qui grondent et s'amassent,
Où roulent les canons, où les légions passent ! . . .
Le peuple est une mer aussi !

"S'il ne garde aux tyrans qu'abîme et que tonnerre,
Il a pour le tombeau profond et centenaire
(La seule majesté dont il soit courtisan)
Un long gémissement, infini, doux et sombre,
Qui ne laissera pas regretter à ton ombre
Le murmure de l'Océan."

It is superfluous to say that the lines are Victor Hugo's, and that they were written in 1830, when the Chamber of Deputies negatived a proposal to ask England for Napoleon's body and to bury it under the column.

Besides, it was easy enough after such a statement, made in such terms to the Chamber of Deputies, to foresee what actually happened.

CHAPTER LXXXI

Prince Louis Napoleon and the author—The Boulogne attempt (August 7th, 1840)—A father's "holy horror"—The prisoner of Ham—Napoleon's body reaches Paris.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, who had been sent to America by order of Louis Philippe, had returned to England, and in England he had heard of M. de Rémusat's proposal and the Chamber's applause. Then he had asked himself how it could be held a crime for the nephew to return to France when the body of the uncle was brought thither in triumph.

We said before how prince Louis had an interview, about 1832 or 1833, with General la Fayette, and how all that came of it was that it showed the differences of opinion existing between prince Louis and the Radicals. Now after the lapse of seven years, after the failure of the Strasburg attempt, prince Louis resolved to resume his interrupted negotiations with the democrats of 1839. The party had long spurned his overtures, but he meant to see whether something might not now come of them.

M. Degeorges, editor of the *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, was sent to see prince Louis. Accordingly he went to London, saw the prince at the house of a third person and found him inclined to make another attempt like that at Strasburg.

This conference lasted several hours; but instead of finding in prince Louis any of those progressive ideas which time and events should have developed in a young man's brain, M. Degeorges found nothing but the old Napoleonic traditions; and, convinced that this pretender's disposition could lead to nothing but a plagiarism from the empire, he refused, in the name of the Republican party, any agreement with him. Nay,

more, the conversation ended in a complete rupture. "We shall receive you at the point of the bayonet," said M. Degeorges as he left the prince, who was in the act of offering him his hand.

And, indeed, there was no reason for preferring a sham empire to a sham kingdom. Besides, the prince, at this time, was making no secret of his pretensions; he was publishing pamphlets in which he compared his uncle to Cæsar and himself to Octavius.

None of the prince's hopes, none of his doings in London, none of his interviews with representatives of different parties, and even of different powers, remained unknown to the French government.

Towards the end of 1839 I was speaking of prince Louis to the duke of Orleans.

"Ah, yes," said he, "you know him personally."

"Not him, your Royal Highness, but his mother."

"Well, in that case, let them be told that we know not only all they do, but all they say; not only all they say, but *all they think*."

I had not the honour to be in such close relations with that branch of the Napoleon family that I could allow myself to offer advice. But, having occasion to go to London a few days later, I happened to meet M. d'Aneberg, a friend of mine whom I knew to be attached to the prince's fortunes, on the boat; he knew that when the prince was taken prisoner at Strasburg, the duchess de St. Leu, who thought herself obliged to me, had sent me an engraved stone found by Napoleon in Egypt, together with a little note in these terms:

"To him who proffered good advice in vain."

D'Aneberg invited me to take an opportunity of seeing the prince during my stay in London.

I shook my head.

"Why do you refuse?" said he. "The prince will receive you excellently."

"I don't doubt it."

"Well then?"

"I shall not go to see the prince."

"But you must have some reason?"

"I have two reasons."

"What are they?"

"Well, the first is that I have no reason for being a Bonapartist and that I am not one."

"But the prince does not receive only Bonapartists."

"I know that."

"Then that first reason need not stop you."

"But I told you I had two."

"The second, then?"

"Here is the second: it is because within three months from now the prince will have made some fresh attempt which will succeed as ill as the first one; because the police have their eyes upon him and upon everybody who goes to see him, when he makes his attempt people who have been to see him will get worried, and I do not care to be made a martyr, in however slight a degree, for a religion that is not mine."

D'Aneberg pressed me, but in vain. He is still alive; he remembers the incident and can say whether I have altered a single word of our conversation on the subject.

Prince Louis fulfilled my prophecy; on August 7th, 1840, people read in their newspapers that, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the previous day, prince Louis Bonaparte had landed at Boulogne with some sixty companions, appealed in vain to the inhabitants, and that, three hours later, he was in the hands of the French authorities. Fifty-two persons were arrested with him.

The contemporary newspapers give an account of prince Louis' wretched folly, which would have aroused popular disgust rather than anger, if a brave soldier had not been made a victim by his own devotion.

This time there was no attempt at separation; the government announced that the prince and his accomplices would be brought to trial on the same charge. The government was determined, this time, to bring

all the guilty to book, from the prince to the private soldier, and the Chamber of Peers was assembled.

Prince Louis, who had been taken to the château of Ham, remained there until August 12th; on that day he was brought back to Paris and lodged in the Palais de Justice, in the porter's lodge, on the women's side, in the room previously occupied by Fieschi and Alibaud.

The ex-king of Holland had long been living in Florence, he had steadily refused to see his son; on this occasion he did not hesitate to give him a proof of paternal interest. A letter from him, containing the following paragraph, appeared in the newspapers:

"Especially I declare, in holy horror, that the insult offered to my son by his imprisonment in an infamous assassin's room is a monstrous cruelty, and an outrage no less vile than insidious."

The government newspapers replied to this paragraph by a note to the following effect:

"Certain newspapers contain, in their issue of to-day, a letter from the comte de St. Leu, ex-king of Holland and father of Louis Bonaparte, who declares that he regards it as an insult to his son that the latter should be imprisoned in a room that Fieschi once occupied.

"The apartment in which Louis Bonaparte is confined was indeed used by Fieschi, but the endeavour to make this circumstance a ground of reproach to the authorities is not justified; the room in question underwent a complete alteration some months ago when it was given as a personal lodging to the inspectress of women prisoners, who was obliged to leave it when Louis Bonaparte came."

Prince Louis chose Berryer and Maître Marie for his counsel.

On October 6th, after a trial which did not arouse the slightest public interest, prince Louis was sentenced, in the term of the French law, to "perpetual imprisonment."

"How long does perpetuity last in France?" asked prince Louis when he heard his sentence.

The prisoner was taken back to the château of Ham, which was to be his place of confinement. Charles X's ministers, who had been set at liberty three years before, had left the place empty for him.

On October 8th, that is two days after prince Louis had been condemned to "perpetual imprisonment," the *Belle-Poule*, which was coming in triumph to fetch the body of the emperor, cast anchor at Jamestown. Seven days later, the 15th that is, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Napoleon's arrival at his place of exile. That day was chosen for the ceremony of the removal. MM. Bertrand, Las Cases, Gourgaud, and Montholon were present at the exhumation.

General Bertrand's son, Arthur, who was born at St. Helena, and whom his mother presented to the emperor as the *first French subject* who had entered Longwood without the governor's permission, wrote a simple but excellent account of the voyage. All the details of the ceremony may be found in it.

On Sunday, October 18th, at 8 o'clock in the morning, the *Belle-Poule* set sail once more bearing its illustrious cargo. In the midst of the Atlantic the prince de Joinville was informed by a merchant vessel which he met that war was, at that hour, probably declared between France and England. Instantly the young prince called together his crew and made officers and men alike swear that if they should meet either an English man-of-war or an English squadron they would rather sink their ship than allow the glorious corpse that they were carrying to fall into the hands of the enemy again.

I will tell presently at the cost of what sacrifice such a war had been averted.

On December 8th, the coffin was transferred from the frigate *Belle-Poule* to the steamship *Normandie*. On the 14th, it reached Courbevoie. On the 15th, it made its entrance into Paris. The king awaited it under the dome of the Invalides. The coffin stopped at the entrance to the nave. The king advanced towards it.

"Sire," said the prince de Joinville, bowing and touching the ground with the point of his sword, "I bring you the body of the emperor Napoleon."

"I receive it in the name of France," replied the king.

How unfortunate that M. de Talleyrand was dead! He would, no doubt, have requested and obtained the honour of saying the mass. Failing him, the archbishop of Paris did so. The devil lost thereby, but Napoleon lost nothing.

CHAPTER LXXXII

A wonderful expedition in Algeria—A wretched policy—Insults to France.

In order to follow prince Louis Bonaparte from Boulogne to the Chamber of Peers and from the Chamber of Peers to the château of Ham, we have been obliged to pass over some events which may appear of great consequence to people who think it important to the honour of Frenchmen that the honour of France should not be lowered. Let it be first said that that honour was gloriously upheld by the king's eldest son, the duc d'Orléans. The expedition to the pass of Mouzaïa is still remembered; of that expedition we are about to say a few words.

By the treaty of the Tafna the two places of Milianah and Medeah had been given up to the emir, who thus was encamped amid the ring of French possessions extending from Bône to Cherchel like a bow of which the sea forms the string. Abd-el-Kader had made the Medeah the centre of his military operations and active warfare had been resumed more desperately than ever. Maréchal Vallée was determined to dislodge the emir from that formidable position.

Formidable is indeed the word, since the emir had been engaged for six months in fortifying the pass of Mouzaïa. All the projecting places had been crowned by forts and connected by lines of entrenchment. Works in which the hand of some French renegade could be traced were ranged from the ridge up to the pass. Every corner at which the road turned had become an almost impregnable fortification and commanded the narrow road by which an attacking force must come. All the emir's regular troops were concentrated

upon this point; the battalions from Medeah, Milianah, Mascara, and Sebaou were there, together with Kabyles from all the tribes belonging to the provinces of Algeria and Tittery.

Maréchal Vallée, on his part, had made great preparations. A corps of 10,000 men had been gathered together for the expedition, and the dukes of Orléans and Aumale were serving with it as mere officers, having no more rights than their colleagues except that of being in the forefront of the battle.

On April 25th the corps took up its position on the Chiffa of Coleah. On the 27th it crossed the Chiffa and had its first serious engagement with the caliph of Milianah's cavalry on the banks of the Oued Yer.

The details of this wonderful expedition, which recalls Masséna's battles amid the clouds, are well known. In the Atlas Mountains as in the Alps the French soldier set foot upon crags to which it would seem that only a chamois could leap. The armies battled between the sky and the abyss; he who was wounded was killed, he who was killed was dashed to pieces.

The marshal gave the place of honour to the duc d'Orléans; he entrusted to him the task of carrying the position. It was carried by the 23rd and the 84th regiments.

I have written elsewhere, in an unknown book composed for the army, an account of that prodigious struggle which gave us the emir's two towns of Milianah and Medeah.[1]

During this period there was an appearance of making ready for European war. The attitude of the sovereigns was so aggressive that we were compelled for very shame to make a semblance of preparations; but Europe knew only too well our lack of resources. Our arsenals were empty, our cavalry had no mounts, four hundred millions earmarked in every year's budget for the navy and the army had not been sufficient to give us arms and vessels. The Chambers, little as they

[1] This "unknown book" must be "Armée Française"—a history of the regiments of France written by Dumas in 1841–5.—*Translator's Note.*

were to be feared, were left unassembled, because if a warlike thought should cross their minds (an incredible supposition, however) the first question addressed to the government must have been answered by a confession of unreadiness.

Meanwhile, failing a real activity, an air of activity was assumed; military engineers began to be busy all along our shores of the Channel; 100,000 rifles were sent from Vincennes to various parts of France; a sort of press-gang was established in the seaports, and men were levied for the navy—some of whom were forty to fifty years old. Five large frigates were equipped at Brest and four others built; the government talked openly of raising 150,000 men and organising a reserve of 300,000, and there was some idea of re-establishing the National Guard in every town of the kingdom.

But if these preparations deceived some fortunate credulous souls in France, the foreigner was not quite so easy of belief. England and Germany made fun of these pretended armaments, and it was openly foretold that there would come a moment when king Louis Philippe, after having made all this fuss for nothing, would leave his ally, Mohammed Ali, in the lurch.

It is true that a certain division was recognised, the ministers on one side and the king on the other. It was M. Thiers who made the fuss, who put himself forward, went on arming and fortifying and threatening; but it would be the king who would make the ultimate decision, and that decision would be altogether pacific.

The *Swabian Mercury*, the Leipzig *Universal Gazette*, and the Berlin political weekly in particular made delightfully merry over this wretched policy.

M. de St. Aulaire had been sent on a secret mission to M. de Metternich.

"The comte de St. Aulaire is an intimate friend of king Louis Philippe," said the *Swabian Mercury*. "And is probably acquainted with his most private intentions," said the Leipzig *Universal Gazette*. "It is not thought that M. de Saint Aulaire's instructions are of a threatening

kind, and even if M. Thiers should allow himself to be carried too far, the ambassador has probably received moderate instructions from a higher authority."

Lastly:

"All that is done and said in Paris will come to nothing," said the Berlin political weekly. "The hundred and fifty thousand men will be called to arms; some vessels will be built, some money will be spent, and the budget increased thereby; then two or three regiments will manœuvre upon the northern and eastern frontiers, as they did at the time of the Belgian question, and the government, thinking that it has satisfied the nation's pride, will leave things alone, and bravely return the sword to its scabbard."

Actually the men of Jena had got so far as not only to think but to write such things about us.

It may be asked, perhaps, why Louis Philippe allowed M. Thiers to act this farce if he intended presently to contradict it so cruelly in the face of Europe. Louis Philippe wanted those detached forts which he considered as a safeguard to his crown. Moreover, M. Thiers was not meant to fall by the will of the king. M. Guizot, king Leopold, the duke of Wellington, and queen Victoria had arranged that little matter in London. M. de Metternich was to get France's mediation with Mohammed Ali adopted. At the same time Lord Palmerston was to be turned out and Sir Robert Peel and the Tories put in. M. Thiers would lose his post by a vote in the Chamber which was to be worked by M. Molé and M. Pasquier. M. Guizot would succeed him. Nothing could be more constitutional; nobody could say a word against Louis Philippe, and then all sorts of concessions with respect to Mohammed Ali would be made by the new minister.

But it did not suit the emperor of Russia that France should once more ally herself so closely with England. Such an alliance would nullify his plans upon Constantinople. With the assistance of Prussia he resisted the French mediation, and M. Thiers, never suspecting

that he had slept for a month on the edge of a precipice, remained in power.

In the midst of all these affairs queen Victoria, when she prorogued Parliament, made a speech in which the name of France did not even occur. So France no longer counted in Great Britain's deliberations.

Meanwhile the four powers were deciding the fate of Egypt without asking the least advice from France, which had once conquered that Egypt and left there those germs of civilisation which Mohammed Ali had since developed—without, as I say, even calling France to take part in their discussion.

On August 14th, Commodore Napier, in command of the English fleet, addressed the following note to the English consul at Beyrout:

"I have the honour to inform you that England, Austria, and Russia have determined on the restoration of Syria to the Porte. You will inform the Egyptian authorities of this decision and ask for their immediate evacuation of the town and for the return of the Turkish soldiers. You will communicate this letter to the British traders for their guidance."

This note was sent to Mohammed Ali two days before the announcement of the treaty. No bounds, you see, were observed. What did the powers care? France was Mohammed Ali's only ally, and since 1830 France had acquired the habit of letting herself be insulted through her allies.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

Mohammed Ali and the four powers—The English bombard Beyrout—The *casus belli* of M. Thiers—Victor Hugo's protest.

On August 19th, the consuls of the four powers laid before the viceroy of Egypt a note, or rather a notification, which might be considered equivalent to an order. It was headed, "Considerations upon the present position of the viceroy of Egypt." We give a copy:

"Mohammed Ali cannot be ignorant of the high importance and strength of a solemn agreement. The political system of Europe is based upon good faith and the sacred fulfilment of treaties. Thus, in spite of the very serious difficulties surrounding the Greek, Belgian, and Spanish questions the treaties relating to them were absolutely performed, although the interests of all the European powers in respect of these questions were not always identical.

"To suppose that the conditions of the agreement ratified on July 15th could possibly still be changed or modified would be the delusion of a vain hope. Those stipulations are unalterable and irrevocable; the term definitely fixed for their acceptance is a clear proof how impossible are any ulterior changes."

After some considerations intended to bring about Mohammed Ali's submission, the powers added:

"The immediate consequence of such a refusal would be the use of coercive measures. The viceroy is too enlightened, and knows too well what are the means and resources at the disposal of the four great powers, to flatter himself for a single moment that he could, with his inadequate means, resist even one of them alone; he would be deluding

himself with a very disastrous hope if he reckoned, in the present circumstances, *on any foreign assistance. Who is there that could hinder the decisions of the four great powers? Who would dare to oppose them?* Far from being of advantage to him, such intervention in his favour could but hasten his destruction, which would, *then, become certain.*

"The four great powers would call up forces more than sufficient to meet any that could be brought to oppose the performance of the treaty-obligations; and a force sufficient to render resistance impossible, and indeed to annihilate it at one blow, would be taken to any spot required.

"LAURIN, HODGE, WAGNER, COUNT MÉDEM.

"ALEXANDRIA, *August 19th*, 1840."

This note, notification, or threat, as you will, was addressed far more to Louis Philippe than to Mohammed Ali. For that matter, whether addressed to Egypt or to France, the threat did not remain ineffectual. The English seized twelve Egyptian vessels that were at anchor in Beyrout harbour. Commodore Napier was the person entrusted with the seizure, and, war not having been declared, he found no difficulty in effecting it.

Commodore Napier was a well-known person, and quite the right man for such an expedition. When he was but a captain he lived some time at Havre in order to superintend the service of iron steamboats that he had set up on the Seine. The speculation did not succeed, and the company that he had founded was dissolved. About that time came the Greek rising; Captain Napier hastened to Greece and put his experience and his adventurous imagination at the disposal of the Hellenes. More fortunate than Byron, he beheld the pacification of Greece, and as he had attracted notice in that amazing war, he was called back to England and the naval grade which had been kept for him was offered to him.

After several expeditions, all of which were successful, he passed, with the permission of the English authorities,

and still with the rank of captain, into the service of Don Pedro, took command of his fleet and defeated that of Don Miguel at Cape St. Vincent. From that action he derived the title of comte de Vincent, which was given him by Don Pedro. After that brilliant campaign Captain Napier returned to the English navy with the rank of commodore. At Beyrout he was in command of one division of the English fleet under the orders of Admiral Stopford.

At the same time that Commodore Napier took possession of the Egyptian vessels he issued these two proclamations:

"Inhabitants of Lebanon, you who are more particularly under my eyes, arise and break at last the yoke under which you are groaning. Troops, arms, and ammunition will arrive immediately from Constantinople, and henceforth Egyptian vessels will cease to insult your shores."

We have said *two proclamations*, because they are addressed to two quite separate groups of the subjects who were under Mohammed Ali's power. First, to the inhabitants of Lebanon. Then to the soldiers of his army:

"Soldiers of the sultan, you who have been torn from your villages by treason, to be dragged across the burning sands of Egypt, and who have since been brought to Syria, I adjure you, equally, in the name of the Grand Signior, to return to your allegiance.

"I have placed two ships of the line near the lazaretto in which you are encamped for the reception of such of you as may place yourselves under my protection. A full amnesty and the payment of your arrears are promised by the sultan, as well as of everything that may be owing to soldiers who rejoin their banner."

At the precise moment when the commodore was seizing the Egyptian ships, and calling on the mountaineers of Lebanon and the soldiers of Mohammed Ali to revolt, M. de Pontois, our ambassador at Constan-

tinople, who was the spokesman of M. Thiers, was protesting against any measures of coercion.

On August 26th, Mohammed Ali received the consuls of the four powers; they were accompanied by Rifaat Bey. Mohammed had been acquainted with the Beyrout affair for three days. Mohammed Ali was determined to risk his life, his viceroyalty, and everything rather than make any concession. He listened to the speeches of the consuls, and in reply said only:

"God gives the earth and takes it again. I put my trust in Providence."

"If that is the case," said the sultan's envoy, "I have nothing further to do here and I shall withdraw."

"Withdraw, if you please," returned Mohammed Ali, "but I hope these gentlemen will follow you." He indicated the four consuls.

"We have no instructions to abandon our posts," they answered.

"So be it," replied the viceroy, "but after what has passed you will easily understand that I have no further confidence in you, nor is it usual, I think, for one power to keep in its territory the agents of other powers with whom it is at war."

As the consuls knew beforehand that France would allow the pasha to be plundered without saying a word, they warned him not to count too much upon the support of king Louis Philippe.

Mohammed Ali shrugged his shoulders.

"I know," said he, "that France will not fire a single cannon for me; but I count upon her sympathy and her good intentions. I owe it to those who are serving my cause to accept the kind help they offer me, and I have done so."

Next morning the consuls presented themselves again, but they found Mohammed Ali more irritated than ever, and he declared that, if hostilities continued, he would send his son an order to march upon Constantinople.

Three days earlier, moreover, upon the first news of

the Egyptian fleets having been taken, M. Walewski, our envoy extraordinary to Mohammed Ali, set out for Constantinople, thinking that we still counted for something in the balance of Europe, and went to offer the sultan France's mediation.

Was it not an amazing thing to see a son of Napoleon sent by Louis Philippe to Mohammed Ali? It is true that, through Marie Louise, Napoleon, as a nephew of Louis XVI, was a distant cousin of Louis Philippe.

But this arrival of our honourable ambassador had been foreseen, and precisely as M. Walewski was landing at Galata, Abdul Medjid, the successor of sultan Mahmoud, issued a manifesto in which he declared that the cession of Egypt, as an hereditary domain, and of the pachalik of Acre, only, for his lifetime were decisions that did not admit of change, and that, whatever power might intervene, Mohammed Ali must not expect anything else from him. No heart could have felt this wound more deeply than M. Walewski's, for none was more French than his.

Now it was that a serious discussion took place in the study at the Tuileries between the duc d'Orléans and the king.

"It means a war with Europe," answered the king, when his son urged that Mohammed Ali should not be abandoned.

"Let it be war with Europe!" returned the prince. "For my part I would rather be killed on the banks of the Rhine or the Danube than in the gutter of the rue St. Denis."

Alas, poor young prince! He was to fall, two years later, not in the gutter of the rue St. Denis, but on that road "*of the Revolt*" that Louis XV had made in order to avoid the necessity of crossing Paris.

On September 11th, Commodore Napier, who had been rejoined in the Beyrout waters by Admiral Stopford, put on shore 10,000 men. This 10,000 was made up of one company from each of the twelve English or Austrian vessels, that is to say, five or six hundred men; 1,500 English infantry; 3,000 Turks; and

4,000 to 5,000 Albanians. The landing was effected at Djounis, a bay half a mile from Beyrout, without any opposition being offered.

The English, Austrians, and Turks then made a simultaneous attack upon Caiffa, a little town at the foot of Mount Carmel, which was entirely destroyed, and upon the fortress of Djebail, which was defended by some Albanians and taken only after a vigorous resistance.

Next began the bombardment of Beyrout by six English vessels lying broadside to the town, which in the course of three days was reduced to a heap of ruins. This bombardment re-echoed to the very heart of France; everybody asked where our ships were, and what they were doing; and what had been done with the millions that had been asked and given for the purpose of making our fleet fit to fight that of England.

As for our ships, the minister had ordered them to retire, to flee, to hide far from the conflict; they were lying in the bay of Salamis, of glorious memory, and it was well for them, said an admiral, that they were there. If our squadron had witnessed the insult offered to France, our cannon would have gone off of themselves.

Thus war was declared in spite of France, and consequently, against France. M. Thiers was alarmed at the discredit into which France had fallen, and on October 2nd the whole Cabinet resigned.

But Louis Philippe took good care not to accept this resignation. M. Thiers, having lost all popularity owing to his success in the matter of the Paris fortifications and his failure in Eastern affairs, would recover some standing by a withdrawal which had its significance. M. Thiers' retirement would throw M. Thiers back into the revolutionary party; and everybody knew how the deputy of Aix bore malice. Unlike Achilles withdrawn into his tent, M. Thiers when in the sulks became the most unwearied of skirmishers; the king, therefore, persuaded by the queen and the princesses, made overtures to the man whom in the

bottom of his heart he so cordially detested, to induce him to reverse his decision and continue as a minister.

Furthermore, the duc d'Orléans, who notwithstanding the daily disappointments caused him by M. Thiers, still perceived in him a force of national feeling infinitely more vital than could be found in M. Guizot, the duc d'Orléans joined with the king in urging M. Thiers to reconsider that decision of retiring which was causing so much uneasiness at the Tuileries.

At another time and at a suitable moment we will explain our personal relations with the crown prince, and how it was that his Royal Highness the duc d'Orléans, without being in the smallest degree a Republican, without being even a Liberal, but having a French mind and a heart full of national feeling, was always, in every question of the country's pre-eminence, on the side of France, against the king who loved and admired nothing but England.

But M. Thiers held firm and refused. He had been so thoroughly harassed this time that he seemed determined to resist all wheedling. Louis Philippe took extreme measures; he played queen Marie Amélie.

Queen Marie Amélie, that stern figure of honour, religion, and aristocracy, who had never moved one step towards M. Thiers, consented to lower her pride before the *revolutionary* minister as they called M. Thiers at the palace—and, strange as it may appear, they called him so in all earnestness. M. Thiers was disarmed by this queenly intervention; he resumed his office and contented himself with sending to the four powers an ultimatum containing a *casus belli.* The *casus belli* greatly amused the foreign powers.

But, in putting straight his foreign affairs, Louis Philippe got into trouble over home affairs. That revolutionary spirit which had been supposed repressed in France, arose far more developed and far more threatening than in the mind of M. Thiers. The people lost no opportunity of giving the court to understand how bitterly the nation was feeling its humiliation in the eyes of the foreigner. At every special performance

the *Marseillaise* was demanded; that song which, always crushed, always revives, and always indicates, as it filters through the barriers of society, that the royal or aristocratic machinery has grown too heavy, and that the safety-valves must be opened or there will be an explosion.

Last of all the very National Guard, Louis Philippe's faithful ally, began to betray him as he was betraying Mohammed Ali; and notwithstanding Maréchal Gérard's order, which had prohibited any demonstration as unlawful, the following declaration was sent by the National Guard to the opposition newspapers:

"Considering:

"That the expression of citizens' wishes is perfectly lawful;

"That this right is derived from the sovereign power of the people, which is a fundamental principle of all our institutions, and has moreover been formally sanctioned by article 66 of the Charter;

"That this article cannot have been cancelled by any clause of a law regulating the National Guard;

"That if any doubts could ever have arisen on this point they would have been set at rest by the very conduct followed by the officers of these soldiers, who on various occasions have made use of opinions reported as emanating from them to exert influence upon the direction of power;

"That principles and facts alike show clearly that citizens possess the right of protesting publicly against the action of the government, and that it is more important than ever to maintain that right;

"It is, however, no less important, in present conditions, carefully to avoid giving to *a power that is cowardly abroad* an opportunity of showing itself *brutal at home*;

"Consequently, the officers, National Guards, and citizens think it their duty to make the government and foreign nations hear the cry of indignation raised by all Paris against the discreditable policy that is being adopted towards the coalition. At the same time, being anxious not to give the smallest pretext for violence, they have decided:

"First that a deputation of officers and delegates from the National Guard shall be instructed to present a protest

to the president of the Council of Ministers against Marshal Gérard's order, and against the government's shameful inaction abroad;

"Secondly that the protest shall take the form of a petition to the Chamber and shall be signed by all citizens who intended to take part in the prohibited demonstration."

The Morning Chronicle, an English ministerial paper, took upon itself to reply to this manifesto.

"About November 1st," it said, "that is, before the French Chamber can have begun to debate, there will be nothing for France to prevent in the Levant, for Syria will no longer belong to the Pasha, and it will depend upon him whether we shall leave him quiet in Egypt or not.

"The treaty of July 13th has already been carried out."

Thus the nation made a protest, the National Guard made a protest; it was now for the poets to make theirs. Victor Hugo saw to that; he published these lines:

"O muse, contiens-toi, muse aux hymnes d'airain,
Muse de la loi juste et du droit souverain;
Toi, dont la bouche abonde en mots trempés de flamme,
Étincelles de feu qui sortent de ton âme,
Oh, ne dis rien encore et laisse-les aller,
Attends que l'heure vienne où tu puisses parler;
Endure le spectacle en vierge résignée;
Qu'à peine un mouvement de ta lèvre indignée
Révèle ton courroux au fond du cœur grondant,
Dans ce siècle où chacun noyant ou fécondant,
Se répand au hasard comme l'eau d'un orage,
Où l'on ne voit partout qu'impuissance et que rage,
Qu'inutiles fardeaux qu'on s'obstine à rouler,
Que sans nous écraser sous ce qu'ils font crouler,
Le plus fort est celui qui tient sa force en bride;
L'Océan quelquefois montre à peine une ride,
Jusqu'au jour d'éclater plus proche qu'on ne croit;
Ne te dépense pas, qui se contient s'accroît.
Aie au milieu de tous l'attitude élevée
D'une lente déesse à punir réservée;
Qui, recueillant sa force ainsi qu'un saint trésor,
Pourrait depuis longtemps et ne veut pas encor.
Va, cependant, contemple et le ciel et le monde,
Et que tous ceux qui font quelque travail immonde,
Que ces trafiquants vils, épris d'un sac d'argent,
Que ces menteurs publics au langage changeant,

Pleins de méchanceté dans leur âme hypocrite,
Et dorés au dehors de quelque faux mérite ;
Tous ceux, grands ou petits, que marque un sceau fatal,
Que l'envieux bâtard accroupi dans le mal ;
Que le tribun valet plus lâche qu'une femme,
Qui dans les carrefours vend sa parole infâme,
Toujours prêt pour de l'or à souffleter la loi,
Forgeant l'émeute au peuple ou la censure au roi ;
Que l'ami faux pas qui la haine s'ensemence,
Et ceux qui, nuit et jour, occupant leur démence,
D'une orgie effrontée au tumulte hideux,
Te regardent passer tranquille au milieu d'eux ;
Saluant gravement les fronts que tu révères,
Muette, et l'œil pourtant plein de choses sévères,
Fouille ces cœurs profonds de ton regard ardent,
Et que, lorsque le peuple ira se demandant :
Sur qui donc va tomber, dans la foule éperdue,
Cette foudre en éclairs dans ses yeux suspendue ?
Chacun d'eux contemplant son œuvre avec effroi,
Se dise en frissonnant : C'est peut-être pour moi !
En attendant, demeure impassible et sereine.
Qu'aucun pan de ta robe en leur fange ne traîne ;
Et que tous ces pervers tremblent dès à présent
De voir auprès de toi, formidable et posant
Sa griffe de lion sur la tête étoilée,
Ta colère superbe à tes pieds muselée."

It is a fatal sign for kings when poets mingle their voices in the universal clamour ; the Romans had but one word for poet and for *seer*.

VATES !

CHAPTER LXXXIV

Growing opposition—Persecutions by the Government—Events of 1841.

THE last affront having been swallowed and the Thiers government having come to an end at a convenient moment for the king, everything was quiet externally, if not fundamentally; hushed up, if not forgotten; and Louis Philippe in his New Year's Day speech was not afraid to say, in replying to that of M. Sauzet:

"We hope that the long period of peace, through which we have passed so honourably, will not be interrupted, but will, on the contrary, continue, and that the country may have nothing to regret in respect either of power or of dignity."

We drop now from the high political regions to which the year 1840 had risen. The year 1841 drags along amid legislative matters of the second order; a grant was voted for foreign refugees; the law about the fortifications of Paris was discussed; questions were asked in both Chambers about the treaty of October 29th, 1840, with Buenos Ayres; a petition from dwellers on the banks of la Plata was produced; laws were made about property in general, and about expropriation for public purpose; alms were given to authors in the form of a thirty years' copyright; there was some debate about a question that was daily becoming more serious, but that was not fully examined, *i.e.* the employment of children in factories; arrangements were made for remounting the cavalry; a treaty with Holland was concluded; the supplementary grants and the budget were passed.

Yet, amid all these things, the struggle between the

spirit of opposition and the government continued. Lamartine began to incline to the opposition; Quinet and Lamennais continued and supported the struggle already undertaken. Press prosecutions grew fiercer than ever. One day the *Gazette de France* published the duc d'Orléans' letters written during his emigration—letters which we have quoted on an earlier page and in which the exiled prince asks admission to the Spanish service, when Spain was at war with France, and expresses to Louis XVIII his opinion of Napoleon, a very different opinion from that which was delivered from the tribune when the bringing home of the ashes was announced.

On February 24th, the *France,* in its turn, published an article entitled: "The Policy of Louis Philippe explained by himself." These were not letters from a royal exile asking to serve against France or uttering a verdict upon the falling emperor; these were letters which displayed entire devotion to England and in which the following passage might be read:

"In general terms, it is my most sincere and firm resolve to maintain inviolable all the treaties that have been concluded, during the last fifteen years, between France and Europe. In regard to the occupation of Algeria, I have still more particular and powerful motives for fulfilling faithfully the engagements assumed by my family towards Great Britain.

"These motives are the lively desire which I feel to be agreeable to her Britannic Majesty and my profound conviction that a close alliance between the two countries is necessary not only to their mutual interests, but also to the interests of European civilisation. You may therefore assure your government, *M. l'ambassadeur*, that mine will conform punctually to all the engagements entered into by his Majesty Charles X with regard to Algeria.

"But I will beg you to call the attention of the British Cabinet to the present condition of feeling in France, and to point out that the evacuation of Algeria would be a signal for the most violent recriminations against my government, that the most distressing consequences might ensue, and that it is of importance to the peace of Europe not to render unpopular a young power which is endeav-

ouring to become a settled one. It will therefore be necessary that her Britannic Majesty, being reassured as to our intention and convinced of our firm will to fulfil our promise of restoring it, should leave us to choose the time and the method."

To whom were these letters addressed? Was it to some friend entrusted with his prince's secret thoughts, who would keep within his own breast ideas confided to him alone? No, it was to Lord Stuart de Rothesay, the English ambassador.

On January 25th, accordingly, the following lines were to be read in the *Moniteur*:

"Several newspapers are publishing fragments of letters falsely and criminally attributed to the king. Proceedings have just been ordered on account of forgery and of offence to the king's person."

In fact, on February 4th, M. Lubis and his editor-in-chief, M. de Montour, were both arrested and summoned to appear for consignment to the prison of St. Pélagie on a charge of forgery and offence to the King's person. But when, on the subsequent April 24th, M. de Montour appeared at the assizes, the charge of forgery was withdrawn, which seems to show that the letters were really Louis Philippe's, and he was only charged with an offence to the king's person. Moreover, after an hour's deliberation, M. de Montour, who had been defended by Berryer, was acquitted.

The *Gazette de France* of the same evening, in considering the trial and announcing the acquittal, remarked:

"There is no need to dwell upon the consequences of such a verdict; the public will comprehend and feel their full gravity."

On account of those four lines, proceedings were taken against the *Gazette* also. On the same evening the official organ, also announcing M. de Montour's acquittal, added:

"The Legitimist party, however, little redoubtable as it may be, must not become too confident. It must not imagine for itself a future of impunity. The government has laws to hand strong enough to recall a few blunderers to their duty and to more tranquillity."

And, indeed, the *Gazette* was less lucky than *France.* A fine of 5,000 francs was inflicted upon the proprietors, who were found guilty by default on April 30th; and the judgment was confirmed at the assizes in May.

Thus hatred on both sides increased instead of calming down. Endeavour is made to crush oppositions by imprisonments and fines, but men vie with one another in yielding up their persons and their money if they may but utter their word of anathema against the government. For his pamphlet entitled "The Truth about the Democratic Party," Thoré was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,000 francs. The same sentence was being undergone by Lamennais at St. Pélagie. The same sentence was about to be pronounced upon Esquiros for his "Gospel of the People."

Nor was this all; the *National* published the following article about the la Plata treaty:

"We did hope that the Chamber of Peers when it began to ask questions about the la Plata treaty would desire to call forth a serious discussion in which the honour of France would be worthily defended; frankly, the hope was pleasing to us; to see old generals recovering eagerness of national feeling, to hear retired magistrates, men experienced in the conduct of affairs, claim once more for our country the rank and influence that belong to her would have been a spectacle that we should have applauded; for in the abject situation of our public authorities at the present time our contempt grows tired, our indignation grows exhausted, and cowardliness of opinions encourages the growing depravity of the government.

"We went to the Chamber of Peers with a little hope; we came away as from a hospital of incurables; life will never find its way into that mortuary; no energy is possible where there is no independence. That mockery of a Cham-

ber, created at a monarch's will, is perishing in an atmosphere never refreshed by light or warmth; in that hall there prevails a certain savour of decrepitude that chills and saddens. It seems like some constitutional comedy enacted by dead people, a sort of mechanical ghost the vanishing of which we must hasten to view before its springs break."

The *National* was summoned before the Chamber, and although its editor, being ill, could only appear by proxy, he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and to the payment of 10,000 francs fine.

A more serious case came next; on October 29th, 1840, the king had, once more, almost become the victim of a murder; the assassin, Ennemond Marius Darmès, was sentenced, on May 29th, to the punishment of parricides, and was executed on the 31st. Three days after the execution the king sent 1,200 francs to Darmès' mother, who was in the depths of poverty.

That execution took place between the comte de Paris' baptism and Garnier-Pagès' death. His death called Ledru Rollin to the Chamber of Deputies. Ledru Rollin's profession of faith brought upon him at the beginning of his political career a sentence of two months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs.

On September 13th a crime, as strange as are all crimes for which no reason can be perceived, was committed at the moment when the duc d'Aumale, on his return from Africa, was making his entry at the head of the 17th Light Infantry, the ducs d'Orléans and Nemours being near him. The report of a pistol was heard and a horse fell dead. The pistol had been fired by a man named Quenisset but known as Poupart; who was sentenced to death on September 20th, together with Brassier and Colombier, whom the court declared to be his accomplices.

It was on the occasion of this trial that the editor-in-chief of the *Journal du Peuple*, M. Dupoty, was sentenced to imprisonment on a charge of *moral complicity*. It was the first time in the annals of justice

that such a verdict had been returned, and the newspapers protested.

Amid these protestations the year 1841 came to a close while the result of the capital sentence upon Quenisset and his two companions was still unknown. The year had, however, been fruitful in illustrious deaths.

On January 2nd, the baroness de Feuchères had died in London, at the age of fifty.

On January 18th, Barrère, at one time a member of the Convention, whom his contemporaries had surnamed the Anacreon of the guillotine, died at Tarbes, aged eighty.

On April 28th, prince Bacciocchi, husband of princess Elisa Bonaparte, died at the age of seventy-eight at Boulogne.

On May 26th, Ernest von Schiller, youngest son of the German Shakespeare, died at Cologne, aged forty-six.

On June 4th, the duc d'Doudeauville died in Paris.

On September 14th, M. Bertin, editor-in-chief of the *Journal des Débats*, died in Paris, aged seventy-four.

On October 3rd, Henry V, prince de Monaco, died in Paris.

Finally, on December 12th, M. de Frayssinous, bishop of Hermopolis, died in Paris at the age of seventy-eight.

The year 1842 was to behold the accomplishment of two events from which the fall of the July monarchy was destined to develop; these were: the rejection of the Franchise Bill and the death of the duc d'Orléans. Yet, at the beginning of the year, it was boldly said:

"The tranquillity of the future is assured, order prevails everywhere, at home and abroad, the world's peace is no longer disturbed by any great political question, the powers are engaged in a reduction of armaments and each country is busily multiplying those means of rapid communication that are destined to draw closer the bonds between one nation and another."

As soon as the address had been discussed and passed, M. Ganneron introduced his Bill, "sur les incompati-

bilités." A hundred and ninety votes were given for the discussion of it, 198 against. The Bill, therefore, was rejected, but only, it will be seen, by a majority of 8.

Immediately afterwards the Electoral Qualifications Bill was introduced by Ducos. It was simple, clear, and concise as all Bills ought to be and ran as follows:

> "All citizens whose names appear on the departmental jury lists are electors;
>
> "All citizens whose names fail to appear upon these lists on account of disqualifications arising from article 383 of the Criminal Code are also electors."

Notwithstanding a magnificent speech by Lamartine, in which he passed from the conservative to the progressive camp, the Bill was thrown out by a majority of 41. The whole question of electoral reform was shut down by this defeat, to burst forth again in 1848.

On June 10th, the day on which the budget had been passed in the Chamber by 120 to 9, the assembly was dissolved and the 1839 parliament completed its three years' existence. What had it really done during those three years?

It had kept silence upon the Eastern question, it had consented to the policy that was being followed, and once only, on the question of the right of search in private houses, had it shown itself representative of national repugnances; lastly—and this was an immense fault which, as has been said above, undermined the whole monarchy that had been so laboriously built up by the king—it had thrown out M. Ganneron's Bill about disqualifications and M. Ducos' about qualifications. The only important and practical result of this session was the Railways Act, a law which stood outside all parties, which had been discussed unsuccessfully in previous sessions, debated long and to good purpose in the Chamber of Deputies, and passed rapidly, being almost taken for granted, by the Chamber of Peers.

Thus, unaware what it was doing and blind in its decisions, the session of 1839–42 was preparing the catastrophe of 1848 by its rejection of two Bills and

setting up, by its acceptance of a third, that easy communication between individuals which renders the communication of ideas as rapid and universal as the electric telegraph.

Let the network of railways, which must, some day, run across Europe, be established, let people go in three days from one capital to another, let thirty years of material and moral communication bring men into contact and cause an interchange of ideas, and European war will no longer be possible.

CHAPTER LXXXV

The fire of Hamburg—The railway accident—Death of the duke of Orléans (July 13th, 1842)—The earthquake in Guadeloupe—Death of Casimir Delavigne.

THE month of May brought with it two terrible catastrophes: the fire of Hamburg and the accident to the Havre express.

In regard to the Hamburg fire we give a copy of a letter containing full details of that terrible event, which, curiously enough, had been foretold by Max von Schenkendorf.

"Let the flames devour thee, O Hamburg, rich and fair as the phœnix wilt thou arise from thy ashes to thy greater glory!"

But Hamburg, before arising fairer and in greater glory, was entirely destroyed.

"SIR,

"I have not until to-day been able to give you information of the fatal conflagration that has reduced a part of our city to ashes. All the printing offices of the daily papers have been destroyed or made useless. The editors of the Hamburg papers are now giving a detailed account of the scourge that has fallen on us, but are obliged to resort to the journals of neighbouring towns in order to circulate it. Those journals, although well informed, are not widely read, and on the other hand the news sent abroad by inhabitants of Hamburg, who are dispersed and under the shock of this great disaster, is not always exact. I should have communicated with you sooner about an event of such interest to all Europe, if the fire, which ceased only yesterday, had allowed me to do so. The fire broke out in the night between the 4th and 5th of May in the part

of the town near the Allstadt harbour, a district full of shops and not very easy of entry.

"The fact that most of the houses were of wood, and that a great quantity of spirits and other combustibles was collected there, helped to spread it. The west wind, which blew all the time, also increased its violence, and nothing on earth could have saved two parishes from complete destruction. In those two parishes were concentrated many of the public buildings and of the most flourishing manufactories, the most famous of the old churches, the Town Hall, and the Exchange. The impossibility of weakening the flames, notwithstanding all the efforts made, was soon recognised, and it was decided that the houses nearest to the scene of the fire must be pulled down so as to keep it isolated.

"The fire engines were set to play upon the houses on the other side of the canals which were already catching fire, and the rich shops in the parish of St. Catherine were saved in this way. But all the efforts of the guild of carpenters and joiners barely succeeded in getting the meat market isolated, which is built of wood and almost touches the hop market next to St. Nicholas' church. As it seemed possible that the public buildings, although farther off, might, in spite of the rapidity with which demolitions were effected, furnish substantial food for the flames, the senate did not hesitate to employ powder. At this juncture, when local experience was inadequate, seevral engineers belonging to the town and others took part with the townsmen in carrying out this plan of destruction. It succeeded, and the fire was at last divided from Neustadt, towards Altona. The fall of St. Nicholas' church tower after every effort had been made to save it caused the flames to spread into a larger circle. On the second night the senate with its leaders was assembled in the Town Hall, which is situated, with the old Exchange and the Bank, in the centre of the city. The fire was already threatening the narrow and busy neighbouring streets; the old Exchange and the Town Hall itself had to be sacrificed to the welfare of the richest part of a town that may be considered as the clearing house of the whole world.

"Only by the greatest efforts was it possible to save the Registry of Mortgages and the most important part of the archives. The senate was at last forced to remove

from imminent danger and sought another building on the new wall which belonged to the town. The canal which connects the Alster with the Elbe afforded some protection to the senate's new place of refuge. Some minutes after its members had established themselves there the Town Hall fell in with a great crash, and covered the Bank, upon which at the present moment the future of Hamburg's commerce depends. Nor was the conflagration yet at an end; it spread to the bridges over the new wall and soon gained the level of the hotels and shops on the Zungferstiez Promenade and of the dwelling-houses near, which were full of wealth and of artistic treasures, and it was only by the sacrifice of several houses that the new Zungferstiez, the esplanade, and the theatre were saved. There was still a hope of saving the tower of St. Peter's, which was the oldest in all the city, but in that point the greatest efforts of courage and the cleverest plans failed; the tower wavered and its bells began to ring as though to announce the moment of its destruction. The fire found a way out through a fresh breach. Happily, the windows of a large new building hard by, intended for a municipal college, school and library, had been closed up; the fire did not get through them and the place was saved, together with a large part of the town which was inhabited by poor people. The direction of the wind, blowing more and more strongly, aroused anxiety for the suburb of St. George, which includes the hospital with its two thousand inmates, most of whom were victims of the fire. The guard-house on the wall was already on fire; yet with the help of the engines brought from surrounding towns, which were playing with great force, and by the goodness of Providence, the fire had reached its last point. Next after the divine help and the indefatigable devotion of our citizens, it was the generous voluntary assistance sent from the neighbouring town of Altona, the towns on the borders of Hanover and Holstein, and the town of Lübeck, to which we owe the preservation of the rest of our city. We are filled with the liveliest gratitude to our neighbours who offered us help and a shelter for those seeking refuge from our populous city. The opening of our railway is announced for May 7th. It will connect Hamburg with Berlin, Magdeburg, Hanover, and consequently all Germany. In the meantime, it enabled people to get away to Bergedorff. The chief engineer of this undertaking directed the destruction of

several houses near the centre of the fire. May the efforts of our neighbours to complete this railway, which will rival that of the Elbe, soon open new channels of prosperity for all portions of our native land!

"I leave it to the newspapers to narrate the details of how the public buildings and private houses were destroyed. I must only tell you that the new Exchange remains standing as a happy omen amid the ruins. It is to be regretted that the orders given by the authorities for the destruction of houses in places not yet reached by the flames gave rise to unfortunate misunderstandings. These wise measures, dictated by the noblest public spirit, seemed to the populace like acts of deliberate barbarity. A special committee of superintendence composed of members of the senate has just been dissolved. Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein has to-day placed not only himself, but also all the resources of the two principalities which he governs at the senate's disposal. It has met the most urgent needs by forming committees of assistance; work-people will not be short of work, and we trust in a happy future. Economy will replace luxurious habits, and the energy aroused by this misfortune will probably outlive the cruel losses which we are attempting by every possible means to repair."

While Hamburg was burning, news of horror burst like a thunderstorm over Paris. More than two hundred persons had been run down, burned, and crushed to pieces on the railway between Versailles and Paris.

On May 8th a main-line train to Paris, made up of fifteen luggage and passenger carriages and drawn by two engines, named *Matthew Murray* and *Lightning*, was passing through the station at Bellevue at half-past 5 in the afternoon. It had hardly left the station two minutes when, the axle of the *Matthew Murray* breaking suddenly, the second engine, which was travelling at high speed, fell upon the first and drew with it three or four carriages which, as they piled one upon another, rose as high as the first floor of a house.

The accident was serious enough in itself, but one circumstance rendered it terrible. The doors were locked and it was impossible for the unhappy travellers shut into the compartments to open them. One of the

guards had disappeared and has never been found; the second had fallen, unconscious; no help could therefore be expected from either.

The shrieks of the passengers and of people along the road brought the officials with the stationmaster, M. Martel, who hastened to open the door of the first coach; but it was already too late: the flames from the two engines had seized with incredible rapidity upon the inflammable parts of the train and it was almost impossible to help those who were shut in.

Imagine an *auto-da-fé* of a hundred and fifty people with all the outcries, the gestures of despair, and the episodes of mad rage; mothers trying to hold their children out of the fire, until the burnt arms let them fall into it; a son flinging himself three times back with howls of fury into the flames in order to save his father and three times beaten back by intolerable pain. Soon, however, details disappeared, and the six coaches heaped one on another made only an immense furnace in which arms, heads, bodies moved, bent, rose, and fell in every direction in vain endeavour to escape the fire.

While some hundred persons seemed to melt like lead in a furnace amid this giant brazier as devouring as the crater of a volcano, the other carriages, which had not been burned, but had been crushed, broken, and dislocated by the shock, were yielding up their dead and wounded as tombs will do at the last day. In an instant 175 injured persons were lying on mattresses, sheets, and linen of all sorts along the side of the road.

As for the number of the dead, that was impossible to calculate; the first five coaches and those who had been in them were but ashes. Among the number of those passengers was Dumont-Durville, the distinguished sailor who had been an admiral since December 31st, 1840, and who, after having made two voyages round the world and escaped the dangers of four oceans, had come to perish miserably there with his wife and son.

When such catastrophes break forth, it often happens,

as with comets, that they are but precursors of sorrows even greater.

On July 13th, at 5 in the afternoon, a cry rang throughout all France: "The duc d'Orléans is dead!" In truth the duc d'Orléans had just been killed by his own act.

How had it happened? How had so terrible a misfortune occurred? It was incredible and it was not believed. The newspapers had to announce the death formally before people could believe it. Here are the details of the tragedy.

On the 13th at midday, the duc d'Orléans was to start for St. Omer; his carriages were ordered and his officers ready after inspecting the regiments that awaited him. At St. Omer, the prince was to meet the duchesse d'Orléans at the watering-place of Plombières. At 9 o'clock the prince sat down to table; after breakfast he put on his uniform, and at 11 got into a carriage to go and take leave of the king and queen at Neuilly.

The carriage in which the prince was driving was a very low four-wheeled cabriolet shaped somewhat like a chaise; there were two horses and his usual coachman riding one, like a postilion. Both vehicle and driver were those generally used by the prince in driving about the outskirts of Paris. When they had got as high as the Maillot gate the postilion's horse took fright and began to gallop; the postilion presently lost control over his horses and was obliged to let them rush away along the road "de la Révolte."

The prince was very nimble, and very much in the habit of vaulting; he had often discussed with his brothers—once he did so in my presence—what would be the best thing to do in case of being run away with in a carriage. His opinion was that it was best to jump. He jumped. His feet touched the ground; but the pace was so great that, even though the distance from the step to the earth was so small, he could not remain upright, but turning upon himself, fell backwards with his head on the pavement. The fall was

frightful; the prince remained unconscious on the very spot where he had fallen.

A hundred yards or so farther on the postilion regained control of his horses, and having mastered them turned back towards the prince, whom he was far from supposing mortally injured.

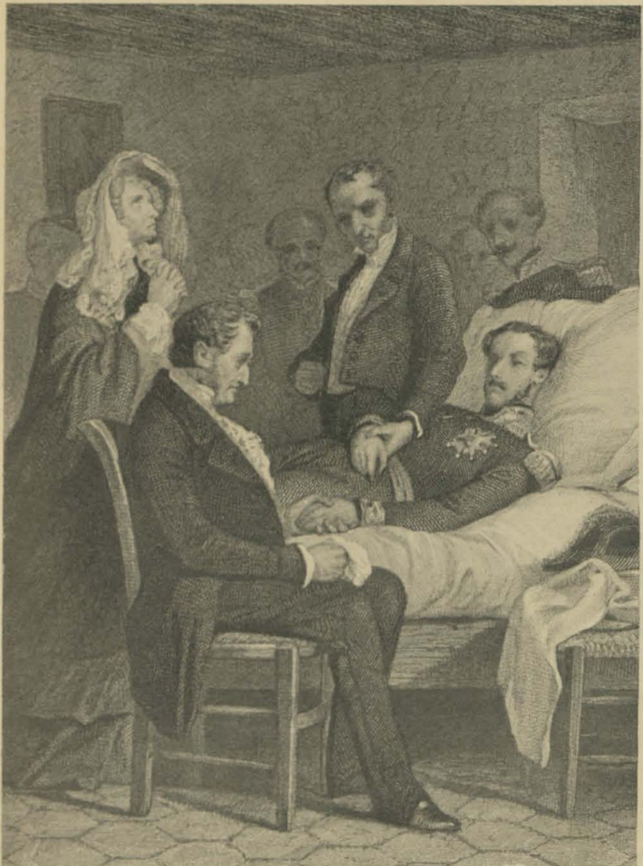
People had run to his assistance and he had been carried into a grocer's house a few steps along the road from the place where he had fallen. He was laid upon a bed in a ground-floor room. A doctor came promptly from hard by; it was Dr. Baumy; he bled the patient, but without any result. The royal family were informed. But when the king, queen, and Mme. Adélaïde arrived at his bedside, not only had he not recovered consciousness, but he no longer showed any signs of life.

Meanwhile the terrible news had taken wing and was reaching every door. Pasquier, the prince's surgeon, came from Paris, the duke of Aumale from Courbevoie, and the duke of Montpensier from Vincennes.

Pasquier pronounced the prince's condition to be very serious, and that he feared an effusion of blood on the brain. The probability of this was confirmed by the fact that the prince had not recovered consciousness for a single instant, and that a few words in the German tongue were the only ones that had escaped him. Life still, indeed, remained, but the skilled physician was none the more hopeful, though he continued to employ every resource of medical treatment. Life was withdrawing, but unwillingly, and struggling inch by inch against destruction. At one moment the breath seemed freer, the pulse became perceptible; for a moment every heart clung once more to hope. But that hope soon paled, and at 4 o'clock the crown prince was overtaken by all the symptoms of the death struggle. At half-past 4 he expired.

Alas, poor prince! he had not died, as he wished, on the Danube or the Rhine, but, as he feared, on the pavement of a street—and, strange to say, of a street which bore the name of the Revolt.

For my own part the blow struck me full in the heart;



DEATH OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS.

I shed many tears and, prophetic in my grief, I wrote these words, which at that time seemed to many people blasphemous, but which the future rendered true: "God has just removed the only barrier between the monarchy and the republic."

A week afterwards the duc d'Orléans was buried at Eu, in his family's vault.

On July 26th, that is to say only a few days after the sad ceremony in which a father was chief mourner for his son and a king for his dynasty, the session was resumed in order to vote on the Regency Bill.

On August 10th, the newly elected Chamber, after verification of its powers, was at once occupied with the address. "Your Majesty has lost a son," it said to the king; "France has lost a reign."

The Bill had been introduced on August 9th; it excluded her Royal Highness the duchess of Orléans from the regency, which was a great mistake, for the popularity of her husband shielded her, while the duke of Nemours, who was proposed as regent, was unpopular even with the men who were most devoted to the dynasty of the younger branch.

The Bill, as we have just said, was introduced on August 9th; on the 16th, M. Dupin read his report, and on the 18th the discussion began. The law was passed by 310 votes to 94. In the course of the discussion M. de Lamartine had passed from the progressive conservatives into the ranks of the opposition.

The year 1842, a fatal year which had opened with a trial about an outrage to public morality, closed with a trial about corruption.

Furthermore it led to the tomb a considerable number of famous persons. It seemed as though the crown prince needed a worthy following to attend him on his descent to the dead. Alexandre Duval, Jouffroy, Cherubini, Mme. Lebrun-Aguado, Maréchal Moncey, Maréchal Clausel, Dumont-Durville, Count Las Cases, and Simonde-Sismondi died in the course of this unfortunate year.

After such events as we have just narrated, a country

naturally falls into the condition of a man who, after having received a mortal blow, begins to make a recovery. This convalescence of France was respected by the rest of the world.

One might have supposed that the Chamber had done its work in passing the Regency Bill, and, having passed it, had no further concern except with secondary matters.

Some questions about the captivity of Don Carlos, a law about refugees and one about the organisation of *le conseil d'Etat*, discussions upon *la police du roulage*, upon *le notariat*, about increasing the number of the gendarmes, about the recoinage of money, about the censorship, about *la police de la chasse*, about the *tarifs des commissaires-priseurs*, about the Greek loan, about the supplementary grants and the budgets,—these are the matters which occupied the session during the year 1843.

Two members of the royal family were married. On April 20th, princess Clementine married prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, and on May 7th the prince de Joinville married Donna Francesca, daughter of the late Don Pedro and of the late archduchess of Austria.

The queen of England, after many difficulties, consented to cross the Channel and visit the royal family of France at the château d'Eu. It is true that during that period the duc de Bordeaux, for his part, was travelling in England.

The opposition, which might have been supposed extinct since the duc d'Orléans' death, revived in regard to the completion and equipment of the Paris fortifications. A refusal to pay taxes was actually threatened. The tempest, it appeared, was but hushed, not extinct.

Finally, amid the discussions of M. Rattimenton and of M. de Famigny, an embassy to China was prepared.

So much for France.

The duc d'Aumale took his brother's place in Algeria. On May 16th, he took Abd-el-Kader's smalah. This

was a fine deed, and was to provide France with a fine picture.

On November 11th, a second blow, more terrible than the former, fell upon the emir; his beloved lieutenant, the most devoted and most active of his friends, Sidi Embareck, was killed.

In consequence of these two events, all the tribes of the Libyan desert submitted. It was now possible to pass through all our Algerian possessions without hindrance from Algiers to Doghar and from Constantine to Tlemeen.

But whilst a French colony was being founded and consolidated in the south, a frightful catastrophe was ruining another in the west. We mean the earthquake at Guadeloupe. That earthquake lasted two minutes. During those two minutes the town of Pointe à Pitre disappeared, and of its inhabitants 2,500 were killed and 2,000 injured.

Only an eye-witness's account can give an idea of such a catastrophe. We borrow that which follows from the Abbé Peyrol, rector of Mount Carmel, in Basse-Terre.

"On February 8th, at a quarter to eleven, while we were breakfasting with the rector of Pointe à Pitre, to whom I was paying a visit by way of resting myself from the many fatigues of my ministry, we heard a noise like the rumbling of a great many drums or of waggons being driven round the house; it was the subterranean movement of an earthquake; one of us said so, but we could hardly believe it. That was the first shock; the second was not long in following; it shook the houses so violently that three-fourths of those in the town were thrown down. Ours, which was made of wood and had lately been repaired, was cracked in several places, but remained standing. The steeple was destroyed, the marble altar was broken down, the tabernacle tumbled to the ground, the holy pyx and monstrance broken. And what horrible spectacles were before our eyes! Beings still living, torn to shreds, uttering screams, if they could, or begging to be put out of their misery; the dust of all the ruins making recognition impossible and stifling our words: a town that had been delightful, inhabited by

twenty thousand souls, full of elegance and wealth, changed, in less than two minutes, into a heap of ruins ; while death and despair showed themselves everywhere.

"In an instant we rushed into the midst of these scenes of desolation, giving absolution to the dying, helping to extricate the dead, consoling and encouraging those who were asking for fathers, mothers, children, husbands, and wives ! No, never can human tongue describe such scenes. You think, my friend, that this was all ? Greater woes lay before us, the anger of the Almighty was to pour upon us all its bitterness.

"Fire was burning in an oven which fell in ; the burning wood set light to the woodwork of the house and the flames began to lay hold of everything near. I saved the tabernacle of the hospital chapel to which I made my way, over some twenty yards of ruins lying about it ; a captain with whom I was well acquainted came to offer me his services ; I said to him, clasping my hands : 'Captain, a great danger is at hand which will be the worst of all ; run to the fire with your regiment, sacrifice anything, but save us from the fire.' Alas, I spoke but too truly. The flames, driven by a south-west wind, seized upon everything in their path and devoured such store of clothing and food as was yet remaining in this unhappy town. In the course of two hours, its ravages had spread in all directions, made more victims, prevented us from helping the earlier ones, and changed the heap of ruins into a heap of ashes. We could do nothing but wring our hands in sorrow, I might almost say in despair. We had had fire-engines ; they had been broken in the fall of the buildings that held them. And while the waves of the sea bathed our feet we had not even the smallest vessel from which to pour them upon the devouring flames.

"I reflected, then, upon the condition in which my own parish might be ; it lay eighteen leagues away and in the direction that the scourge of God seemed to have taken. Until that moment I had thought only of helping the sufferers around me, hoping that my parishioners, who had been already ruined by the earthquake and whirlwind of 1825, had been spared ; but seeing every building and dwelling along the coast overthrown I now feared a like misfortune for them. This thought filled me with consternation and I resolved to take the first boat I could get ; I ran up and down begging all the captains of boats or

ships to take me to Basse-Terre. They could not or dared not do so, busy as they were in receiving the terrified people who were escaping from the land and asking for refuge on their vessels; at last I came upon one whom I had helped to save from a shipwreck that had befallen him on the shores of my former parish. I entreated him, on my knees, in the name of the service I had rendered him, and in the name of God, to take me back to my flock. My prayer had so much effect upon him that he could not reply; he took me on board, ordered the anchor to be weighed, and set out for Basse-Terre.

"I shall never forget the painful anxiety with which I looked round as I passed along the coast to see whether the houses were standing and whether my parish was still in existence; it was 10 o'clock at night when I arrived.

"The shore was covered with people; I had been thought dead, people wept and embraced me. Oh, my poor friend, what emotion did we feel! I hurried to the *ordonnateur's* house and there I found the governor's wife, he himself having set out by land for Pointe à Pitre, in company with the director of internal administration and the attorney-general. I sent news to families whose relatives had been saved, and went to console those who had lost any. My night was almost wholly spent in this manner; I was all trembling with emotion and sorrow, yet also, I might almost say, with joy at finding all my flock uninjured; my house was full, all night. When the time for mass came, many hearers were sobbing for the disasters and for Pointe à Pitre; I said that we would weep later on, but that we must help first. Instantly great parcels of goods ready for use and fourteen hundred and sixty-eight francs in money were brought from the various houses. I had fifty sheets filled with wearing apparel and got them packed into a government schooner, together with the rations that the governor had ordered and a quantity of bread which the mayor had had baked. I went off with all these provisions; handed them over to the authorities of the town, and added a thousand francs from my own pocket. I hastened to the tents and sheds that had been put up for the survivors and the wounded, and I consoled and assisted as many as I could. This is a long story, dear friend, and the ship—the *Gomer*—is just leaving. Write to my relatives and tell them that I am safe and sound, and more disposed than ever to devote my life to good works.

Nothing else matters to me. Most of the churches are destroyed; the sugar refineries have suffered greatly throughout the colony. There are more than two million dead, and an infinite number of injured persons. What will the capital do for us?"

That dull and gloomy year with only two flashes in it—one, horrible, being the Guadeloupe earthquake, the other, glorious, the capture of Abd-el-Kader's smalah—was closed, for France, by the death of one of her most illustrious sons.

On December 20th was laid in the cemetery of Père Lachaise the body of the author of "Les Messéniennes," "L'Ecole des Vieillards," and "Marino Faliero," and Victor Hugo, as president of the French Academy, uttered an address over his grave. The orator, himself, had three months previously lost his daughter, who was drowned with her husband opposite Villequier. These were his words:

"The man who at this time has the honour to preside over the French Academy cannot, whatever may be his own position, be absent on such a day as this nor silent beside such a coffin as this.

"He tears himself from a personal mourning to take part in a general mourning; he silences for a moment the grieving selfishness of his own sorrow to associate himself with the regrets of all men. Let us, alas! accept, in grave and resigned obedience, the mysterious decrees of Providence, which increases around us the number of desolate mothers and widows, which imposes upon sorrow duties towards sorrow, and which, in its inscrutable omnipotence, can console the child who has lost his father by means of the father who has lost his child.

"Console, yes, that is the word. Let the child who is listening take for his supreme consolation the remembrance of what his father was; let that beautiful life, so full of excellent works, appear to his young mind in its entirety, with that mysterious something great, completed, and to be revered that death gives to life. The day will come for us to say in another place what literature loses here; the French Academy will do honour, in a public eulogy, to the

serene and noble spirit, the kind, good heart, the conscientious intellect, and the fine talent. But let us say here, even if we may have to say it again, few writers have better fulfilled their mission than Casimir Delavigne; few existences have been so well employed despite bodily suffering, or so well filled despite shortness of days. Doubly a poet, endowed with both the lyric and the dramatic gift, he had known everything, gained, experienced, passed through everything: popularity, applause, the acclamation of the crowd, and the triumphs of the theatre, always so brilliant, always so contested. Like all superior minds he had his eyes always fixed upon a serious aim; he felt the truth that talent is a duty; he comprehended fully, and therefore with a realisation of his responsibility, the high function exercised towards men by thought and the poet towards minds. The fibre of the people vibrated in him; he loved the people, of whom he was, and had all the instincts of that glorious future of labour and concord that awaits humanity. In his youth he had honoured the dazzling and illustrious reigns that aggrandise nations by war; in his maturity his enlightened approval became attached to those wise and far-seeing governments that civilise the world by peace.

"He has worked well, let him now rest! Let the petty hatreds that pursue a great reputation, the divisions of the different schools, the clamours of party, let literary passions and ingratitudes fall silent around a noble poet fallen asleep. Injustice, outcries, struggles, sufferings, everything that troubles and disturbs the lives of eminent men melts away at the sacred hour that is upon us. Death is the coming of truth; at death nothing is left of the poet but his fame, of the man but his soul, of the world but God."

CHAPTER LXXXVI

The King's speech (December 1843)—The Marquesas—Morocco—England and Abd-el-Kader.

THE session that was to extend through the year 1844 had opened on December 27th, 1843, and, as usual, the discussion of the king's speech had contained some implicit criticism of monarchy.

As it always did, the king's speech presented the position of home affairs in a reassuring light. Every body felt, indeed, that by means of violent remedies tranquillity had been obtained; but did that tranquillity arise from a state of health, from the balance of forces between the power of the crown and the resisting power of the nation, or was it attributable merely to the inert stillness of a wrestler who feels his opponent's knee on his chest, but who will spring up the moment that any error restores his freedom of movement?

The king talked much of peace and boasted of having preserved it in France amidst so many European complications. Yes, doubtless he had preserved it, but at what price? At the price of special tribunals of the September laws, of liberty, and of the heads of conspirators, and, abroad, at the price of our dignity, which had been constantly humiliated, of our prerogatives as a great power, which had been continually attacked, and of our old influence, which had been lost. Properly speaking, this was not keeping at peace with Europe, but buying peace from Europe by great sacrifices.

The king tried to assume a kind of ascendancy over Spain which seemed to come to him by right as the successor and heir of Louis XIV.

"Serious events," he said, "have taken place in Spain

and in Greece; Queen Isabella II, called so young to the burden of power, is at the present moment the object of my deepest solicitude and most affectionate interest. I hope that the issue of these events will be advantageous to the two nations, both friendly to France, and that in Greece as in Spain the monarchy may be strengthened by national respect for the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people."

But were this patronage of Spain and this paternal protection of the interesting Isabella—as at that time the young queen of Spain used to be called—were they in good earnest our own? Was not England, that ally whose alliance has to be paid so dearly, that friend who sets so high a price on her friendship, watching from Portugal every telegraphic sign that passed between the Cabinet of Madrid and that of Paris?

To some minds, too, did not this English alliance seem rather too much a matter of course? Did not the duc d'Orléans' letters, published after he had become king as Louis Philippe, exhibit, throughout, a degree of admiration for, almost of devotion to, the London policy, such as might be expressed, becomingly enough, by a prince whom exile rendered independent, and whose opinion, while he remained a private person, had but the weight of one man's opinion? But were not this admiration and devotion dangerous on the part of a king into whose hands a nation that was England's rival had put its interests and its fortunes?

This phrase, which was reassuring for those who only desired to be reassured and whom everything does reassure, was disquieting to many people:

"The sincere friendship between myself and the queen of Great Britain and the cordial understanding that exists between my government and hers confirm me in this conviction."

These relations did, indeed, indicate rather too strongly a feeling of personal sympathy; it was much more the friendship of a king and a queen than the

union of two great powers. One sentence about secondary education was received with more favour; it contained a promise that the Jesuit, whose shadow was seen looming on the horizon by some sharp—perhaps too sharp—eyes, should not be allowed to re-enter France.

> "A Secondary Education Bill," said the king, "will satisfy the clause of the Charter regarding freedom of instruction while *maintaining the authority and the share of the State in education.*"

The result of this speech was that the Chamber gave the king a proof of its agreement with the policy that had been followed by re-electing M. Sauzet as president. Moreover, that cordial understanding with England was not long in becoming clouded.

In order to console herself for her European repulses, France had taken possession, during the previous year, of the Marquesas Islands. Until that time there had been no station along a stretch of four million leagues of seashore where her ships could put in to port; no place for carrying on the whale fishery which forms so important a part of the industry in which our western, northern, and eastern towns are engaged. After this possession had been secured, the protectorate of the Society Islands was offered to France; for the purposes of this new settlement, at so great a distance, the expenses of organising and defending our various institutions, Admiral Roussin had demanded, in 1843, the sum of 9,980,000 francs, and after a sharp discussion the Chamber had made the grant but reduced the total to 5,000,000.

France was thus established in the Marquesas, with a protectorate and *souveraineté extérieure* over the Society Islands; Queen Pomare and the local chiefs, called *Tavanas*, had accepted this French protectorate, of which Rear-Admiral Dupetit-Thouars was the representative; but here, as everywhere else, England was on the watch, England which, by preventing us from occupying a corner of New Zealand, where we originally wished

to found our settlement, had driven us to the Marquesas. Her watch-dogs were not her consuls, but her missionaries. They it was who felt a displeasure that was wholly national in beholding the French take possession of the Marquesas and extend their protectorate to the Society Islands; they again it was who influenced the Queen Pomare's word and incited her to acts of resistance.

The question of the flag was raised. Since the establishment of the French protectorate the protectorate flag had been flown at Tahiti—to wit, two flags together, that of France and that of the queen. All at once the queen took up the idea of having a special flag over her palace, her own flag, a flag that should indicate her sovereignty. She hoisted this flag without giving any notice to her protectors, which, from the point of view of diplomacy, might be considered as at least a serious impropriety. Such was the opinion of Admiral Dupetit-Thouars; he insisted that the flag should be lowered. Supported by the English missionaries, the queen refused to lower it. Then Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, changing from a protector to a conqueror, occupied the royal island on November 5th, 1843.

This quarrel which had now broken out between the admiral and queen Pomare was really of older date. In 1836 the ill usage experienced by several French colonists resident at Tahiti, and in particular by M. Laval and M. Carret, two apostolic missionaries, had required the presence of a naval force to press the demand for immediate satisfaction that had been made by the French government. An indemnity of 3,000 dollars and an obligation to salute the French flag were the conditions imposed by M. Dupetit-Thouars, at that time merely captain of a frigate, the *Venus*. As a result of this armed negotiation an agreement was concluded between M. Dupetit-Thouars and queen Pomare according to which French residents in Tahiti were to be treated as belonging to the most favoured foreign nation.

Four years after these events, which occurred in 1838, the French residents again complained of the

queen and of the principal chiefs: the dwellings of several Frenchmen had been forcibly entered, their property seized, and their furniture or money pilfered; several had been sent to prison without trial, and one had even been assassinated. This time Rear-Admiral Dupetit-Thouars became seriously angry; he declared to the queen and the chiefs that, having no longer any confidence in their word, he should exact the delivery of 10,000 piastres as a security for the future conduct of the Tahitan government towards France. Failing the delivery of that sum, the rear-admiral threatened to occupy the island and the settlements that depended upon it.

At that time it was the protectorate of the Society Islands which was offered to France and accepted by M. Dupetit-Thouars on September 9th, 1842, and by the government on April 28th, 1843. A naval captain, M. Bruat, was then appointed governor of these settlements and royal commissioner to queen Pomare.

We have explained what fresh breach of agreement had again led the rear-admiral to invade the Society Islands. The fact is that the flag flown by queen Pomare was not really her own flag—the national flag the great chiefs' flag—but a flag given her by the English missionaries and ornamented by a crown, which heraldic token she had never before assumed. The admiral, therefore, wrote to the queen:

"You wish for a flag, that of your fathers; so be it. You wish it of such or such a colour; I agree. Resume the flag which you had at the moment of the treaty. Do you wish for another? No matter, let me know the dimensions and the colour, and I will salute it as representing your sovereignty; but as to that flag which you received from England; as for that flag which was the symbol of a sovereignty independent of our protectorate, and into which the English crows had put that crown at which Pomare would never have guessed, that crown which is the sign of European preponderance and sovereignty,—when you make a point of that flag, it is not that of your fathers; that flag you fancy is England's flag, openly or secretly, and that flag I will not suffer."

This was speaking in a high tone, as becomes France, but it was not a way of speaking convenient to the king and his ministers; therefore Admiral Dupetit-Thouars was disavowed. Excuses were made to England, indemnities were granted to her missionaries, the bare protectorate was re-established, and a fresh humiliation poured for France into that cup of which great nations make a chalice for those of the second rank.

M. Thiers had had his Nezib, M. Guizot had his Tahiti; neither could reproach the other with anything. The double buffet given us by our friend, England, had drawn them together; they might now once more form a cabinet together as they had done once before.

Questions asked by M. Carné brought this serious matter before the Chamber on February 29th, 1844, and introduced the only serious discussion of the whole session. Two hundred and thirty-three Noes against one hundred and eighty-seven Ayes gave the government a Bill of Indemnity.

The rest of the session was spent in discussions about secret funds, plans of secondary-education Bills, patent Acts, and financial proposals for postal reforms, *conversion de rentes*, and supplementary grants. Except for the few days of passionate commotion excited by the Tahiti affair, the Chamber had fallen back into a state of profound political indifference.

Happily we had Algeria, that sort of military school given to France that she might show how worthy she still is of herself whenever she has a sword in her hand. But even there England was fated to intervene. Defeated everywhere, Abd-el-Kader, with a few remnants of his regular troops, had retired to the frontiers of Morocco. Morocco was ruled by the emperor Muly-Abder-Rhaman, who was a natural ally of the emir and an enemy of France. We were, indeed, at peace with Morocco; but every one knows upon how imperceptible a thread peace always hangs between Christian nations and barbarous states.

France, seeing her enemy taking refuge in a neighbouring state, concentrated some regiments upon a portion

of territory belonging to Algeria and built a fort at Lalla Maghrnia. On its part, Morocco collected a few thousand men at Ouchda. Among these were Abd-el-Kader with five hundred regulars.

Suddenly, on May 30th, without any declaration of war a numerous body of Moroccan horsemen crossed the Malouia, advanced two leagues towards the French frontier and attacked a force that was on the look-out under Lieutenant-General Lamoricière, supported by General Bedeau's zouaves and Colonel Morris' cavalry.

The Moroccans were repulsed and lost some three or four hundred men. This fight was treated as a mere skirmish, and the government, afraid that a quarrel with Morocco might mean a quarrel with England, was willing to regard it as only an accident—something after the fashion of those encounters that served, towards the end of the eighteenth century, as covers for a duel.

And indeed, a war between France and Morocco might have interrupted the active trade that England herself carried on with Morocco. Moreover, the necessary supplies for the garrison of Gibraltar, which all came from Morocco, might have failed at their source. The government of Great Britain, whose national spirit consists in part of hatred for France, was not contented with our moderation; it asked that moderation not only to become known to all Europe, but to appear in its true light and to be called by its true name.

From the statements made by Sir Robert Peel it was evident that the instructions given to our agent, M. Nion, had previously been communicated to Lord Cowley. Here was a fresh proof to the opposition what sacrifices of every kind we were making to the precious *entente cordiale.* A parallel was drawn between the way M. Guizot was acting in 1844, and the way M. de Polignac had acted in 1830. When England had asked for a declaration of France's ulterior intentions in case of a war with Algeria, M. de Polignac had replied loudly and proudly that France would pursue her own policy and owed no one any account of that policy.

Furthermore, the leader of English politics said, in the House of Commons:

"We are fully satisfied with the explanations given us by France in regard to Morocco, and communication has been made to us of the instructions given by the king of France to his agents and even *to his son the prince de Joinville.*"

When questioned with some vehemence upon this point, M. Guizot replied that the information which he had communicated to England was of a general character, but that, as to his policy in Morocco, this was his intention: The government had no hostile feeling towards Morocco, and no idea of territorial aggrandisement; all that was asked from the emperor of Morocco was peace and proper security for our territory and settlements.

We consequently required from him: The removal of Abd-el-Kader from our frontiers; the punishment and recall of the agents who had trespassed upon our territory; the disbanding of the troops that were making trouble upon our frontiers; that if his duty as a Mussulman required the emperor to bestow hospitality upon his co-religionist, Abd-el-Kader, he would fix a place of residence for him on the seashore.

Such were the very moderate but at the same time very definite demands to be addressed to the emperor of Morocco.

But at the very moment when the emperor was expected to make the required amends, Maréchal Bugeaud was violently summoned by the emperor's son to evacuate Lalla Maghrnia. At the same time M. Nion was asked for what we ourselves were asking—that is to say, for the withdrawal and punishment of the leaders of the French army.

Meanwhile there was open talk in the Moroccan camp of a holy war undertaken against us, at the close of which Morocco would be left master of Tiemcen, Oran, Mascara, and even Algiers.

The minister was so fully committed to the Chamber

that there was now no possibility of drawing back. The ultimatum was sent to M. Nion with an order to signify its contents to the emperor, and the prince de Joinville appeared before Tangier.

On August 5th, the prince received a dispatch commanding him to begin the attack if the answer to the ultimatum should not prove satisfactory. The prince de Joinville's instructions were to destroy the fortifications but to respect the town. At the end of an hour and a half's cannonade, all was over. The prince turned immediately towards Mogador.

Mogador, a coast town situated at the opposite side of the empire, is the private property of the emperor. In addition to furnishing him with a personal revenue, it is the centre of his trade. The prince was to occupy Mogador. The bombardment of Tangier served to show the emperor that he could not reckon upon the support of any power against us. The occupation of Mogador was meant to make him reflect upon the material damage that France could do him.

In a few hours the batteries of Mogador were reduced to silence as those of Tangier had been, and, notwithstanding the garrison's desperate resistance, the place was occupied by the prince de Joinville and our troops.

During this time Maréchal Bugeaud had crossed the Isly in spite of a crowd of horsemen, and was now marching with 8,500 foot soldiers, 1,400 cavalry regulars, and 16 guns against 25,000 Moroccans. The result of the famous battle of the Isly, where the enemy left 800 dead men on the field, had 2,000 wounded, and lost 11 guns together with all their military stores, is well known. On our side we had 27 killed and 94 wounded. The Morocco question was settled.

There still remained a sort of action for money to be decided between England and us. A kind of English agent, a missionary, or consul—nobody ever new exactly what—called Pritchard, had been expelled from Tahiti, and was asking for an indemnity. The French government consented that this indemnity should be fixed by mutual agreement between the commanders of the

English and French stations in the Pacific Ocean, Admiral Seymour and Rear-Admiral Hamelin. The affair was thus arranged and the indemnity settled.

As for Morocco, the conditions demanded after the bombardment of Tangier, the occupation of Mogador, and the victory of Isly were only those demanded beforehand. Peace, therefore, was concluded upon the terms named above; as for the expenses of the war, which the opposition desired to see charged to the government of Morocco, there was no question of that, and M. Guizot answered with sublime disinterestedness: "France is rich enough to pay for her own glory."

Set free in regard to Morocco, Maréchal Bugeaud could now go quietly on with his war in Algeria. Thus the year 1844 registers in its diary of victories: General Marey's expedition into the lesser desert; the duke of Aumale's expedition and capture of Biskra; the surrender of Ribau and of the Aurès mountains; the surrender of the Kabyles; the surrender of the Flittas; the surrender of the sheik of Tuggurt.

It was in this year, 1844, that (on January 27th) Charles Nodier died, at the age of sixty-four.

Nodier, the author of "Jean Sbogar" and "Thérèse Aubert," was the father of modern domestic fiction in France, as Walter Scott was of historic fiction in England, and Cooper of descriptive and picturesque fiction in America.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

Peace at any price—Home affairs—The Society of Jesus—A brush with the Arabs.

THANKS to the concessions which we had just made to England in the Pacific and in Morocco, peace—the peace so truly called peace at any price—had been maintained. By maintaining it so obstinately the king had braved two dangers: in the first place, that of unpopularity; and in the second place, that of compromising peace by his very obstinacy in upholding it.

In his opening speech of the 1845 session the king announced the continuance of his good understanding with England, noted the growth of national industry and the development of home and foreign trade, and announced the duc d'Aumale's marriage with the daughter of the prince de Salerno, who was uncle to the reigning king of Naples.

Thus Louis Philippe, to the best of his ability, engrafted the branches of his own family upon the sovereign stocks of Europe.

The discussion of the address was keen upon two points, viz. the indemnity granted to the missionary Pritchard, and the evacuation of Mogador without any indemnity having been granted and much before the date fixed. It was openly said in the Chamber that England had insisted upon both the indemnity and the evacuation. But, on all these questions, the minister, Guizot, whose very triumphs were to lead the monarchy to its ruin, had a majority.

A nickname was created in our tongue which clung to those bestowers of Bills of Indemnity who are always ready to support with a dishonourable vote whatever,

good or bad, is done by a ministry. They were called Pritchardists.

On May 2nd, M. Thiers called the attention of the government to the case of religious corporations. His observations were directed to the fact that the Society of Jesus, abolished in 1763, had been restricted by the Romish Church in 1814, and that, thus re-established, it had crept afresh into France. Under the restored kings the members belonging to it had re-entered France originally as individuals and then appeared as a religious body: before long they had tried to get hold of the youth of the nation, and at that stage there had been such violent complaints that orders had to be made in 1828 withdrawing such education from them; but that they had nevertheless remained in France, and in the character, moreover, of a religious congregation. At the time of speaking the Society had made a great advance and was so powerful that it was divided into two provinces, that of Lyons and that of Paris; it counted twenty-seven monasteries and five or six times more professed monks than the number owned to; and this existence was patent, proved, legally demonstrated. The corporation was therefore existing in defiance of the law of the country.

The head of the ministry of religion admitted the truth of M. Thiers' assertions. He admitted also that the government was provided with several laws by which the dissolution of the Jesuits might be effected; but asked whether, when the Cabinet did possess such powerful weapons, there was any reason to be uneasy. Was the present, moreover, a well-chosen moment for provoking a serious collision? Was liberty of conscience really threatened so as to make such rigorous measures necessary? Surely not; whenever the Jesuits should transgress the limits granted them by the State of exercising their religion in accordance with the general liberty of belief, whenever they should arouse the government's suspicion and cause even the most trifling disturbance of public safety, the minister, who had weapons ready, would make use of his powers.

The minister, consequently, moved the previous question, which was carried on May 3rd by an immense majority.

M. Thiers, who was already considered a mischief-maker in politics, was now accused of being a mischief-maker in religious affairs. And yet something not unlike those dull rumblings, those scarcely perceptible tremblings that precede earthquakes caused foreseeing men to recur always to certain points, viz. the proposals about *incompatibilités*; the proposals about *l'adjonction des capacités*.

The resolution about *incompatibilités* was moved by M. de Rémusat, who could not, assuredly, be called an enemy of the government. M. Guizot opposed the motion, which was not even considered.

The resolution about *l'adjonction des capacités* was proposed by M. Crémieux. After being opposed by the Minister of the Interior it was defeated in the Chamber on a show of hands, by a majority of twenty-eight votes.

M. Henri de la Rochejaquelin opposed the motion on the rather curious ground that the privilege, whether it was or was not a privilege of intelligence, was a new one. Another deputy went still further.

M. Ledru Rollin satisfied his conscience by moving a resolution dealing with the *cens d'éligibilité* and with the payment of an indemnity to deputies. This resolution never advanced so far as a first reading.

The Chamber met in committee 42 times and in public session 144 times. It appointed 72 commissioners, of which all but two had given in their reports. Including Bills reintroduced, it had to consider 109 measures excluding those, to the number of 14, all of which were passed, that were of merely local interest. It had passed 66 Bills; 8 had been withdrawn, 12 thrown out, and 22 left read a first time and eligible for re-introduction in the next session. One only had not even been read—M. Ledru Rollin's, as we said before.

In the meantime everything that had been foreseen was occurring in Algeria. The emperor of Morocco had recorded our abandoning of Mogador as a proof not of

our magnanimity, but of our weakness. Instead of exiling Abd-el-Kader to the shores of the Atlantic as he was bound to do by the treaty, he had let him remain on the Algerian frontier. The result was that, on January 31st, sixty Arabs, not visibly armed, managed to get into our camp and killed the sentry and some unarmed soldiers, but the latter having given the alarm by their shouts, the sixty Arabs were one and all slain.

This attack, however, had the appearance of a private attack; it was attributed to the fanatical sect of the Derkoana, and although it had cost us some twenty killed and wounded, everything soon fell back into the security from which it had aroused us. We were wrong; numerous emissaries of Abd-el-Kader's pervaded the plain and the rural districts, awakening, wherever they passed, that Arab fanaticism, that hatred of the Christian, which sometimes sleeps but never dies.

An encampment taken at Tenez near Orléansville and an attack upon a convoy near Cherchell gave the signal for a general insurrection. The partisans of the emir were, in fact, in the field; Ben-Salem, Bon-Charet, and Bel-Kanem had travelled through the province of Oran and gone to foment a revolt in the mountains of Kabylie.

Two columns were immediately sent in the directions of Cheliff and Medeah. That which went towards Cheliff was commanded by General d'Arbouville, and that which went towards Medeah by General Marey. On June 17th, they effected a junction near Bordj Hamza. On the 19th they vigorously attacked the enemy, who were entrenched in a formidable position from which they were effectually dislodged after three hours' fighting. On the 20th two tribes, the Beni-yala and the Kserma, came to offer their submission.

Three other columns were formed to carry on operations at different points. These three, commanded by Ladmirault, Saint-Arnault, and Pélissier, were to set out from Orléansville and its vicinity. Colonel Ladmirault was to take action separately to the east of Tenez; the

two others, in concert, in the lower parts of Attrah. M. de Saint-Arnault started from Tenez and was to cross the chain of hills that stretches along the sea-coast. Colonel Pélissier, for his part, was to descend the Chétif as far as Ouarizen, thence to go up again to the territory of the Beni Zerjès, and to arrive on the western side of the mountains that M. de Saint-Arnault was invading from the east.

M. Pélissier made a raid upon the Beni Zerjès and summoned the Ouled-Riah to surrender. One portion of the tribe consented, the other absolutely refused. We attacked them. The Ouled-Riah were defeated and took refuge in deep caves into which they had previously sent their children, their flocks, and all their wealth.

Colonel Pélissier ordered an advance upon the caves; some men perished in the process, but the entrance of the caves was surrounded. Then there was an attempt to parley with the Arabs, but the Arabs fired upon the flag of truce. One of the bearers was killed. A parley was at last effected. The Arabs insisted that the French besiegers should retire, and promised in that case to surrender. Unfortunately it was impossible to trust their promises, and we, on the other hand, had engaged to take no prisoners of war, but to be satisfied with disarming them.

During these debates the French force had been ordered to amass combustibles at the mouth of the caves, so as to convince the Arabs that if they did not accept our terms they would be exterminated. They persistently refused. Then, relying upon the governor-general's order, Colonel Pélissier, who could not remain passive before the caves until the Arabs chose to yield, and who could not leave the caves because that would have given the Arabs too great an idea of their impregnability, resolved to throw the flaming faggots and other combustible material collected into the caves. Five hundred and thirty Arabs with their cattle, goats, and sheep perished in them by suffocation.

It was at this time that the shareef Bon-Naza, who was afterwards in Paris, began to become known

as a stirrer-up of disturbances among the Oulads of Sitten.

Meanwhile occurred the terrible massacre of Sidi-Brahim. The desperate resistance and heroic deaths of the little body of men commanded by M. de Montagnac and M. Froment Coste are known to us all. France was thrilled with pride at this massacre as she might have been thrilled by a victory.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

The fatal year of 1846—Demoralisation—The Teste and Praslin cases.

THE session of 1846 opened on October 27th, 1845.

Never since 1830—that is to say, not for the last sixteen years—had the opposition questioned with so much persistence the proceedings of the Cabinet, and never had the opposition to submit to so many checks. During the debates on the address, the Chamber of Deputies was called upon six times over to pronounce upon the policy of the Cabinet. The amendment proposed by M. Odilon Barrot on the disgrace to be attached to electoral corruption was rejected by a majority of forty-two. The amendment proposed by M. Feuillade-Chauvin concerning the loyal and sincere execution of the laws, which was directed against the ordinance of the Privy Seal upon the Council of State, was rejected by a majority of twenty-five. The amendment proposed by M. Grandin on the subject of railway transactions was rejected by a majority of forty-nine. The motion brought forward by M. Berryer, reproving the government relations with the United States, was rejected by a majority of seventy-eight. The amendment brought forward by M. de Rémusat on the neutrality of the Old and the New World was rejected by a majority of sixty-eight. Finally, the amendment proposed by M. Billaut on the right of visit was rejected by a majority of seventy-three.

On the other hand, the whole Chamber, Government and opposition, had the intelligence to unite in voting for the abolition of the extra postage, which burdened all correspondence for inhabitants of the country; and for the purpose of facilitating the sending of money,

any difficulty in which was irksome to the army and to the labouring classes. Moved by a common feeling of national grandeur, the Chamber voted without opposition the sum of ninety-three millions towards a vast project brought forward by the Minister of Marine Affairs. Moreover, with an instinctive sense of the movement towards social progress which was now making itself felt, though still invisible, the Upper House adopted the project for the legal registration of working-men.

Meanwhile, the king's life had twice been threatened by attempted assassination. On April 16th, 1846, as the royal carriage was passing rapidly alongside the wall of the park of Fontainebleau, two shots rang out, with but a few seconds' interval between them. The fringe of the char-a-banc was cut by the balls and the wadding fell out and rolled to the queen's feet, but the king was unhurt. The assassin was arrested; he was a man called Lecomte, formerly keeper on the crown-lands. He was condemned as a parricide and executed on June 8th. Three months after, on July 29th, as the king was bowing to the crowd from the balcony at the Tuileries, two shots were fired from some distance away by a man hidden behind a statue. This man was immediately arrested and gave his name as Joseph Henri. He was condemned to penal servitude.

This seemed to be one of those fatal years that come now and then to warn us of worse things still to be. Besides these two attempts at assassination, the following accidents took place: a railway accident on the Rouen line, on March 21st; a massacre of French prisoners in the Deïra of Abd-el-Kader on April 27th; a railway accident on the Nîmes and Alais line, on May 5th; riots at Nancy owing to the dearness of bread on June 20th; a railway accident on the Fampoux line on July 8th, which was terribly repeated on the left bank of the Versailles line shortly after; trouble in the faubourg Saint-Antoine on September 30th; and, on October 18th and 19th, the inundation of the Loire.

The other events of the year were: the marriage of

the duc de Montpensier with Dona Luisa, Infante of Spain; the visit of the Bey of Tunis to Paris; the marriage of the duc de Bordeaux; and the evasion of prince Louis Napoleon, who escaped from the prison of Ham disguised as a workman, hiding his face behind a bunch of radishes that he pretended to be chewing.

This fatal year, 1846, brought many calamities: inundations, famine, political embarrassment; attempted assassination, sinister warnings. A vague alarm began to spread throughout all classes of society, as is usually the case when great catastrophes are approaching.

A new Chamber had just been called; 120 new deputies were among its ranks, and the opposition counted on securing the greater part of these newcomers. The session had scarcely opened when a most important motion was brought forward by M. Duvergier de Hauranne; a motion for electoral reform. This was the third time that this weighty question had come before the Chamber. It was eventually to overthrow the monarchy. In 1842 M. Ducos had taken the initiative and the proposed increase of the electoral lists was rejected by a majority of forty-seven. In 1845, M. Crémieux brought forward the same proposal, and this time it was rejected by a majority of twenty-three. Now, in his turn, M. Duvergier de Hauranne mounted the rostrum with a new proposition, on March 6th. This proposition, besides the clauses of MM. Ducos and Crémieux, contained three new ones: first, it reduced the electoral qualification to a hundred francs, taking as its basis the only essential contribution; secondly, it concentrated the election into one single college in all towns which sent up more than one deputy, Paris alone excepted; thirdly, it raised the number of deputies from 459 to 538.

The debate on this bill took place on March 23rd. MM. de Golbery, Liadières, and d'Aussonville opposed the reform demanded. It was rejected by a majority of ninety-eight, the opposition numbering 154 and the Conservatives 252. Thus, once again, M. Guizot gave the lie to the famous programme of Lisieux, where he said:

"Every party has promised progress, but the Conservative party alone will give it to you." It was, however, the last time that he had to lie; and the opposition had their triumph in their turn. M. Hébert, vice-president of the Chamber, having been called to the ministry, M. Léon de Malleville, candidate of the opposition, was elected by a majority of one over the head of M. Duprat, candidate of the ministry.

As the coming catastrophe drew near, symptoms of demoralisation became more frequent. The policy of Louis Philippe's government had always been to substitute the sentiment of material interest for that of public honour and national susceptibility; but from this sentiment, when pushed to an extreme, it is but a single step to forgetfulness of all laws of honour and delicacy. This step was taken by men of so high a social standing that France was terrified to hear the rank of the accused who were called before the Bar of the House on July 8th: General Despans-Cubières; M. Teste, formerly Minister of Public Works; M. Parmentier, broker. The fourth, M. Pellapra, the banker, had taken flight. M. Teste was held guilty of having taken bribes when Minister of Public Works in 1842 and 1843, and of having received gifts and presents for exercising those functions that he should have performed gratis, and he was condemned to civic degradation, to pay a fine of 94,000 francs, and to three years' imprisonment. M. Despans-Cubières, though acquitted of cheating, was found guilty of having tried to corrupt a minister of the State to obtain the concession of a mine, and was condemned to civic degradation and fined 10,000 francs. M. Parmentier, guilty of the same crime, received the same sentence.

Almost immediately, there rang through the ranks of Parisian society, like the voice of some invisible spirit crying in the night, words which seemed to reek of blood: "The duchesse de Praslin, née Sébastiani, has been murdered by her husband, the duc de Choiseul-Praslin, raised to the peerage of France on April 6th, 1845." This time it was not a question of civic degrada-

tion, fine, or imprisonment, but of the guillotine. There were no extenuating circumstances. The room was steeped in blood, from floor to ceiling; the curtains were sopped with it, both those around the bed and those that hung above the door; the mutilated body, hacked throat, and slashed hands were evidence of a terrible struggle, a desperate resistance. The murder took place on August 18th, and on the same day M. de Praslin was denounced as the assassin by the coroner; and yet, thanks to his title and peerage, it was not till the 21st, at five in the morning, that he was arrested on a warrant drawn by the chancellor, Pasquier. On the 24th, the duc de Praslin died, poisoned by a heavy dose of arsenic.

Wait a bit. We have had corruption and murder; now for suicide. On November 2nd, Count Bresson, our ambassador at Naples, was found dead in his room. He had cut his throat with a razor.

The previous year brought railway accidents; this year it was the turn of the sea. The *Etna* commenced the series of shipwrecks, going down at the very beginning of the year. Then the *Caraïbe* was lost off the coast of Senegal. Then the *Greenland*, the *Eridan*, and the *Papin* disappeared in a few months. Then the frigate *Glory* and the corvette *Victorious* were shipwrecked off the archipelago on the western coast of la Gorée. Then the corvette *le Berceau* went down, with crew and cargo, between Bourbon and Madagascar. Finally, the *Comte d'Eu* was set on fire by the water from its boiler.

Wait again. We must go back and turn our eyes on still other things; for the catastrophes of this fatal year 1847, the last of the monarchy, are so many and succeed one another so quickly that we are letting several, and those perhaps the most terrible, slip through our fingers.

Riot was loose in the departments; pillage—and famine. At Buzançais, in the district of Châteauroux, several houses were sacked and one householder, M. Chambert-Huart, assassinated. Five or six days after,

in full daylight, another murder was committed, at Bellabre, the victim being M. Robin Vailland. Three death sentences, four sentences of penal servitude for life, eighteen of penal servitude of varying terms, and only one acquittal were the result and the expiation of these two murders.

Algeria remained our one pride; the little glory that still clung to France came to her from there; therefore king Louis Philippe resolved to make Algeria a vice-royalty for his son. General Bugeaud handed in his resignation, and the duc d'Aumale was raised to the post of governor-general of Algeria until he could become something higher still. He had scarcely reached the country when he was able to send the French government news of the most unexpected type. Entrapped in the territory of Morocco and preferring to yield to the son of Louis Philippe rather than to the son of the emperor Abd-er-Rhaman, the emir entered the duke's tent, leaving his sandals at the door, and said: "I would have done before what I am come to do to-day; but I awaited the hour set apart by God. General Lamoricière gave me his word and I have trusted to it. I have no fear that it will be violated by the son of a king so great as the king of France."

The hour of God had brought Abd-el-Kader indeed to that very marabout of Sidi-Brahim where he had cut the throats of one hundred and fifty Frenchmen; but he came this time in all humility, conquered and broken, to tender his submission. Nevertheless, humble and broken as he was, the word given should have been respected. Our breach of faith to him was not justified by his former breach of faith towards us; nor was it honourable to send him prisoner to France after having agreed to send him, free, to Alexandria or to St. John d'Acre. By a strange chance, even as the dey of Algeria, when he arrived in Europe, witnessed the fall of those who had brought about his fall, so the emir, on reaching France, saw the defeat of those who had caused his defeat. The submission of the emir was the last favour that a wearied

Providence accorded to this king of the French, who, had he but been killed by Fieschi, Alibaud, or even by Lecomte, might have passed for one of the greatest kings who ever reigned in France.

As a climax to this year of horrors, a supreme misfortune befell on its last day. Two such had already come to Louis Philippe. On December 31st died Mme. Eugénie Louise Adélaïde of Orléans, dearly beloved sister of the king.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

Opening of 1848—An unteachable king—The resolution of the opposition.

THE year 1848 opened under the shadow of that grave preoccupation with the Reform question which was shared by the whole of France. But nothing opened the king's eyes; neither public catastrophe nor private misfortune. In spite of his sixty-three years; in spite of his sister's death, though she had been his intimate adviser; in spite of the succession of ministers, MM. Laffitte, Casimir Périer, Soult, Thiers, Molé, de Broglie, and Guizot,—he always boasted himself to be and always was—Immutable thought. When in 1830 he found himself placed between two alternatives—of being either the sovereigns' ally or the people's representative—he fell into the error of his predecessors and elected for the sovereigns. The days of June 5th and 6th, and of April 10th, 1834, and May 12th and 13th, 1839, taught him nothing; Fieschi, Alibaud, Meunier, Darmès, Lecomte, and Henri fired on him in vain; he did not see in their attempts a warning sent by Providence, but viewed them as a sign of the special protection accorded to him by God: and so, in his blindness, he fought, not against single parties, but against the majority in France. Supported by the two men in whom he had confidence, Guizot and Duchâtel, he fought against Reform, laughed at the demonstrations of the provinces, and declared that he would oppose, by force if necessary, the Reform Banquet which was to take place at the Champs-Élysées on February 2nd, 1849.

Everybody suffered anxiety on seeing the attitude of the king and that of the opposition, led by Odilon Barrot. This feeling affected the ministers, who com-

menced to make both offensive and defensive preparations.

The middle classes, whom M. Guizot believed to be attached to him, if not by sympathy, at least by interest, banded together in fifty important towns and protested loudly against the conduct of the Government. The great majority in France believed reform necessary. Yet this did not prevent Louis Philippe, when making his speech from the throne, from uttering this sentence, so wounding to the minority in the Chamber:

"Through all these agitations which inimical or blind passions are fomenting, one conviction animates and sustains me; namely, that in the constitutional monarchy, and in the union of the great powers of the State, we possess an assured means of surmounting all obstacles and satisfying all the material and moral interests of our dear country."

It was then, in the midst of these political preoccupations, which became more serious every day, that the year 1848 opened. We now reach February 15th. On the 13th a communication had been made to the *Constitutional*, the *French Courier*, the *Century*, and the *National*. It appeared on the 14th; here it is:

"A meeting of more than a hundred deputies, belonging to many factions of the opposition, took place this morning to decide upon some common line of conduct to be adopted after the vote on the last paragraph of the address. The meeting started by discussing the political situation created by this paragraph; it agreed that the address, as it had been voted, constituted a flagrant and audacious violation on the part of the majority of the rights of the minority, and that the ministry, by taking part in an Act so exorbitant, has both misunderstood one of the most sacred principles of the Constitution violated in the persons of their representatives—one of the rights most essential to citizens—and by a measure adopted for ministerial safety thrown the country into a state of fatal division and disorder. In such circumstances, the meeting concluded that its duty became grave and more imperative, and that in the

midst of events which are agitating Europe and preoccupying France, they could not abandon for one single moment the guard and defence of national interests. The opposition will remain at its post to watch over and combat the counter-revolutionary policy, the audacity of which is alarming the whole country. As for the Citizens' Right of Assembly, a right which the ministry tries to subordinate to its good pleasure and confiscate to its own profit, the assembly, unanimously convinced that this right is inherent in every free constitution and formally established moreover by our Rights, has resolved to maintain it, and hold it sacred by every legal and constitutional means. Therefore a commission has been elected to form an understanding with the committee of the Parisian electors and regulate with that committee the concourse of deputies at the banquet which is to be given as a protest against these arbitrary pretensions. This decision was carried without prejudice to the appeals which the deputies of the opposition reserve to themselves the right of addressing under other forms to the electoral body and to public opinion. The meeting also thought that altering the true character of the address to make of it an act touching the rights of the deputy put the opposition under the necessity of expressing on all occasions its disapproval of such an excessive interpretation of its powers. It was therefore resolved unanimously that none of its members, not even those who might be chosen to take part in the great deputation, should participate in the presentation of the address."

As a consequence of this meeting it had been decided that a banquet should take place and that the members of the opposition should assist at it. This resolution passed unanimously. The commission for the banquet, composed of the Paris deputies, of three members from each faction of the Left, of delegates from the central committee, and of certain editors, was convoked for the next day, to prepare the means for that solemn manifestation in favour of the right of reunion and of reform.

On the same day, M. Émile de Girardin, deputy from la Creuse, who had left the ranks of the majority the previous year to join those of the minority, sent in his resignation to the Chamber, in the following terms :

"M. the President:

"Between an intolerant majority and an inconsequent minority there is no place for a man who cannot understand power without initiative or progress, an opposition without vigour or logic. I beg to hand in my resignation and shall await the general election. I have the honour to be your very humble and very obedient servant,

"Émile de Girardin."

The rumour spread that the tenth legion had been asked to furnish, besides heads of battalions and captains, by the hands of the sergeant-majors of each company, sixteen blank service orders, signed, to be left at the Town Hall and handed, if necessary, to sixteen reliable men. It appeared that the heads of corps, when informed of this illegal measure, protested vigorously, and that the sergeant-majors refused to give the blank orders. It is probable that the same thing was done with regard to the other legions, and the government is accused of improvising in this way a false National Guard, of which it could make use at will, whenever needed.

The news coming from Italy all spoke of liberty. Sicily had rid herself of all the Neapolitan troops. Naples, on her part, had obtained the promise of a Constitution, which a new minister was drawing up. Charles Albert had declared solemnly that he was ready to recognise the law of the time, and to give to its administrative reforms the reforms and guarantees of political authority. For this reason his ministers had deserted him, declaring that the government of Piedmont would henceforth be a representative government and that the Charter which he was giving to his people was modelled on the French Charter of 1830.

On the other hand, the duc de Modène seized and threw into prison all those worthy men whose intelligence put him to shame, and so far from denying that it was their intelligence that offended him, he proclaimed the fact. Here is his last decree, against three of his own subjects:

"In view of the information communicated by the governor of Reggïo with regard to Dr. Pietro Menozzi, to the surgeon Cire Berselli, and to Campana, considering:

"First, that Dr. Menozzi has talent and learning, we condemn him to eight months' imprisonment.

"Secondly, that the surgeon Berselli has less talent and learning, we condemn him to four months' imprisonment.

"Thirdly, that Campana has still less talent and learning, we condemn him to three months' imprisonment."

CHAPTER XC

Events day by day—The Reform banquet—Increasing public anxiety.

FROM now on, since we have reached February 15th, 1848, we will follow events day by day.[1]

February 15th.—A hundred deputies inscribed their names as wishing to take part in the banquet. They say that M. Sallandrouze was delegated by the commercial powers to beg his Majesty Louis Philippe, in the name of Parisian industry, not to attach a disastrous importance to the demonstration which was to take place on Sunday, February 20th. The king, they say, stopped him in the middle of his speech to ask him if Tissues were selling well. Being afraid of a riot, they talked of transporting the Parisian banquet to Saint-Denis or Corbeil, but this rumour was soon denied; still, they say the banquet is to take place in private grounds. It is affirmed that entire battalions of the National Guards have offered to act as escort to the deputies.

February 16th.—It is said that orders have been sent to Vincennes to prepare munitions night and day, and to send cannon and ammunition waggons and cart-loads of material to the Military School with all expedition.

They say that everything is being prepared at Vincennes as if for a siege, and this copy of an order is being handed round, written by the duc de Montpensier:

"Deliver instantly the magazines of artillery from Vincennes and send to the Military School in Paris without delay the following things:

[1] From this point Dumas has recourse to his own Journal of the events of the revolution. See Introduction.—*Translator's Note.*

"Two batteries of campaign artillery with ammunition waggons; twenty ammunition waggons for infantry; three hundred cases of grape shot; four hundred petards; and a waggon of torches for night service.

"(Signed) A. D'ORLÉANS."

There was a discussion in the Chamber. M. Lesseps asked the Minister of War what had become of the cannon meant for the fortification of Paris. These cannon are not at Bourges. M. Allais maintains that they are not at Paris, but at Douai, Strasburg, and Toulouse. M. Trezel refused to give any information. Troops have been gathering round Paris. All the garrisons of the neighbourhood are ready to march. Thanks to the railway, from 16,000 to 24,000 men might be drawn up round the capital by the 20th. As the new regiments reach Paris the heads of corps, dressed in mufti, are conducted by staff officers, also in mufti, to the different points that their corps are to occupy in case of attack. A part of the troops are to be stationed in Paris and its precincts. The barracks have been supplied with ammunition and provisioned with food and wood to last for five or six days. The action against Brother Léotade is still going on at Toulouse, but it is no longer attracting any attention.

February 17th.—The Reform banquet of the Twelfth District, which was to have taken place on the 20th, is put off till early in the week. From Lyons, Châlons, and Péronne letters reach the deputies of the opposition telling them to count on the support of the Reformers in those different towns. Similar letters arrived from Saint-Quentin, Saint-Germain-en-Laye, Orleans, Amiens, and Saint-Omer. The duc d'Harcourt, the comte d'Althon-Shee, the marquis de Boissy, members of the House of Lords, announce that they will assist at the Reform meeting.

February 18th.—The general commission for the Reform banquet of the Twelfth District has decided that the manifestation shall take place next Tuesday, February 22nd, at noon. The Council of Ministers met to

consult upon the measures to be adopted with regard to the manifestation of Tuesday, the 22nd.

February 19*th.*—The deputies of the opposition who have signed the engagement to assist at the banquet met to deliberate on the part they ought to take in the manifestation in favour of the right of assembly, contested by the ministry. The meeting recognised that it was more than ever necessary to protest, by a great legal act, against a measure contrary to the principle of the Constitution as well as to the text of the law. It has therefore been resolved that on the coming Tuesday all shall proceed in a body to the place of the meeting. The relieving guard heard cries in the courtyard of the Tuileries, of "Long live Reform!" This has excited the castle greatly, and orders have been sent to the staff officers of the National Guard to prevent any such manifestations in future.

The resolutions of the banquet committee are as following:

"The day of the banquet remains fixed for Tuesday, the 22nd; the time is to be noon; and the place definitely chosen is on some ground belonging to M. Nitot in the rue de Chaillot.

"On Tuesday, about half-past eleven, the deputies and peers of France who intend to assist at the banquet will start in a body from the place de la Madeleine, and will join up when they meet them with the other subscribers, for whom a meeting-place will be fixed in the place de la Concorde. As soon as the two bodies have joined, the assembly will immediately set out for the place of the banquet, passing along a double column extending from the place Vendôme to the barrier of l'Etoile, and formed of 10,000 National Guards in uniform, but without arms, formed into separate platoons under the command of their respective officers.

"When they reach the place of the manifestation, the guests will be content to act a simulacrum of a banquet, partaking quickly and for form only of the food upon the tables. One toast only, 'Reform and the right of assembly,' will be proposed by M. Odilon Barrot, who will make a very short speech. Directly after, the guests will depart, taking care, as they go, to exhort the National

Guards to disperse quietly and without in any way disturbing public order."

The *National*, which is the organ of the Banquet Commission, will publish in its columns to-morrow a request to the populace to maintain the strictest limits of law and order. They say that the *Reform* abruptly split with the commission after having offered its support. At 4 o'clock this afternoon, the number of deputies who had undertaken to appear at the banquet was 77; M. de Lamartine is one of them. There will be nearly 500 subscribers and guests. This banquet is the only topic of conversation. The talk everywhere concerns the measures that the government may take to prevent its taking place, even perhaps going as far as a demonstration of armed force. Public anxiety is increasing; for the last three or four days the box-office receipts at the theatres, infallible thermometer of public feeling, have been almost nothing.

February 20th.—The general commission charged with the organisation of the banquet for the Twelfth District, wishes to remind the public that the manifestation fixed for next Tuesday has for its object the legal and pacific exercise of a constitutional right—the right of political assembly, without which a representative government would be a mere burlesque.

"The ministry having declared and maintained that the exercise of this right should be subject to the good-will of the police, the deputies of the opposition, many peers of France and retired deputies, members of the General Council, magistrates, officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the National Guard, members of the Central Committee of Electors of the opposition, and subscribers to the Paris newspapers have accepted the invitation to take part in the manifestation, to protest, in the name of the law, against an illegal and arbitrary pretension. As one cannot help foreseeing that this public protestation will attract a large crowd of citizens; and as one may presume that the National Guard, faithful to their duties, to liberty, and to public order, would have, in this case, to fulfil a double

duty, and would defend our liberties by joining the manifestation for the protection of public order and so prevent all disturbance by their presence,—foreseeing, therefore, a numerous assembly of National Guards and citizens, it seems best to take certain dispositions to prevent any cause of trouble or tumult.

"The commission therefore think that it is best for the meeting to take place in that quarter of the capital where the width of the roads and open spaces permits the public to assemble without inconvenience to the traffic; therefore, the deputies, peers of France, and other people invited to the banquet will meet next Tuesday at 11 o'clock at the usual meeting-place of parliamentary opposition, place de la Madeleine, 2.

"The subscribers to the banquet who belong to the National Guard are requested to assemble before the church of the Madeleine and to form two parallel columns between which the guests will march. The procession will be headed by all the officers of the National Guard who join the manifestation. A row of these officers will station themselves immediately behind the guests. Behind these again will be the National Guards, formed into columns according to the number of their legions. Between the third and the fourth column will be the youths from the schools, under the control of commissioners to be chosen by themselves. After them, the remainder of the National Guards of Paris and its environs, in the order already indicated. The procession will start at half-past eleven and march by way of the place de la Concorde and the Champs Élysées to the place of the banquet. The commission, convinced that this manifestation will have the more effect if it is conducted quietly and in order, and will gain in importance the more it eschews all loophole for complaint, begs the citizens to avoid all cheers and cries, and to carry no banners or badges; and asks the National Guards who take part in it to come unarmed. This banquet is intended as a legal and pacific protest, and its chances of carrying conviction rest on the number and the firm and quiet attitude of the citizens. The commission hopes that every man present will look on himself as a functionary charged to maintain order; its members have confidence in the presence of the National Guards and in the good feeling of the Parisian public; we want public peace with liberty, and we know that to assure the maintenance of our rights a peaceful demonstration

is amply sufficient—a demonstration such as is fitting from an intelligent and enlightened nation, conscious of the irresistible authority of its moral force, and convinced that its legitimate wishes must prevail if its opinions find a mode of expression that shall be both quiet and legal."

The publication of the above produced a great effect, so great that it awakened the fears of the prefect of police, who published the following proclamation during the day:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS,

"A restlessness which is injurious to work and business interests has prevailed for the last few days. It has been caused by the manifestation that is being organised. The government, actuated by fears for the maintenance of public order which are only too well justified, and exercising a right which the laws allow and which has been used constantly without contestation, have forbidden the banquet arranged by the Twelfth District. Nevertheless, as the government has declared before the Chamber of Deputies that the question was one capable of judicial solution, instead of opposing the projected banquet by armed force, the resolution has been taken to signify disapproval after having allowed the guests to enter the banqueting hall, in the hope that those guests will have the wisdom to retire at the first summons and not convert a simple contravention into an act of rebellion. This seemed the only means of bringing the question up for judgment before the Court of Cassation.

"The government persists in this determination, but the manifesto published this morning by the papers of the opposition announces another aim and other intentions; it lifts another government beside the true government of the country—that which was instituted by the Charter and rests on parliamentary majority; it calls for a public manifestation, dangerous to public peace; it convokes the National Guards, in violation of the law of 1831; and disposes of them in advance in regular columns, their officers at their head. There can be no question here of good faith; the laws are clearly violated, though perfectly clear and established. The government must secure respect for those laws, for they are the foundation and guarantee of public safety. I ask all good citizens to conform to the laws and

not join any assembly, for fear of giving rise to trouble of a regrettable nature. I call on their patriotism and their common sense, in the name of our institutions, of public peace, and of the dearest interests of the city.

"GABRIEL DELESSERT.

"PARIS,
"*February* 21st, 1848."

CHAPTER XCI

The banquet is abandoned—Deliberations of the opposition.

February 21*st.*—At the opening of the Chamber, and during almost the whole of the sitting, the benches of the Left were empty. About a sixtieth part of the members of the majority and a few members of the Right alone were in their places, and animated conversations arose among them. The discussion of a project of law concerning the Bank of Bordeaux took place among evident distraction of mind; there was no one there to debate. At half-past four, the entire opposition arrived by the Left lobby; the members of the majority also came in, by the Right lobby, and took their seats. A lively debate started at once between M. Odilon Barrot and the Minister of the Interior on the manifesto of the day before. M. Odilon Barrot maintained that the opposition had merely used a right conceded them by the Charter. M. Duchatel declared that the manifesto violated every law of the country on which depended public order and tranquillity. According to him, it constituted a violation of the law against mobs, since the manifesto provoked the presence of a mob. He said, too, that the law concerning the National Guard was violated by it, since the manifesto called together the National Guard, who should receive orders only from their Heads. The manifesto, according to him, was simply a government improvised to stand beside the legal and constitutional government. M. Duchatel declared, therefore, that since it was his duty to maintain public order he would maintain it, by every means in his power.

This threat terminated the discussion. The president

proposed to resume the debate on the legal project concerning the Bank of Bordeaux, but from every side came cries of "No, no! To-morrow—to-morrow!" The discussion was therefore adjourned till midday on February 22nd.

In the evening, the deputies of the opposition sent the following note to the papers, a note whose corollary is a proposition to bring an accusation against the ministry:

"A great and solemn demonstration was to have taken place to-day, in favour of the rights of assembly contested by the government. Every measure possible had been taken to ensure order and prevent any kind of trouble. The government knew of these measures several days ago, and knew what form the protest was to take. It was known that the deputies were going to the place of the banquet in a body accompanied by citizens and by National Guards, unarmed. The government had announced an intention of placing no obstacle in the way of this demonstration, so long as order was maintained, and only by means of a summons asserting the view that what the opposition regards as the exercise of a right is by the government considered an infringement of right.

"All of a sudden, using as pretext a publication whose sole purpose was to prevent any disorder that might have accrued from too great a concourse of people, the government has notified its resolution to forbid by force any meeting in a public place and to deny all participation in the proposed manifestation both to the populace and to the National Guards. This tardy resolution of the government does not allow the opposition a chance to change the nature of the demonstration. We are therefore placed between the alternatives either of provoking trouble between the populace and the public powers, or of abandoning the legal and pacific protest which we had planned. In such a dilemma, the members of the opposition, being personally protected by their quality as deputies, cannot voluntarily expose the people to the consequences of a struggle as disastrous for order as for public liberty. The opposition therefore feels that the plan must be abandoned and all responsibility for these measures left to the ministry. It is hoped that all good citizens will follow this example.

"In thus adjourning the exercise of a right, the opposition pledges itself to our country to make that right prevail by every constitutional means in its power. This duty shall be fulfilled; the struggle against a corrupt, violent, and anti-national policy shall be pursued with more perseverance and energy than ever. In abandoning the banquet the opposition accomplishes a great act of moderation and humanity. We are conscious that there is yet to be done a great act of resolution and justice.

"In consequence of the resolution taken by the opposition, an act of accusation against the ministry will be proposed immediately by a great number of deputies, among them being MM. Odilon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, de Malleville, d'Aragon, Abatucci, Beaumont (de la Somme), Georges de la Fayette, Boissel, Garnier-Pagès, Carnot, Chambolle, Drouyn de Lhuis, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, Havin, de Courtais, Vavin, Garnon, Marquis, Jouvencel, Taillandier, Moreau (Seine), Berger, Marie, Bethmont, de Thiars, Dupont (de l'Eure), etc."

These different resolutions circulated round Paris that same evening, and caused considerable agitation. Lively arguments arose as to what the deputies would do, and what they ought to do as members of the opposition and subscribers to the banquet. Some praised them for having sacrificed the consciousness of the rectitude of their cause to the fear of a disturbance; others, on the other hand, would rather they had pushed resistance to the powers to the last extremity in support of that very rectitude. Every one foresaw that the next day would be stormy. They say that the confidence felt by the government was due to the hostility supposed to exist between the populace and the army. When consulted by the king on what was best to do, Maréchal Bugeaud is said to have replied: "Give the command of Paris into my hands, sir, and I will undertake to make the Parisians swallow the sabre of Isly to its very hilt."

The shops shut at a later hour than usual. Whilst they were shutting, the opposition returned in some disorder to the house of M. Barrot and there deliberated as they had done for seventeen years past whenever

there was anything to be done. In face of the threatening words of the ministry, M. Thiers proposed to give way. M. Barrot hesitated, and yielded at first to his fighting instinct, but afterwards came round to M. Thiers' opinion and carried with him the majority of those present. Then there was division in the assembly, a small group detaching itself and going off to the house of M. de Lamartine. There, every one protested energetically that, in spite of the bayonets, they would go to the banquet and maintain by their presence their right of assembly.

During this deliberation, public anxiety increased. The prefect's circular passed from hand to hand. There was talk of the strategic measures taken in advance along the route that the procession was to march. A slight hesitation began to appear among M. de Lamartine's guests.

"Even if the place de la Concorde is deserted," cried he, "and every deputy traitor to his duty, I will go alone to the banquet, accompanied merely by my own shadow."

At midnight, it was officially announced that the commissioners had removed all preparations for the meeting and that any one going to the rendezvous would find nothing but a locked door.

CHAPTER XCII

A dangerous tranquillity—Defensive steps—A collision with the Municipal Guards.

February 22nd.—For the last three days it has been known that a great movement of troops has been taking place round Paris: 27,000 men were in barracks in the town, 40,000 were at its gates, one garrison occupied Vincennes, and another Mount Valérien. Reinforcements were expected to arrive both from the barrier of the Trône and that of l'Étoile. The armed force which occupied Paris consisted of thirty-seven battalions of infantry, a battalion of chasseurs from Orleans, three companies of engineers, 4,000 municipal guards and veterans, twenty squadrons of cavalry, and five batteries. One of these batteries was to be stationed, match in hand, from 6 o'clock in the morning, in the faubourg Saint-Antoine. Every guard-house was fortified; slits cut in the thickness of the wall and covered over with plaster were now reopened. The ministry had therefore every reason to be reassured; royalty could sleep in peace. People said that the elder branch had fallen because taken by surprise; but the Bourbons of the younger branch saw revolt coming from afar, and it found them prepared.

Paris had borne a strange aspect all night; as long as it was possible to read the proclamations of the prefect of police by the light of an open shop or a jet of gas, groups stood about those proclamations. At last the night being now pitch dark, every one went home. Paris seemed calm; but Paris was really waiting.

Orderlies on horseback went round the more inhabited quarters; they encountered many men—men in blue

blouses—who stopped to stare after them; nothing was said, but a mutual threat was felt. These orderlies started from the Tuileries and came back to the Tuileries. They had met with no resistance, except that of thought, and they had heard no noise, except that of the passing hours; therefore they could only report that "Paris was tranquil."

When dawn came the skies were cloudy, a moist wind was blowing from the west, the air was warmish, and the streets preserved their usual early quiet. About 10 o'clock, a crowd—the crowd of so many future revolts, easy to recognise—came arm in arm, from the more distant quarters; the measures taken by the government were known, and the intention of the government to execute them. Yet that crowd was punctual to the rendezvous that no one had made. On the other hand, the merely curious, so easily distinguished from the men we have just spoken of, came rolling through the three great arteries of Paris—the boulevards, the rue St. Honoré, and the quays.

At 10 o'clock, the Saint-Germain Quarter, usually so tranquil, awoke to the sound of the Marseillaise and of the Girondins Chorus. These were being sung by the students, who had met on the place du Panthéon, descended the rue des Grés, then the rue de la Harpe, the rue de l'Ecole de Médicine, the rue Dauphine, the Pont-Neuf, and at last reached the place de la Madeleine, in the midst of a compact, curious, but cold crowd, which seemed waiting still to choose its side. Once there, the singing started again, and soon attracted all the working-men. The vests and the blouses separated from the frockcoats and went over to join the students, and the column, almost doubled in number, having marched round the place de la Madeleine, rolled onwards to the place de la Concorde. At the entrance to the bridge of the Revolution it came up against a platoon of Municipal Guards, which lowered muskets and crossed bayonets before it. The head of the column would then have halted, but the pressure behind pushed it on the bayonets. A young man then uncovered his

breast and offered it to the points. The bayonets were lowered and the column passed on. It was to be seen pushed closely together between the two parapets of the bridge; then it widened out to touch all the bases of the Palais-Bourbon, passed over the iron gates, mounted the peristyle and even overflowed into the neighbouring gardens.

The leaders had got to the lobbies, whilst the end of the column was still at the foot of the Obelisk. Then the gates of the barracks on the quai d'Orsay opened, and a squadron of the 8th Dragoons came out, formed a platoon, started at a trot and reached the crowd, sabres drawn. When they reached it, each man stopped his horse with one hand and with the other put his sabre back into its scabbard; then, at a walking pace, slowly and silently, they merely pushed their horses through the crowd. The people cried "Long live the dragoons!" and the dragoons saluted the crowd. Behind the cavalry, a battalion of troops of the line trotted and took up their position in the place du Palais-Bourbon; a commissioner was with them to read the Riot Act. At the same moment, pickets of infantry, cavalry, chasseurs, dragoons, and municipal guards come on from all sides and formed up in all the avenues which led to the Chamber of Deputies, whilst two pieces of cannon were brought into the rue de Bourgogne. A general trotted by, his plume floating on the breeze, and cried to the commandant of the palace guard: "You need not be uneasy. The bridge is guarded. The best troops of Europe could not force it." It was General Perrot.

The Chamber, indeed, was well defended, so well that the deputies had trouble to effect an entrance themselves. One would never have believed that such a gathering of forces would be thought necessary to watch over the safety of men who were about to discuss a project of law concerning the Bank of Bordeaux.

From the top of the peristyle of the Chamber could be seen the strategic and able distribution of the troops. Beyond the top of the bridge the eye fell on a compact

and immense crowd, motionless except for that slight undulation which can be seen in a wheat-field when the wind blows gently. But, here and there, the crowd was overtopped by groups clinging to the statues, to the lamp-posts, to the vases of the fountains which were not playing, and clustering about the amphitheatre of the great porch of the Madeleine, which formed a sort of pendant on the horizon to the portal of the Chamber of Deputies. All of a sudden the whole crowd seethed. It had scarcely seemed able to move before, and now it fled. In the midst of it flashed the sabres and casques of the Municipal Guards, who fell upon it. One old woman was killed, and one man wounded. The mass of people turned and vanished, and the place was empty, save for some thirty people, who, pressed too hardly by the horses and sabres of the Guard, had leapt into the gutters of the place de la Concorde and now crawled out, one after the other, to make their escape up the rue de Rivoli and the rue Royale.

CHAPTER XCIII

Accusation of the ministry—The first barricades.

THE events that we have just related lasted from ten in the morning to two in the afternoon. Not a single musket of the National Guards was out. They were not summoned.

During this time, the Chamber was debating; but M. Odilon Barrot profited by a moment's silence to place on the president's desk a paper of which every one knew the contents. The president did not open it. It contained the accusation of the ministry, and was worded as follows:

"We accuse the ministry of being guilty—

"First, of having betrayed France both as regards her honour and her interests;

"2nd, Of having played false to the principle of the Constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and tampered with the citizen's rights;

"3rd, Of having attempted to substitute, by means of a systematic corruption, the calculations of private interest for the free expression of public opinion, and by so doing, of having perverted representative government;

"4th, Of having trafficked, in the ministerial interests, with the public functions and every other attribute and privilege of power;

"5th, Of having, in the same interests, ruined the finances of the State and thus compromised our national greatness and power;

"6th, Of having violently despoiled citizens of a right inherent in every free constitution and one whose exercise was guaranteed to them by the Charter, by our laws and by all precedents;

"7th, Of having, finally, by a policy openly counter-revo-

lutionary, jeopardised all the conquests of our two revolutions and thrown the whole country into an extreme perturbation."

This was followed by fifty-four signatures, hastily collected, a number that would of course be greatly increased during the day. On his part, and almost at the same time—on his own responsibility—M. de Genoude went to the president's desk and laid another paper on it, open. It was a second accusation and couched in the following terms:

"Since the ministry, by refusing to reform an electoral law which deprives citizens of all participation in political rights, is violating our national sovereignty and consequently causing dangers and troubles to arise in our social order; since it is upholding in France a system both immoral and ruinous for the country and fatal and degrading to our position with regard to other countries, the undersigned, deputy of la Haute-Garonne, demands the arraignment of the president of the Council and his colleagues.

"GENOUDE, *deputy from Toulouse.*"

Several members called for the reading of these papers; but M. Sauzet replied that they could only be read after they had received the authorisation of the bureaux, where they would be examined two days hence, Thursday, February 24th. An instant after, M. Duchâtel came in; he wore his overcoat and kept his hat in his hand, but he spoke a few words to the president and then sat on the ministers' bench, and after a short conversation with his colleagues left the Hall again. It was then four o'clock. At half-past four, the president declared the sitting at an end.

Whilst MM. Odilon Barrot and M. Genoude were presenting their propositions, and whilst M. Duchâtel was appearing and disappearing, about thirty men, armed with stones, were attacking the post office in the Champs Élysées, scaling the roof, breaking the windows and disarming the soldiers; then, advancing on the church of the Assumption, and the palace of the Garde-Meuble, they tore up the iron palings with their hard workmen's

hands, and built up the first barricades in the Champs Élysées, the rue St. Honoré, and the rue de Rivoli. It then occurred to them that they were still too few to organise any resistance in streets which were broad and open; they therefore retired to the centre of the town, breaking open two shops belonging to Lepage and Devisme, and then they hid themselves in the tortuous streets of the Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin quarters, adjacent to the cloisters of Saint-Mery and the rue Transnonain, of tragic memory. The barricades they had raised were soon destroyed; they lasted about as long as those first rolling waves, which yet announce the coming of the storm. That storm was in the air. One could feel it.

The sun sank behind the Invalides, and its sombre disc showed out from two broad bands of blood-colour. The garden of the Tuileries was shut, and the Pont Royal guarded; imposing forces were concentrated in the Carrousel. The troops that had left the barracks did not go back again; they were sent about in companies, platoons, and pickets. They were to be seen grouped on the quays, in the squares and at the cross roads; a whole battalion camped in the market, and at each corner of the street the sun glinted on the barrel of a sentinel's musket. Even the most timid were not afraid to go out in search of news. By midnight, the following facts were known: the combatants had passed from the rue Tiquetone to the rue Bourg-l'Abbé, and then to the rue Transnonain; barely thirty or forty were armed and these had only about six cartridges. The deadliest engagement took place in the rue Beaubourg, by the door of a house where five prisoners had been shut up. Their comrades were trying to rescue them, and a hand-to-hand fight took place between the people and the Municipal Guards. The number of dead and wounded was not known, but it was thought to be about twelve. The prisoners remained in the power of the authorities and about 200 arrests had been made.

From midnight till 3 o'clock Paris glowed under the

reflection of two great fires. One glare of light was caused by the fires lit by the troops from the porte Saint-Martin to the boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle; and that of the other was caused by the flame that mounted from the heap of chairs and benches heaped up and set afire in the midst of the broad alley in the Champs Élysées.

February 23rd.—The whole night long the troops camped in the mud. Directly day broke, the fires were put out; and, the rain beginning to pour in torrents, a man quoted Pétion's words: "It is raining; nothing will happen." They were wrong. During the night, the men who had beaten a retreat into that labyrinth of streets which stretches from the palais du Caire to the place Royale, had been busy at their work; barricades had arisen on all sides; as the sun rose, it shone on the threatening, silent preparations of the dark.

Two generals were in command of the two forces to which the government always looked for succour: General Tiburce Sébastiani was at the head of the regiment of the line, and General Jacqueminot had command of the National Guards. The first-named was frightened at his responsibility and attempted only half-measures; he hesitated and lost time, having no experience of this barricade warfare which is not included in any book on military tactics. The other general, ill and in pain, only just risen from a serious illness, and feeling in his troops a voiceless opposition which only wanted a word to break out, took no initiative and contented himself with listening to the reports that were constantly brought to him.

CHAPTER XCIV

Calls to arms—Guizot falls—The king is incredulous—The song of the Girondins.

During the night, orders were given to the troops surrounding the town. They entered through the barrier of Passy, arriving by forced marches, and disappeared through the wickets of the Carrousel, which shut on them its iron gates. At 10 o'clock in the morning, a regiment of the line, preceded by a battery of artillery, marched along the left bank of the river and took up its position near the Isle St.-Louis. On the previous night a rumour had been spread that the National Guard was to be called out; but this had been stopped by a counter order at 3 o'clock in the morning, and not a single representative was to be seen in the streets of that great power which had already three times turned the scales in favour of the government.

About 11 o'clock, the first calls to arms were sounded, and we understood, when we heard that cry of royalty to the National Guard, that affairs were serious. They were fighting, indeed, with fury in the rues Beaubourg, Quincampoix, and Bourg-l'Abbé; and in the quarters of St.-Martin-des-Champs, Mont-de-Piété, and Temple. A barricade formed of two diligences that had been thrown down and filled with paving stones had been raised at the corner of the rue Rambuteau, and the 69th regiment of the line and a battalion of chasseurs had been repulsed three times, and only seized the position at the fourth attempt, after the regiment had lost twelve men and the battalion four. An officer, head of a battalion of the 34th regiment of the line, was shot dead from a window in the place du Châtelet.

During this turmoil, the barricades were set on fire, and the National Guards of Batignolles, whom the people had expected to lay down their arms in their favour, fired instead, and killed three men, who were taken to the Morgue. I have already mentioned that the National Guard had been called out at 11 o'clock. The contempt that the authorities seemed to have shown in their regard caused them to hesitate at first, but then they realised that they had been called out more for the sake of the people than of royalty. They therefore commenced to appear in the streets. But only on conditions. They would stop the firing and act as intermediaries between the St.-Antoine quarter and the Tuileries, but only on the understanding that the ministry was to fall and the proposed reform be adopted. The 10th Legion marched to cries of "Long live Reform ; down with the ministry !" Artillery being dragged into the place Bourbon was stopped ; and from that moment, neither the troops nor the people could get further ammunition ; the flow of blood was to end.

A battalion of the Second Legion went to the Tuileries. It had been said that the king did not know his people's wishes, so they were marching to tell him of them ; their commander was Léon de Laborde, son of the old general who was made a baron on the field of Wagram. But the iron gates of the Tuileries were shut ; the battalion had to return, meeting on the boulevard a squadron of cuirassiers who were about to charge the people. The battalion marched between the squadron and the mob and the charge was checked.

A detachment of the Third Legion went down the rue Montmartre to the Petits Pères, shouting "Long live Reform ; down with the ministry !" When they reached the church, they found the Municipal Guards charging the mob ; they crossed bayonets and marched on the soldiers, who retired. After this, the National Guard split up into bodies and patrolled the streets, boulevards, and quays. It was said that they had given themselves a general order, "Shoulder arms !" Not a single act of hostility was exchanged between them and

the line; the soldiers did not join in the cry of "Long live Reform; down with the ministry!" but they let the Guards and people shout at their pleasure. This intervention of the National Guard, friendly to the people and inimical to the powers, was soon known at the Tuileries. Those shouts of "Long live Reform; down with the ministry!" were heard both by the king and by the ministers. M. Guizot, in his own name and that of his colleagues, tendered his resignation, which was accepted. He only left the Chamber for a bare quarter of an hour, but it sufficed to reach the Tuileries and return. He took his place again on the ministerial bench, and, immediately after, M. Vavin mounted the rostrum and called on the ministry to explain why the National Guard had been called out so late. M. Guizot rose and answered from his place:

"I do not think it would be conformable to public interests to enter at this moment into any debate on the point raised by the honourable member." He was interrupted by murmurs. This was supposed to be another of those haughty refusals to be called to account which were characteristic of him; but he raised his hand and made them understand that he had not finished what he had to say. When there was silence, he added: "The king has just sent for the Comte de Molé——" He was again interrupted, but this time by applause. He waited, with his habitual calm, till this demonstration, so wounding to his vanity, had died down, and then continued in his ordinary voice: "The king has sent for the comte de Molé and asked him to form a new Cabinet. As for us, until we lay aside our functions, we shall continue to maintain order as before."

He had scarcely finished speaking before the agitation broke into clamour; everybody rose; animated groups clustered in the hemicycle; the ministerial bench was literally besieged by a crowd of deputies from the Centre who wanted to question M. Guizot, even with violence; the word "coward" was hurled by the majority at the chief who had abandoned them. Then the cry—"The king—let us go to the king!"

spurred on a good half of the deputies to pass out through the gates. The other benches were emptied almost at the same time. Every one was anxious to get out and spread the news, that would not yet have been known if it had not been for the question put by M. Vavin. Whilst this news spread over Paris like a breath of joy, let us see what the king was doing.

He was standing in the embrasure of a window with M. de Molé. He seemed indifferent to what was happening. The terrible lesson that shook every one's convictions and affected every one's interests passed him by without teaching him anything. He was discussing the formation of a new ministry with M. Molé; but as he was convinced that his line of policy was irreproachable, he was willing to sacrifice the instruments of whom he had made use, but not the policy itself.

"It is a mere students' row," said he, "that is all."

M. Molé tried in vain to convince him that it was another duel between the people and royalty. He could obtain no concession and had to take his leave with nothing decided, arranging to return in the evening.

For a moment, indeed, it almost seemed as if the concession would satisfy the desires of the people. No sooner was the news of M. Guizot's fall in circulation than the agitation seemed to roll away out of sight. It seemed as if all the hatred had been for the man himself; and his ministry must indeed have been looked on with contempt since even Molé as minister seemed an improvement. The news was known about 4 o'clock. At the very moment, the whole aspect of affairs changed; the crowd rolled back to the boulevards and confidence reappeared on every face. Strangers spoke to one another to ask if this incredible news were really true, and after a mutual "It is," hand sought hand as if at a meeting of old friends.

The days were short and dark at that period of the year; by half-past five it was already night, but a thousand lights shone from the windows. Paris was not only illuminated along the boulevards, but even the small streets leading from them radiated light. Nor

was this all. The people in the streets had lighted torches in their hands; candles were fixed in the barrels of guns and made a moving picture under the stationary illuminations. The rain which had been falling since morning had now stopped, and the wind that had been blowing for two days past, dropped; a rope of flames seemed to stretch from the Madeleine to the Bastille. Two songs rose up to enhearten the fête—the Marseillaise and the song of the Girondins. One might almost say that fifty years are compressed between those two hymns of patriotism; one threatens and the other vows devotion.

But the crowd was thickest before the café of the Grand-Balem—that second façade of the Opéra-Comique; there the songs were loudest—there the applause was most frenzied. The proprietor had turned on every gas-tap, and an eruption of light threw a fantastic flicker over all those joyous faces.

CHAPTER XCV

The red flag—Massacre of the people—The bier.

At half-past nine, it seemed as if the night would be passed in walking and talking; yet certain anxious spirits still felt uneasy. Of whom would the new ministry be composed? Was it a fact? Or was it merely a false report spread to pacify the people? One thing was reassuring. Guizot's house was lit up, like all the other houses in Paris, and that could only have been done by his successor.

A detachment of the 14th regiment of the line, drawn up in a hollow square before the minister's house and having a hundred dragoons in its centre, looked on at that significant illumination and forced the crowd to change its direction and turn down by the rue Basse-du-Rempart, when promenading from the Madeleine to the rue du Mont-Blanc or from the rue du Mont-Blanc to the Madeleine.

All of a sudden a group, remarkable even among the many that had passed, was seen to advance from the direction of the Bastille. Their leader was dressed only in blue trousers and a shirt; his bare arms held above his head and above the heads of his companions a red flag; by his side walked two men with torches. Behind them, a fourth man carried a straw image, dipped in pitch and impaled on a long stick. This straw image was alight and formed a flag of fire behind the red one. About two hundred working-people followed this double banner. Near the St.-Denis gate the strange procession met a regiment of cuirassiers who were patrolling the streets from the other direction; soldiers and mob exchanged the double cry—"Long live Reform; down

with Guizot!" Then each continued on his way; the cuirassiers towards the Bastille and the flaming procession towards the Madeleine.

Those who saw this procession coming from afar stared at it with astonishment and saw it pass with fear. It was easy to guess that that cloud of smoke and flame might cover gunpowder. When they reached the rue de la Paix, part of the procession separated from the rest, and was lost to sight in the crowd. Those who watched this portion with care saw it take the rue Neuve-St.-Augustin. Doubtless both portions, separating for a short time, were to join again at the Madeleine. The portion that remained continued along the boulevard, leaving behind it a moving track like the track of a steamer, and a column of smoke starred with sparks. But, outside the Ministry of Foreign Affairs the column came face to face with one of the hollow squares formed by the 14th regiment of the line, and halted. Beside and behind it stood an immense crowd.

The officer commanding the detachment passed through the square and came to a stop in front of the procession. On his part, the man with the red flag left his fellows and approached the officer. What did they say to one another? No one knows. All of a sudden a shot rang out; the officer's horse was seen through a mist of smoke to rear, and the officer galloped back into the square. The order to fire was heard; muskets were presented; flame seemed to leap out from the whole line; cries of agony were heard; and the crowded boulevard was emptied in five minutes down the rue de la Paix and the rue Basse-du-Rempart, the parapets of which were broken. The spectators at their windows then saw a horrible sight: fifty-two killed and wounded were lying on the pavement of the boulevards; the dead bodies lay stark and still, and the wounded lay bleeding. There were two women among the slain.

What was the cause of this massacre—this assassination, of which no warning had been given? How could a long line of armed men fire like that, without prepara-

tion, on a mass of unarmed men, women, and children? The officer realised what a terrible responsibility he had taken on himself when he saw himself alone, on the deserted boulevard, staring at the dead and wounded. He took fright and ordered one of his officers to go and offer an explanation to the people. An explanation! As if butchery could be explained away! The officer, the slave of his duty, started on his mission; few have been more dangerous. Gérard, when attacking a lion in his den, did not risk his life as this man risked his. He passed rapidly through the bodies, went into Tortoni's and gave the following explanation: "Our commander only gave orders to cross bayonets; one of the guns was loaded, and in executing the movement it went off; the line then thought that the order must have been to fire, and so they fired."

Even as he gave this incredible explanation, a man armed with a double-barrelled gun rushed into the café, presented his rifle at the officer's head, and was going to fire when some National Guards struck up his barrel, protected the officer with their bodies, and marched him back to his battalion. There the same column was standing, but decimated. They had come back with a bier to carry away their dead. Seventeen bodies were placed in the funeral bier; they then marched away, their torches lighting up the dead flesh, from which drops of blood fell along their track. Everywhere, as they passed, cries were heard: "To arms!" Shops were closed and windows shuttered; and in the darkness men with arms in their hands were seen to move, sprung from no one knew where. The bier and its escort marched on to the offices of the *National*, crying: "To arms! They are assassinating us. To arms!" They halted there a moment, and then continued on their way slowly, surrounded by a crowd thirsting for vengeance. Every now and then the cries redoubled when a man mounted on the bier and held up to view the corpse of a woman, whose breast had been shattered by a ball; after the shifting light of the torches had lit up this horrible sight for a few

moments, he let the body drop, and it fell with a thud back on to its bed of corpses. All along its passage the procession sowed the seeds of vengeance; the crop would spring up in the night and be harvest-high to-morrow.

At last the bier left the boulevards and went up those streets where lights were still burning; then it pushed on into those dark alleys where hatred thrives, because misery is rampant. It could be heard in the distance like threatening thunder. We had seen the beginning; who could foretell the end?

CHAPTER XCVI

People *versus* Monarchy—The tocsin—Marshal Bugeaud—Thiers issues a Proclamation—A strange night.

FROM that day it was no longer a change of ministry that the people demanded, it was the fall of the monarchy.

A detachment of the 2nd Legion marched down the rue Lepelletier towards the Mairie, in the rue Chauchat. A vast crowd followed it shouting, "To arms!" and jeering at its timidity. Every man of that crowd had death in his heart, and demanded leave to march with the soldiers, but the colonel was absent, and no permission could be given.

The commander of the National Guard of Saint-Germain,[1] who had been present at the scene at the hôtel des Capucines, having hastily put on his uniform, now pushed his way into the courtyard of the Mairie, where he found M. Bergod with three hundred men.

"Who will come with me to the hôtel des Capucines?" cried he.

The mayor, wearing his scarf of office, hesitated, for the position was a grave one. Should he throw his lot with the people, or should he not? But the soldiers in the rear shouted "Forward," and demanded cartridges. The cartridges were refused; bayonets would suffice. A drummer was ordered to fall out and took the direction of the faubourg Montmartre, beating the alarm.

The detachment of the 2nd Legion marched into the boulevard, and seized the post occupied by the 14th Foot, which fell back towards the Carrousel, and at this instant the plaint of the tocsin vibrated in the air. It was to the sound of this two-fold note, the call of the

[1] This commander was Alexandre Dumas himself.—*Translator's Note.*

drum and that of the bell, that the last hour of the existing state of things struck.

February 24th.—At the Tuileries also these two sounds which summoned the people to arms, and God to their help, was heard by the royal family.

For the third time, at one in the morning, the king had sent for M. Molé, but M. Molé had not appeared; only M. Guizot was faithful to the post from which the king could not decide to dismiss him, and which he could not decide to resign. These two men, who were rolling rapidly towards the abyss which each had dug for the other, were still deceiving themselves and bolstering themselves up with illusions—so thick are palace walls, so well protected against the truth are palace gates.

Really, the weakness of General Tiburce Sébastiani was *too* culpable; and it was impossible to inspire General Jacqueminot with energy! The command of the troops must be given to Maréchal Bugeaud. The escutcheon of Isly would have to be stained with the blood of the people.

So the nomination of Maréchal Bugeaud was signed by the king, and counter-signed by M. Guizot, and the last act of the Man of Ghent was this Parthian shot.

Seeing that M. Molé was not coming, the king had sent for M. Thiers, and about a quarter past one he was announced by an usher. The two ministers, one entering, the other leaving, met at the door and greeted each other with the politeness of well-bred enemies, neither guessing that the career of both was over.

On his entrance, M. Thiers perceived the nomination of Maréchal Bugeaud lying on the table. He professed his readiness to accept it, but only on condition that on the following day not a single barricade should be attacked. He likewise demanded that M. Barrot should be associated with him as Prime Minister, and to this also the king consented. M. Thiers then seized a pen and wrote this proclamation:

"CITIZENS OF PARIS

"The order to stop all firing has been issued. The king

has entrusted to us the formation of a ministry. The Chamber will be dissolved. General Lamoricière is nominated commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Paris. MM. Odilon Barrot, Thiers, Lamoricière, Duvergier de Hauranne compose the ministry.

"LIBERTY, ORDER, UNION, REFORM."

The proclamation was at once sent off to the police, with orders to post it up everywhere during the night. Having taken this important step, M. Thiers, with that admirable self-confidence which is, according to circumstances, either a crowning virtue or a supreme defect—M. Thiers, who was a staunch believer in his own popularity and in that of M. Odilon Barrot, never doubted for an instant that when on the following morning the Parisians beheld on every wall his name and that of his colleague, they would lay down their arms and clap their hands. Thus he returned home awaiting the dawn without misgiving.

After M. Thiers, there entered M. Guizot, who had remained all night at the Tuileries, where the king was now expecting him in his cabinet; and these two men, who had the reputation of being so far-sighted, spent a whole hour in each other's company without one pang of remorse for the past, without one qualm as to the future! Well might the Latin poet say, "Those whom Jupiter wills to destroy, he first infatuates." And yet it would have been quite possible to learn what was happening in Paris.

This time the darkness came and went, and all seemed quiet, but here and there men watched, and the plan of next day's campaign was organised. We all of us recollect that strange night, when it seemed as if the very pavements were throbbing with excitement, and an army of silent workers erected a network of barricades, and the people, with instinctive strategy, chose their positions. Now, it was the Tuileries which was encircled, and the attacking force, like a huge hydra-headed serpent, had enveloped the royal palace in

its folds. Since dawn, each of those heads had vomited flame.

The noise of firing awoke M. Thiers. Unluckily, in their haste, the proclamation had never been signed, and no copy was sent to the *Moniteur*, so that those who read it on the walls suspected that a fresh trap had been laid for them. However, perhaps the presence of M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot might be able to do what their names had been powerless to effect. M. Odilon Barrot was implored to go on horseback through the streets, but he failed to jump at this proposal, and ended by confessing that he did not know how to ride. In spite of this avowal, a horse was sent for; he was lifted into the saddle, and led through the city like Mordecai.

During these events, M. Guizot left the Tuileries by the guichet de l'Echelle; but on arriving at the rue de Rivoli, the firing of two guns whose balls whistled through the courtyard of the palace caused him to halt, and he returned by the guichet du Carrousel to the quarters of the staff, where he was lost sight of.

At seven in the morning, M. Thiers re-entered the Tuileries, having collected MM. Duvergier de Hauranne, Crémieux, Lasteyrie, de Rémusat, de Beaumont, and Lamoricière. Altogether he might be said to have formed a ministry—or very nearly so.

The news that M. Bugeaud had been appointed commander-in-chief produced such consternation that the first request made by M. Thiers as minister was that the appointment should be cancelled, to which the king consented. Orders to cease firing were then given, but the troops were to remain at their posts. Towards nine a great disturbance was heard in the court of the Tuileries itself; the guards snatched up their muskets, and, shouting to each other to hasten, dashed through the wicket-gate. The sound proceeded from a house at the corner of the rue de Rivoli and the rue de l'Echelle, which the vanguard of the people had reached, and two or three shots had already been fired.

The duchesse d'Orléans had all the windows of her apartments closed which looked out on the rue de

Rivoli. She then took refuge with the king, while her children were quickly dressed and sent to the queen's rooms. An instant later the Guards entered with two prisoners, and a battery of six guns together with two thousand men protected the palace.

CHAPTER XCVII

The troops declare for the people—The king abdicates.

At half-past ten the royal family assembled as usual in the Galerie de Diane for breakfast. The king was a little late, but soon arrived smiling gaily; for what was there to fear now that he was covered by the shield of the opposition? So he sat down in his place, and the rest followed his example.

Scarcely had they begun to eat when a door flew open, and there entered, unannounced and in defiance of all etiquette, M. de Rémusat and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, escorted by the orderly, M. de Lanbessein. The faces of the two ministers were not merely pale, they were livid, as they asked to speak to the duc de Montpensier.

The young prince rose from his seat, making a sign with his hand to the king and queen not to be alarmed; but the necessity to reassure at all was in itself alarming. Everybody pushed back their chairs, and the king and queen, as well as the duke, approached the ministers.

"Sire," said M. de Rémusat, "has your Majesty not been informed of what is happening?"

"No; what *is* happening?" inquired the king.

"Why, here, in the place de la Concorde, within three hundred yards of your Majesty, the dragoons have laid down their swords, and the soldiers their muskets."

"Impossible!" cried the king.

"Excuse me, sire," answered M. de Lanbessein, "I saw it myself."

And that was the first time that the truth penetrated the understanding of Louis Philippe. Of course nobody thought of eating. The king left the gallery with the two ministers, taking with him the duc de Montpensier; but in an instant, the queen followed him.

"Sire," she cried, "mount your horse, and perish if you must. From the balcony of the Tuileries your wife and children will watch you die."

Then the king mounted and reviewed such of the troops as were to be found in the courtyard of the Tuileries, with two battalions of the National Guard who were also present. "Vive le roi!" shouted both cavalry and infantry. "Vive le roi!" shouted likewise the National Guard; but the cries were neither so many nor so loud, and they were accompanied by other cries of "Vive la Réforme!"

And the queen and the princesses stood at a window, watching.

The king soon came in. M. Thiers was awaiting him, his hopes dashed to the ground; his popularity had not been equal to the revolution, and he requested that M. Odilon Barrot should be made president. It was at this moment that he learned that M. Odilon Barrot had, on his side, presented himself before the barricades and, dismayed by the coldness of his reception, had retired. Thus the ship of monarchy was leaking in all parts; during a few hours three ministers had been thrown to the waves, yet the tempest raged as fiercely as ever.

The king, who was at his bureau, took up his pen in order to sign the nomination of M. Barrot to the presidency. With him were MM. Thiers, de Rémusat, Lamoricière, and the duc de Montpensier. The two first were standing by the fireplace, and the duc de Montpensier was talking in a low voice to M. de Lamoricière, when the door opened and M. de Girardin entered. M. de Girardin, editor of the *Presse*, had with M. Merruau, principal editor of the *Constitutionnel*, been charged with the publication of the orders appointing M. Thiers and M. Barrot to the ministry. Paler than usual, but as calm as ever, he advanced to the king.

"Sire," he said, "what does your Majesty intend to do?"

"Sign the nomination of M. Odilon Barrot as president of the Council."

"It is too late, sire."

The king looked at him with surprise; it was the second time that morning the phrase had been pronounced before him; but without heeding him M. de Girardin continued:

"Sire, it is not a change of ministry the people demand; it is an abdication. Abdicate, sire; in an hour, France will have neither king nor people."

At these words the pen dropped from the king's hand.

"Sire," said M. de Girardin, picking up the pen and thrusting it between the king's fingers, "one minute's delay and all is lost," but the king gazed bewildered around him and did nothing. "Here is the proclamation all ready; I had it printed at once," added M. de Girardin, and placing, as he spoke, the placard under the eyes of the king. It contained merely these headings:

ABDICATION OF THE KING

THE DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS REGENT

DISSOLUTION OF THE CHAMBER

GENERAL AMNESTY.

Again the king hesitated, and the duc de Montpensier went up to him.

"Abdicate, in the name of France, sire," he cried. And the king answered:

"Let it be so, then; since you all desire it, I will abdicate."

"Will you give me your word, sire?" said M. de Girardin.

"I have already given it," replied the king.

It was all M. de Girardin wanted. He rushed down the stairs and into the street, and never stopped running till he arrived at the barricade of the rue Saint-Honoré.

"Abdication!" he cried.

"Abdication!" and a torrent of questions burst forth.

"Is it in writing? Is it printed? Is it signed? Where is the Act?"

"It will be in your hands immediately."

"Are you sure it is not some new trick? some fresh pitfall?"

"No! No! upon my honour."

"Well, pass on."

M. de Girardin "passed" as swiftly as a soldier seeking fire. He had heard the fusillade in the place du Palais-Royal, and hurried thither. But once there, not only were his difficulties greater, but the danger was now pressing. The firing drowned his voice, and the balls whistled round him.

"Abdication! Abdication!" he shouted.

A few of the combatants stopped to listen. "Is it in writing?"

"The king is signing it at this moment."

"Well, bring us the abdication when it *is* signed, and we will see," and the fighting began anew.

M. de Girardin had spoken the truth. The king was indeed writing the words destined to be the last sad autograph of the royal hand.

"I abdicate in favour of my grandson the comte de Paris, and I hope he will be more fortunate than I."

And he signed it.

General Lamoricière seized the sheet of paper, and in his turn departed, and behind him, intent on a similar mission, followed the son of Admiral Baudin. The one went to the Palais-Royal, the other to the place de la Révolution.



FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

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CHAPTER XCVIII

Marshal Gérard is sent for—He can do nothing—Monarchy departs in a carriage.

An usher now informed the king that Maréchal Gérard, whom he had sent for, awaited his orders. It was two years since he had seen his old friend ; but in this hour of danger he remembered his existence, and summoned him to his side.

" Admit him instantly," cried his Majesty, and when the general appeared in the doorway, he flew to meet him. " Oh, my dear marshal," exclaimed the king, his voice trembling with emotion, " there is only you who can help us."

" Sire, I have nothing except my life to offer," answered the marshal, " but that is always at your service."

" Then go and speak to those creatures, marshal, and tell them that I am abdicating."

" Certainly, sire, if you will lend me a horse." The order was given, but so great was the confusion that no horse could be found save the one which the king had recently ridden, caparisoned with fringes of gold. The marshal leaped into the saddle, wearing his great-coat and a round hat, and passed out of the great gate of the Tuileries and across the place du Carrousel, holding a green branch in his hand ; unluckily, as it was February 20th, and on February 20th no trees are in leaf except the cypress, it was with a cypress bough that he was obliged to face the rebels. In this manner he arrived at the extremity of the rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre. Here the crowd recognised him, and a shout was raised, " Vive le Maréchal Gérard ! "

"My friends," replied the marshal in answer to their greeting, "I bring you good news, and you may trust me for its truth. The king has abdicated in favour of the comte de Paris."

But the announcement provoked no comments on the part of the listeners; they repeated the cry of "Vive le Maréchal Gérard!" and that was all. And even as they cried it they pushed on towards the place du Carrousel, and the soldiers who were encamped in the square retreated into the Tuileries, and shut the gates, so that the marshal himself could not enter to give an account of his mission. Then he understood that all was indeed over, and, abandoning the king's horse to the crowd as a trophy, he left by the water-gate.

Lamoricière was still more unfortunate. He was fired at, and received a ball in his hand; and as if this was not enough, a man in the crowd placed his gun against the minister's thigh, and pulled the trigger, but luckily it missed fire.

When the son of Admiral Baudin reached the place de la Révolution, he found that the fighting there was nearly finished, and there was nothing for him to do.

Whilst all four of these ambassadors of the expiring monarchy were failing on every side, the king took off his uniform, unfastened the ribbon of the Order he was bearing, laid down his sword on a table, and put on the clothes of a citizen. Silent and motionless, the queen watched him, and any one watching *her* knew that the proud daughter of Caroline, she in whose veins the Bourbon blood still flowed pure and undebased, would have preferred to see her husband stripping himself for the grave, rather than for flight. At length she turned to M. Thiers.

"It is you who have done this, monsieur," she said. "This is *your* work."

M. Thiers knew what respect for the fallen queen demanded of him, and did not answer.

"Fetch horses," said the king.

"They were being brought, when the postilion and both leaders were shot," somebody answered.

"Then no carriage at all is to be had?" asked the king.

"Yes, sire. Two carriages are at the Pont-Tournant; two hired carriages, without liveries and without coats-of-arms. It is better."

"In that case, let us go." The king turned for a moment, took his keys, opened a drawer, and searched as a man searches when he hardly knows what he is looking for; then rising, handed the keys to M. Fain, saying, "You will await my orders."

At this juncture, M. Crémieux approached the king.

"It is quite settled, sire, that the duchesse d'Orléans is to be regent?"

"The regency belongs to M. de Nemours," answered the king. "It was given to him by law. But violate the law if you like, of course. Now let us go." And with the queen on his arm, he went, followed by the rest.

They left by the underground passage made by the emperor for the king of Rome when he was taken out to walk, and by the river-side terrace, till they got to the semicircle. There they passed a heap of sand covering the bodies of three corpses, which, with a last act of consideration for the sovereign, whom they did not wish to sadden by the sight of blood, had been thus hastily buried. Leaving the gardens by the gate opening on to the Pont-Tournant, they found themselves in the midst of a crowd made up of troops and the people. The king, who seemed quite broken, leant on the queen, instead of the queen leaning on him. She, on the contrary, held her head high, and her eyes flashed fire. At their appearance many voices were lifted in response to the dumb appeal.

"Make way, make way for the unfortunate," they cried; but while a few shouted "Vive le roi!" three-quarters of those present exclaimed "Vive la Réforme!" or "Vive la France!"

The fugitives, pursued by the cries, walked to the foot of the Obelisk, and then stopped, uncertain where to go, and the crowd pressed close to them, so that they were surrounded by a living wall. The king seemed

frightened—and indeed there was plenty to be frightened at, if it were only the memories evoked by the spot where he stood, not ten paces from the place on which his father's head had fallen on the scaffold. There the king dropped the queen's arm, raised his hat, and uttered some words that no one could catch.

A little way off were the two carriages which the king had not noticed, so humble and unobtrusive were they; but in them lay the sole possibility of flight. Two children knelt in the first, their faces glued to the window. The door was opened and the king sat down on the left, with the queen beside him. The duchesse de Nemours mounted in the second carriage, the coachmen cracked their whips, and they started along the road to Saint-Cloud.

"Ah! there you are," said some one to M. Crémieux; "what are you doing here?"

"I have just seen off the Monarchy in a carriage," answered he.

CHAPTER XCIX

The duchess of Orléans as Maria Theresa—An angel of the battlefield—Destruction of the Château d'Eau.

DURING the time when the king and queen and the duchesse de Nemours were escaping by the quays, and the duchesse de Montpensier was straying, lost, amongst the crowd, the duchesse d'Orléans, surrounded by a little group of faithful adherents composed of General Gourgaud, M. de Montguyon, the duc d'Elchingen, the comte Vuillaumez, M. de Boismillon, and M. Asseline, was awaiting further news. For after the scene at breakfast she had become separated from the king and queen.

As soon as the marshal had been pushed back into the place du Carrousel, the mob had rushed into it; the sound of two guns was heard, and firing began all along the line. This happened when the king was probably about half-way down the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Carrousel, which had been filled with people, was emptied in an instant. At the noise, the duchesse d'Orléans, who was in her rooms, uttered a cry.

"But the king ordered them not to fire! I heard him," she said.

"Yes, the order was given," answered an officer, "but they forgot to inform the palace guards."

"Then, general," said the princess, turning to M. Gourgaud, "as you are in the uniform of an artillery officer, you must go at once and order the batteries to cease firing."

Gourgaud departed immediately, and in a moment the artillerymen had extinguished their matches and the foot soldiers piled their arms.

No sooner had the firing ceased than an usher entered and addressed the duchesse d'Orléans.

"Madame, the king and queen have gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, the comte de Paris is king, and your Royal Highness regent."

"And the king could find no one but *you* to announce such news to me?"

The usher bowed.

"M. de Boismillon," said the duchesse, "go instantly and find out what this means. There must be *somebody* left. It is impossible that they can have left me alone with such a heavy responsibility."

M. de Boismillon quitted the room, but after wandering through the empty palace, he returned saying:

"There is absolutely nobody, madame."

"Very well," she answered. "Then I shall take my two sons and go and sit under my husband's portrait. And any one who comes to seek me, either to make me regent or to kill me, will find me there." She was in the act of retiring from the room, when M. Dupin entered. "Ah, monsieur," she cried, running to him, "what have you come to tell me now?"

"I have come to tell you, madame, that perhaps you are called upon to play the part of Maria Theresa."

"Dispose of me as you will, monsieur. My life belongs to my children and to France."

"Then let us go quickly; there is no time to lose."

"Go? Where?"

"To the Chamber."

"I will follow you," said the duchess. "Come gentlemen," and she turned to the group of faithful friends gathered round her.

As they were leaving the room, they were met by the duc de Nemours, who had stayed to accompany his sister-in-law, and to resign in her favour his appointment as regent. On his appearance, the cortège set out for the Chamber by way of the pavillon de l'Horloge, just as the crowd entered by the grille du Carrousel, and by the little gates opening on to the rue de

Rivoli. They were all on foot, and the duchesse d'Orléans held the comte de Paris by the hand, while an aide-de-camp carried the duc de Chartres, and Hubert the valet followed close behind them. In the middle of the pont de la Concorde, the comte de Paris stumbled and fell. They had come away in such a hurry that there had been no time to tie his shoe-strings, and he had tripped over them. He did not hurt himself in the least, and jumped up directly, but the presage was a bad one.

And now let us leave them on the way to the Chamber, and see what had taken place at château d'Eau, and what was about to take place at the Tuileries.

We have seen how M. de Girardin failed in his mission at the place du Palais-Royal, and how General Lamoricière was repulsed at the rue St. Honoré. We have likewise seen Marshal Gérard retreat to the Carrousel. The centre of this triple resistance lay in the place du Palais-Royal; it was from there that the dying agony of the monarchy proceeded to shake Paris, and the volcano of the people shot up its last flames. The château d'Eau had been fortified with great care by the government of Louis Philippe, who grasped the fact that, to use the language of the science of fortification, it was one of the advance outposts of the Tuileries. The gates could only be forced either by guns or by the people, those great powers which lay everything low.

The fight had lasted five hours; the mob had obtained possession of the Palais-Royal and marksmen were posted at every window; it had also raised barricades, and from behind each barricade poured a rain of bullets.

What curses were called down, what vengeance was vowed during those five hours! Yet in the very midst of the balls that rushed whistling through the air, the flames from the windows shooting fiery tongues at her, a girl was seen busy amongst the wounded, seeking them out, carrying them home, comforting and tending them. So invulnerable was she, that she might have been the creature of another world. Mlle. Lopez, actress of the

Odéon, whom the Scandinavians would have elevated into a fourth Valkyrie, was this angel of the field of battle.

The walls of the château d'Eau grew white under the bullets, and the pavement was wet with blood, while the royal stables were being broken open, and the carriages dragged out to be burned in the place du Carrousel. The bonfire they made was still blazing when suddenly a cry was heard.

"Set fire to the château d'Eau," and the people, with that swift intuition which only belongs to a crowd, at once understood that it had at hand the only weapon that could conquer the resistance of the garrison. Quick as lightning they harnessed themselves to the burning coaches, and dragged or pushed them to the Palais-Royal, where they placed them against the bastion. A huge barrel of brandy was rolled into the crater, the furniture of Égalité's château was flung from the windows. A wooden fire was piled up, the flames grew in strength and blown by the wind fastened on everything they could destroy; they attacked the windows and doors, blackened the wood, heated the ironwork, and roaring, fatal and victorious, penetrated through every aperture. The fusillade ceased little by little; it was conquered by the fire.

The story may be seen written on the façade blackened by the smoke, and riddled with shots. Go and examine this page of stone, and you will understand how fierce was the battle. But at length it was ended, and the crowd turned to sack the Tuileries; too late, however, as the palace was already taken, though the exact moment of its capture was never known. For a finger almost as powerful as the finger of God had interfered: a man of the people had climbed up to the clock and broken the weights, and the clock, impassive and inexorable, had marked the hour when the monarchy fell and the people triumphed. Half-past one.

CHAPTER C

Sack of the Tuileries—Scene in the Chamber of Deputies.

As the duc de Nemours, the duchesse d'Orléans, the young princes, the aides-de-camp, and the secretaries left by the gate of the centre pavilion, the people entered, as has been already stated, from the quays and from the rue de Rivoli, and flung themselves on the palace. It was the third time since August 10th, 1792, that they had wrested from the monarchy this its last stronghold, and twice had the monarchy won it back again; but the number three is always mystic and fortunate, so they were now quite certain of holding it for ever. Meanwhile, they rushed past like a torrent, a fire, a river of lava; glass, china jars, Boule furniture, cabinets inlaid with ivory or stones, they spared nothing—except the pictures, "which they could not replace." The phrase was their own, sublime in its avowal of weakness, in its recognition of genius.

Suddenly a shot was heard, and a bust of Louis Philippe flew into a thousand pieces under the fire of twenty balls. The king had been condemned in default, and executed in effigy. Where would this torrent stop, and the burning lava find an obstacle to check it? Where would these flames be extinguished?

Before a recollection; before the room of the prince they had loved, the apartments of the duc d'Orléans. In that spot there died away the wave that everywhere else dashed against the walls, breaking, sapping, spreading, grinding all in its course.

Ah yes! but there was something that they also respected: gold, jewels, and diamonds. And while a body of ragged men threw the throne from the win-

dows, other men, likewise in rags, mounted guard over millions.

Now let us glance at the Chamber at the hour that these stirring events were happening.

At noon the deputies assembled, and two minutes later M. Thiers appeared, hat in hand, agitation on his face.

"Well!" they shouted on all sides. "What is to be done? You are the minister!"

"The tide is rising, rising, rising," answered he, and he spoke the truth. The tide was indeed rising, and before the day was out would have reached to their foreheads, would have covered their heads.

"M. Barrot," was the next cry, and it was unanimous, but M. Barrot was not in the Chamber, and nothing definite could be heard concerning him. Many of the deputies declared that they had seen him that morning, one very early on horseback, another at eleven in a carriage, a third, at twelve, on foot, when he had looked quite worn out with fatigue, and had evidently lost heart. He had been given the dregs of his popularity to drink. No one, however, could tell where he was now, and M. Charles Laffitte entered the tribune and demanded that the Chamber should declare itself a permanent body till the present state of affairs was ended; and this proposal was agreed to by acclamation.

The proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of an official, who approached the president and whispered in his ear.

"Gentlemen," announced M. Sauzet, "I have just been informed that the duchesse d'Orléans is at the door of the Chamber," and at a sign two ushers arranged an armchair and two small chairs at the foot of the tribune. Then the door opposite the president was thrown open, and the duchesse d'Orléans went along the inclined plane towards the tribune, where she seated herself in the armchair, the young princes on each side of her. She was accompanied by a small escort, composed of the duc de Nemours in a general's uniform,

two or three aides-de-camp, and a few of the National Guards.

Silence reigned throughout the Chamber; a silence of anxiety as well as of expectation, which none seemed desirous of breaking. At length M. Lacrosse stood up.

"It is for you to speak, M. Dupin, since it is you who have brought the comte de Paris to the Chamber."

"Excuse me," answered M. Dupin, "but I have expressed no wish to speak."

"That is of no consequence; time is precious, and it is necessary that we should know how we stand," the reply came from every part of the Chamber. "Quick, to the tribune, to the tribune!"

So M. Dupin, impelled, so to speak, by moral force, ascended the steps.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you all know the situation of the capital, and the demonstrations which have taken place. Their result has been the abdication of his Majesty Louis Philippe, who has made a declaration that he has transmitted his power to the comte de Paris, the regency, during his minority, to be in the hands of the duchesse d'Orléans."

The speech of M. Dupin was received by the Centre with cheers. And amidst the cries of "Vive le roi! Vive le comte de Paris!" M. Dupin descended from the tribune. Next, M. Barrot was called for, but M. Barrot was not in the Chamber.

"I demand," continued M. Dupin from his place, "that while we are waiting for the Act of Abdication, which M. Barrot will probably bring with him, the Chamber will set on record the acclamations which have greeted the appearance amongst the members of the comte de Paris, as king of France, and of the duchesse d'Orléans as regent, having as guarantee the wish of the nation."

"Gentlemen," answered the president, "it appears to me that by these unanimous acclamations . . ."

But at these words of M. Sauzet which seemed to indicate a certain *finesse* reminiscent of the year 1830, lively protestations broke out from both extremities

of the Chamber, and especially from the neighbourhood of the tribune. Then the door burst open, and the National Guards poured in, thrusting back the ushers who tried to bar their progress. It was only the spectacle of the duchesse d'Orléans with her two sons which caused them to stop short, and after a brief parley with the duc de Nemours they were induced to retire to the foot of the staircases of the tribune.

At this juncture, M. Emanuel Arago gave a push to M. Marie, exclaiming, "Say something! Why don't you say something?"

M. Arago was right; the supreme moment had come, the moment which would place the crown on the head of the grandson of Louis Philippe, or carry it for ever, not only away from the dynasty, but away from France.

Thus urged, M. Marie ascended the tribune; but it was in vain that he demanded a hearing. It was impossible to obtain silence, and he fell back.



THE PEOPLE IN THE TUILERIES.

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CHAPTER CI

No regency—The provisional government.

In the midst of the tumult, M. de Lamartine rose and held up his hand, and it needed only this gesture to obtain what had been denied to M. Marie.

"I wish to ask," began M. de Lamartine, "I wish to ask the president to suspend this sitting, for two reasons: the respect inspired by the representatives of the nation, and the presence of the august princess now before us."

"Yes, yes!" "No, no, no!" came from different parts of the room.

"The sitting will be suspended," replied the president, "till the duchesse d'Orléans and the new king have retired."

At these words the duc de Nemours and several deputies approached the princess, and it was easy to see that they were urging her to quit the Chamber, and that she refused to listen to their entreaties, well understanding that once she left the assembly, her son's crown and her own regency were hopelessly lost.

"The duchesse d'Orléans desires to remain," at last said M. Lherbette, turning to the president.

All this time M. Marie was in the tribune, and the duchesse d'Orléans and her children in the semicircle, only instead of being seated they were standing up.

The noise having a little died down, M. Marie was able to make himself heard.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in the situation in which Paris finds herself, it is right and urgent that we should take a step that may directly influence the people. Ever since the morning the evil has made immense strides. An hour ago the duchesse d'Orléans was pro-

claimed regent, but a previous law had given the regency to the duc de Nemours, and at present it is quite impossible that a fresh law should be passed. It seems, then, wisest to nominate a provisional government; not to make fresh laws, but to enable the government to discuss with both Chambers how best to fulfil the wishes of the country."

This speech, which was received with acclamations, was a death-knell to the hopes of the duchesse d'Orléans, who felt not only that her regency would not be upheld, but also that she was being attacked.

M. Marie was still in the tribune when M. Crémieux mounted the stairs and stood beside him.

"In the interests of the public good," he said, "some strong measure is necessary. It is essential that all should be agreed on the principle to be proclaimed, and on the serious guarantees to be provided for the people. Do not let us repeat our mistakes of 1830, since it was the course we then took which has obliged us to begin all over again in 1848."

M. Crémieux was here interrupted by loud applause.

"Let us institute a provisional government, not for the purpose of regulating the future, but to establish order in the present. I have the greatest possible respect for the duchesse d'Orléans, and it was I who conducted the royal family to the carriage in which they were to travel. The Parisians have shown, likewise, most profound respect for the misfortunes of the king. But we, who have been sent here to make laws, cannot violate them. Now one law has already been passed, disposing of the regency, and at this moment it is impossible, in my opinion, to abrogate it in favour of another. And since we have unexpectedly been plunged into a revolution when we only desired a change of policy, our wisest plan is, believe me, to trust ourselves to the nation; let us learn how to profit by the teaching of events, and not to leave to our sons the task of renewing this revolution. I demand, then, the institution of a provisional government, and suggest that it shall be composed of five members."

"Adopted! adopted!" came from both ends of the Chamber and from the tribune; and the shouts had not died down when M. Odilon Barrot entered. All eyes turned towards him, those of the duchesse d'Orléans as well as the rest—more than the rest. This man, so long regarded by the king as an enemy, was the last hope of the regency.

M. Odilon Barrot went towards the tribune. He seemed depressed, as if he understood that he had no longer the sympathy of the crowd which had invaded the assembly in such masses. The men of February were clearly not the same towards him as the men of July; he needed no one to tell him that his popularity was a thing of the past. He was bearing with him the abdication of a king whose throne had been violently broken in pieces by his subjects; he was bringing to a child a crown torn by force from the head of an old man. And he hesitated, for he was afraid.

M. de Genoude was before him at the tribune. Cries demanded that M. Barrot should be heard first, but M. Barrot signed that he would give way to his colleague. Perhaps he might find some inspiration from the speech of his predecessor, and at any rate he would have time to regain possession of himself.

The text of M. de Genoude's discourse was the absolute need of the support of the nation. This principle, he said, had been neglected in 1830, and that was the cause of the *impasse* they were in to-day.

After he had finished, M. Barrot spoke, amidst a breathless silence.

"Never," he began, "have we stood in more desperate necessity of calmness and of patriotism. Let us all unite in a common desire, that of saving the country from the most horrible of all scourges—the scourge of civil war. I know that internal quarrels do not of course destroy nations, but they drain them of their power; and never had France more need of all her strength, of unity among her children. Our duty is plain; it has, fortunately, the simplicity which draws a people, for it is addressed to their courage and their honour. The

July crown rests on the head of a child and of a woman."

Here an interruption was caused by the cheers of the Centre. At this mark of sympathy the duchesse d'Orléans rose and bowed; then she whispered something to the young prince, who rose and bowed likewise. M. Ledru-Rollin begged to be allowed to speak, but M. Barrot continued:

"In the name of the country, I proclaim the true liberty. This is my condition; and to a liberty of any other sort I could not give my support."

With these words he ended; and M. de la Rochejaquelin, who had been watching his chance, took his place in the tribune without the smallest effort being made to prevent it; then M. Odilon Barrot went down the steps he had so often mounted in order to attack, though vainly, the government, and which he had now ascended, equally vainly, to defend it.

"No one feels more than I," so said M. de la Rochejaquelin—"no one feels more than I all that is good and beautiful in certain situations, and it is not for the first time that I have been put to the proof. Gentlemen, it belongs to those who in the past have faithfully served their king, to consider to-day the country and the people." A statement which was received with applause. When it had subsided, the speaker continued, raising his voice so as to be heard by all: "To-day, you count for nothing here; do you understand? *Nothing.*"

At this sentence, which terminated so abruptly their political career, the Centre broke into furious cries of protestation.

"Monsieur," interposed the president, addressing the orator. "You are not in order. I call you to order."

"Allow me to speak," said M. de la Rochejaquelin, and prepared to proceed, but his gesture was never completed, his words never said.

CHAPTER CII

"Vive la République!"—The final expression of the people—The promised banquet.

For at this moment a crowd of armed men, a host of National Guards, students, and working-men, burst into the Chamber. They at once advanced towards the semicircle, some carrying flags, some sabres, pistols, or muskets, some spades or iron bars.

The duchesse d'Orléans, whose instinct it was to remain still, even though this armed flood should overwhelm her, was forced by those around her to leave her seat, and to seek in the highest part of the Chamber a spot where she might possibly be out of reach of the inundation, which was shouting in a menacing voice, "No regency! The dethronement of the king! Dethronement!" To these cries another arose, solitary, from the crowd, "Vive la République!"

No one knew whence they came, those three words uttered for the first time within those precincts that even now contained the last remnants of the monarchy, but which was destined in another moment to awake numberless echoes. The cry brought the trouble and confusion to a height. A second hostile mob had entered the doors, and, finding no place for them, ascended the tribune, from which one of men leaned over the balustrade and took aim at M. Sauzet, who vanished under his bureau as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. Let us note his disappearance; it is probably the last political act of the honourable president.

Simultaneously, a third set of men, armed like the first band, showed themselves in the centre doorway,

near where the duchesse d'Orléans stood, and which was, indeed, her sole refuge. A struggle began between the officers protecting her and the duc de Nemours, and the invaders, when suddenly she felt two arms round her neck. It was only for an instant, and the man who had dared to touch her was dragged violently away. But in putting up her hands to free herself, she had let go the little princes, who were swept by the crowd far from their mother.

Then the mob split up into two separate groups; each of which went down one of the circular corridors ending in the great hall that opens on the place Bourbon, while the duchesse d'Orléans waited behind, hoping to regain her children. One of the groups was composed of officers and citizens bearing with them a tall fair young man, pale and half-naked. It was the duc de Nemours, who had managed to change his uniform for a pair of black trousers and a coat with which he had hastily been provided.

The other party consisted of a dozen National Guards, in the midst of whom was a man of colossal stature, carrying the comte de Paris, and pressing the child so closely to his breast that it would really have been impossible to say whether the prince was being saved or stifled.

"What is it, monsieur?" asked the frightened boy. "What is it?" And his valet, Hubert, who kept close behind, besought the National Guard to give up the child to him.

"I have promised to save the prince, and I *will* save him," replied the man.

The great door was locked when they came to it, but they opened a window eight or ten feet from the ground. The Guard swung himself up, and was about to jump down on the other side, when the valet stopped him, and demanded to go first, so that he might receive the boy. When the guard was through likewise, he would then give him back the child.

"Will you swear to give him back?" asked the man.

"I swear it," answered Hubert.

So they dropped from the window; Hubert first, catching the prince in his arms, then the Guard, afterwards all the rest, who ran across the garden and were lost to view.

Meantime the duc de Nemours had disappeared, and the duchesse d'Orléans arrived on the scene. She was at ease now about both her children. An usher had picked up the duc de Chartres at the moment he fell, and had taken him to his own house, while the comte de Paris was visible, she was assured, through an unshuttered window. Then at last she consented to retire into the president's rooms, where she was welcomed by M. Sauzet.

But flight was as imperative as before. For a second they thought of taking one of the cabs standing in front of the Chamber, but around these cabs was an armed crowd whose intentions no one could foresee. To escape by the place Bourbon and the rue de l'Université would be a better plan.

By this time all the deputies had run away, and the Hall of Sessions was invaded by the people; of the whole number, only five or six members of the old national representatives were left. They were M. Dupont (de l'Eure), who had been forced to sit in the chair of the president, and MM. Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Crémieux, and la Rochejaquelin. By a singular accident, M. Lamartine happened to be placed next a man with a long beard, a battered hat, and a greasy waistcoat, who looked like a painter's model; he was leaning all his weight on a huge two-handed sword and seemed to be the Final Expression of the People. At the right hand of the deputy for Mâcon was comte Henri de la Rochejaquelin, in whom the ancient aristocracy was represented; and the contrast was striking.

The hall at this moment exhibited a strange spectacle, and recalled some of the most stormy days of 1793. Every sword was out of its sheath, every gun was loaded, every hand was threatening, every tongue was

speaking; and amongst all this crowd, except the deputies standing round the tribune, there were only to be counted five or six men in frock coats, one officer, eight or ten National Guards; the rest consisted entirely of the populace.

An effort was made to announce the names of the members of the provisional government. Dupont (de l'Eure), Arago, Lamartine were passed without any opposition, and Ledru-Rollin, who was reading the list, was accepted in silence. But with the names of MM. Marie, Bethmont, and Crémieux, a sharp discussion broke out. The voices of the people quite drowned that of M. Ledru-Rollin, who was obliged to propose in writing, one by one, Garnier-Pagès, Crémieux, Bethmont, and Marie. The two first were proclaimed by a large majority, and then a cry was heard, "To the hôtel de Ville."

And in point of fact, as the provisional government had been elected by the people, it was right that an adjournment should be made to the palace of the people. Lamartine was the first to leave, accompanied by five or six persons; MM. Laverdan, Cantagmel of the *Démocratie pacifique*, M. de la Rochejaquelin, and the officer of the National Guard of whom mention has been already made. In the salle des Pas-Perdus they waited for ten minutes before they were joined by their colleagues, M. Dupont (de l'Eure), supported by two men, and MM. Ledru-Rollin and Crémieux. M. Garnier-Pagès had already started by himself.

A cab was called, and M. Dupont (de l'Eure), who could hardly walk, was helped into it. Two men of the people, armed with muskets, stepped in beside him, two others scrambled on to the shafts, and a fifth clung on behind, waving a red flag. The remainder of the provisional government went on foot, with hardly any escort.

It is said that when they were going along the quay, past the barrack d'Orsay, they heard beyond the gratings a sound as of low menaces; on which Lamartine ordered the door to be opened and walked himself

into the courtyard. There, he sent for a bottle and a glass, which he filled with wine and raised to his lips. Then, holding it above his head, he cried, "My friends, this is the banquet we promised you."

And the cortège continued its way to the hôtel de Ville.

CHAPTER CIII

The Tuileries of the people—The first sitting—Lamartine's speech to the populace.

THE hôtel de Ville had long since been taken by the people, and an armed force guarded it. Two or three guns were already mounted in battery in front. Now the hôtel de Ville is the Tuileries of the people; the municipal council deliberates in its midst, in a great hall whose ceiling is of carved oak, from which golden lustres hang, lighting up three circular rows of *bureaux*, and seats covered in blue velvet.

Everything that had happened—the regency of the duchesse d'Orléans, and the abdication of the king—was known to the populace, but they were still ignorant of the proclamation of the Republic, and the formation of a provisional government. Indeed, they had elected M. Garnier-Pagès mayor of Paris, with MM. Recurt and Guinard as his coadjutors.

At this news, M. Garnier-Pagès asked permission to retire into some quiet place, to think over calmly the measures which the situation called for, and MM. Recurt and Guinard accompanied him, leaving the hall to the people, who swayed hither and thither, unaware of what passed. Only, in their midst walked a man carrying a pike with a placard suspended from it on which was written:

VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!

M. Garnier-Pagès had quitted the hall for about half an hour, when a voice was heard: "Make room! make room! M. Ledru-Rollin has arrived from the Chamber of Deputies."

From the manner of M. Ledru-Rollin's entrance it

was easy to see that he had brought pressing intelligence, and he was bidden to stand on a table, so that all present might see him, and hear what he had to say.

"Citizens," he began, "I am going to tell you what you, the people, have done, so listen to me. You forced your way, armed, into the Chamber, you expelled the deputies who wished to proclaim a regent; you said, 'We, the people, are the only master here,' and you then nominated a provisional government. These are the members who compose it: Dupont (de l'Eure), Lamartine, Arago, Ledru-Rollin, and Crémieux."

Each name was cheered as it was read out; thus the men who had been chosen by popular consent in the Chamber were selected a second time in the hôtel de Ville.

Shortly after there was shouting outside, and fresh members of the provisional government mounted the staircase, and went straight to the apartment set aside for them. This first *séance* was to last sixty hours.

In the meantime a man pushed his way into the middle of the hall, and, thrusting back the mass of the people who pressed on him, jumped on a chair to address them.

"I am Citizen Lagrange, of Lyons. The revolutionists of the paper *La Réforme* have nominated a provisional committee which is to assemble here. I beg, therefore, all those that are present to allow us to have this hall to ourselves, so that the committee can deliberate undisturbed."

In reply, the hall was immediately emptied, and two of the National Guards established as sentries at the door. A few minutes later arrived MM. Louis Blanc, Ferdinand Flocon, and Albert, but they complained that the hall was too small for their purpose, and some one suggested they should move into the council chamber. There the three golden chandeliers were lit, illuminating the deliberation which was the people's.

Each orator in turn harangued his audience; but the speech of the last was interrupted by the announcement of the various departments which the members of the

provisional government were to hold. Dupont (de l'Eure) was nominated president of the Council; Lamartine was given the portfolio of Foreign Affairs; Ledru-Rollin was Minister of the Interior, Crémieux Minister of Justice, Arago of the Navy, Carnot of Public Instruction, Marie of the Board of Works. To-morrow the list would appear in the *Moniteur*.

So the people learned the names of their ministers; but that was not enough, they wished to see them. They had been deceived so often, that they feared to be deceived again. The provisional government was still sitting when a knock was heard at the door; it was a deputation which had come to inform the members of the desire of the crowd. On the delivery of the message, Lamartine rose from the table where the *séance* was being held, and left the room between a man of the people and a National Guard.

It was always the same Lamartine, with the same proud serenity, the same fleeting smile; not once, in the midst of the passions that surged around him, was he seen to grow red with anger, or pale with fear. Lamartine was not a man really, but a living statue of Humanity. Then he began one of those magnificent orations that came so easily to the great poet; and golden words of persuasion dropped as it were in a chain from his mouth. All the noise, all the clamour that turned the people into the likeness of a storm at sea, was stilled, and he spoke through the silence.

"My friends," he ended, "victory is with us. In three hours you have conquered the rights that belong to citizens and to free men; and should a blind and infatuated power try to profit by the coming darkness to tear them from you, you will know how to defend them. Martyrs and soldiers of this great day, receive our thanks in the name of the country, in the name of the world."

"And you," inquired a voice from amongst the crowd, "what are *your* thoughts, what are *your* objects? For up to now, you have only spoken of *us*."

"We," answered Lamartine, "are those who have

vowed themselves, soul and body, to your cause; who have thrown themselves, without reserve, into your battle. We have burnt our boats, we have abolished Monarchy."

"Then you are really a Republican government?"

"Yes, but a provisional Republican government till we have the sanction of France."

"But *we* are France; she has sent delegates from every side to Paris; there is not a province without a representative here."

"And you feel yourselves strong enough and just enough to inaugurate the holy era of a Republic?"

"Oh, yes! yes!"

"Blessed be God who has allowed me to see this day! Vive la République!"

And Lamartine was borne in triumph to the hall of government.

Two hours later there was not a creature left in this great council chamber save a son of the people, who occupied the seat of the president, where he seemed to have fallen asleep from sheer fatigue, and a man standing in front of him. On this man's head was a red cap, in his hand was a red flag, in his mouth was a song: "Never in France, never in France, shall reign the Englishman."

By 11 o'clock the corridors of the hôtel de Ville were almost empty. A large crowd still filled the square, awaiting the *mot d'ordre* of the provisional government.

This *mot d'ordre* was "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Retain the barricades."

Thus passed a day unrivalled in the annals of the world, which saw the fall of two ministers, a Monarchy, and a Regency—and the proclamation of a Republic.

CHAPTER CIV

Composition of the government—The proclamations—The work of three days—Lamartine calms a storm.

February 25*th*.—Morning dawns in Paris, royal yesterday, republican to-day. All night long the work of organisation, begun the evening before at the hôtel de Ville, had been continued.

The newspapers announced that the provisional government was composed of MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), Lamartine, Crémieux, Arago, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier-Pagès and Marie; with MM. Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, and Ferdinand Flocon as secretaries.

Here is a list of their first acts, and the distribution of offices: Dupont (de l'Eure), president of the Council; Foreign Affairs, Lamartine; Interior, Ledru-Rollin; War, Bedeau; Finance, Michel Goudehaux; Marine, Arago; Agriculture and Commerce, Bethmont; Public Works, Marie; Public Instruction and Religion, Carnot; Governor-General of Algeria, General Cavaignac; Mayor of Paris, Garnier-Pagès; Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of Paris, Courtais.

At 10 o'clock, it was reported that the king had reached the Trianon about four in the afternoon. Only then did he discover the loss of his pocket-book, and started immediately for the town of Eu.

The following proclamations were posted all over Paris:

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"*February* 25*th*, 1848.

"The government of the French Republic undertakes to furnish enough employment to workmen to enable them to live.

"It undertakes to supply work for everybody. It recognises the right of workmen to form unions, in order to enjoy the profits of their labour.

"The provisional government engages to hand over to the workmen, whose servants they are, the million which will shortly fall in from the Civil List.

"GARNIER-PAGÈS, *Mayor of Paris*,

"LOUIS BLANC, *one of the provisional secretaries.*"

"In the name of the French people the provisional government proclaims the Chamber of Deputies to be dissolved, the Chamber of Peers forbidden to reassemble. A National Assembly will be convoked as soon as the provisional government has restored order, and regulated the police measures necessary to enable the citizens to record their votes.

"CITIZENS!

"The provisional government proclaims the acting government to be a Republican government, and that the nation will at once be called upon to ratify by vote the resolution of the provisional government and of the people of Paris.

"Bakers are requested to place at the disposal of each *chef de poste* of the National Guard the fifth part of their output, and to receive in exchange for the bread, destined to feed the citizens under arms, cheques which will be paid at the hôtel de Ville.

"The distribution will be made by the said *chefs*, who will tell off men of their own to see that the bread goes to the proper quarter."

At two, news came in of the surrender of Vincennes and of Mont-Valérien.

All through the morning, there were brought to the hôtel de Ville valuable objects, such as diamonds and jewels found in the Tuileries. A sweeper had found an open casket, in which was lying 200,000 francs in bank-notes and 174,000 francs in gold. There were also rumours from every side, and no one knew what was true and what was false.

According to these, a republic had been declared in Brussels, and king Leopold had taken flight. Another report announced that the royal family had left France, and had embarked at Tréport. A third, that the king had been struck down with a frightful attack of apoplexy which had caused instant death. But authentic or imaginary, these stories were passed from mouth to mouth with electric speed, and subscriptions were organised for the benefit of the wounded.

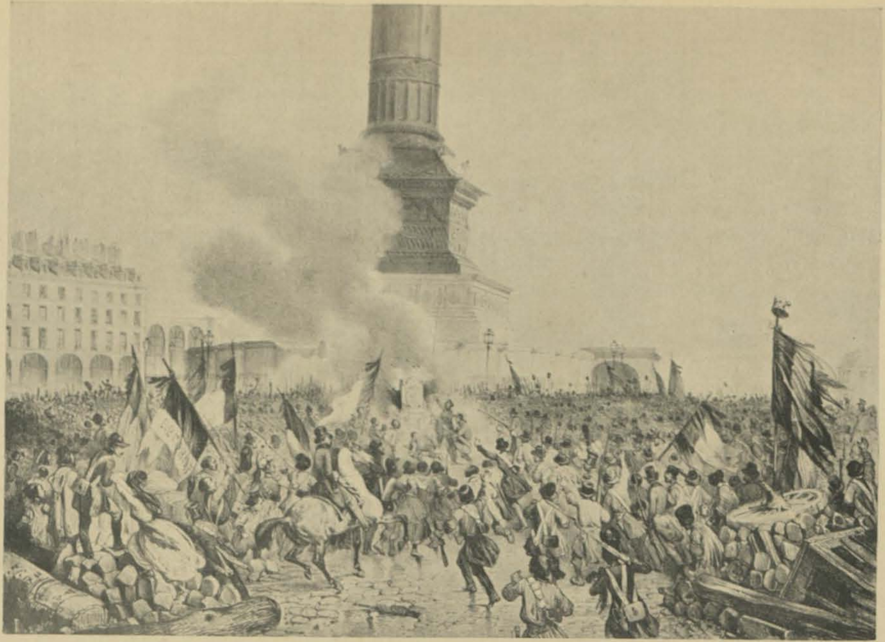
It was three o'clock, and a certain uneasiness might be observed among the people, and a whisper might have been heard that the provisional government, proclaimed yesterday and calumniated to-day, had turned traitor and desired to establish a regency. They demanded from the members a pledge of honest dealing; instead of a cock, they would have the phrygian cap; instead of a tricoloured banner, they would have a red flag. And hurriedly they marched to the hôtel de Ville.

On the way, the popular agitation was heightened by the sight of litters carrying wounded men, brought expressly by the principal streets so that the people might be reminded of the combat of the previous day, and be proof against any retrograde influence such as was feared in some quarters. So the crowd marched on, through the main thoroughfares and the quays, and overflowed the place de Grève.

Lamartine and Marie were alone in the hôtel de Ville, when Lamartine heard approaching the distant roar of the people. But he, a new Androcles, knew how to calm this lion; and going to meet them, stood with folded arms before these thousands of angry men, and quietly asked them what they wanted.

He was answered by such a medley of cries, oaths, grumbles, swords drawn over his head, bayonets crossed on his breast, that it was not easy to find out why they were there, but at length he comprehended that they suspected the loyalty of the provisional government, and demanded the substitution of the red flag for the tricolour.

Then he signified that he was going to speak, and



THE PEOPLE BURN THE THRONE.

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little by little the sea grew quiet, the waves ceased to roll, the floods subsided.

"What, citizens," he asked, "would you have thought of a man who had told you that in three days you would have upset the throne, destroyed the oligarchy, obtained universal suffrage, conquered the rights of citizenship—in a word, founded a Republic, that far-off dream even of those who feel that its name is hidden like a crime in the innermost recesses of their conscience? And *what* a Republic! Not a Republic like those of Greece and Rome, containing patricians and plebeians, masters and slaves. Not a Republic like the aristocratic Republics of modern times, with citizens and a proletariat, even before the law divided into great and small; but a Republic where, in the eyes of the law, all are equal, and there is neither aristocracy nor oligarchy, great nor small, patrician nor plebeian, master nor slave; where there is nothing but a nation composed entirely of citizens, and where the privileges and power of the public are contained in the votes and the rights of each individual who goes to make up a nation, and are vested in a single collective authority called the government of the Republic; a Republic that returns in the shape of laws and popular institutions the benefits of the people from whom it has emanated.

"If any one, I say, had told you all that, three days ago, you would have refused to believe it, you would have exclaimed: 'Three days! why, it would take three centuries to accomplish such a work for humanity.' Well, what you would have declared impossible has been done. Here stands our work in the midst of this tumult, of these arms, of our dead and our martyrs. And you murmur against God, and against us."

"No! No!" M. Lamartine was interrupted by a shout—"No! No! we are not murmuring."

"Oh," he continued, ignoring the speakers, "you would indeed be unworthy of these gifts if you did not know how to recognise and to consider them.

"How long do we demand of you in which to finish

our task? Is it years? No. Is it months? No. Is it even weeks? No. A few days is all we need. Give us two or three, and your victory will be recorded, accepted, assured, organised, in such a way that no tyranny, except the tyranny of your own impatience, can tear it from your hands.

"And you refuse us these days, these quiet hours, these minutes! And you will strangle the Republic, new-born, in its cradle!"

"No! No! No!" cried the ten thousand voices again. "Vive la République! Vive le gouvernement provisionnel! Vive Lamartine!"

"Citizens," answered Lamartine, "I have been speaking to you as one of yourselves; now, listen to your minister for Foreign Affairs.

"If you take from me the tricoloured banner, you will deprive France of half her strength abroad. For in the banner of the Empire and the Republic Europe only recognises the flag of her defeats and our victories.

"In the red flag she will see nothing but the flag of a party. It is the banner of France, the banner of our victorious armies, the banner of our triumphs, that must be borne high before Europe. France and the tricoloured flag,—they are one; one ideal, one prestige, —one terror, if needs be, for our enemies.

"Think how much blood must be shed to create such renown for another flag.

"Never will I adopt the red flag as the standard of the nation, and in a word I will tell you why I still oppose its adoption with the whole strength of my patriotism. Citizens, the tricoloured flag has made the tour of the world with the Republic and the Empire, with your struggles for liberty and with your glory; while the red flag has only made the tour of the Champs de Mars, soaked in the blood of the people."

At this last peroration, or rather at this last phrase, anger gave place to enthusiasm. They made a rush for Lamartine, trying to touch him, to take his hands, to embrace him. Then, over the heads of the group around him, he stretched forth his arms and cried:

"O my friends! my dear friends! you can never guess the depth of the love I bear to you. Why are my arms not long enough to press the whole nation to my heart?"

It was enough. The people who had swept on like a tide, who had growled like the thunder, was silent.

The boulevards at four o'clock presented a curious spectacle, and a stranger would have thought that the whole of Paris was *en fête*. The crowd was either pushing towards the Bastille or towards the Madeleine. The incessant movement continued even when night fell; the only difference was that lights shone in all the houses, and along the boulevards was a double row of flame.

CHAPTER CV

Five announcements

THE barricades were still in their place, and it was often necessary to cross them to get to your destination; but the builders were at hand to help women to climb them, and to lift over the children. Never was politeness so universal among the people since the people had been king. But after eleven o'clock, no one was permitted to circulate freely without the pass-word or without disclosing his identity to the sentinels.

February 26th.—The aspect of Paris is unchanged; only, during the morning openings were made in the barricades so that they could be crossed, but their guards remained at their posts, and the barricade leading to the rue Montmartre had kept its guns.

The first object of everybody was to get hold of a newspaper, and each newspaper contained the following announcement:

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

"The provisional government, persuaded that the highest policy is the outcome of greatness of soul, and that each revolution brought about by the French people owes to the world the consecration of yet another philosophic truth:

"Considering that there exists no principle more sublime than the inviolability of human life:

"Considering also, that in the memorable days through which we are passing, the provisional government has remarked with pride that not a single cry for vengeance or for death has proceeded out of the mouth of the people:

"Therefore, the provisional government declares that

in the opinion of its members the penalty of death for political crimes should be abolished, and a petition to this effect will be presented for notification to the National Assembly.

"The provisional government is so firmly convinced of this truth proclaimed in the name of the French nation, that should the men who have been guilty of shedding the blood of France fall into the hands of the people, they would choose to inflict on them degradation rather than the guillotine.

"*Members of the provisional government*: DUPONT (de l'Eure), LAMARTINE, GARNIER-PAGÈS, ARAGO, MARIE, LEDRU-ROLLIN, CRÉMIEUX.

"*Secretaries*: LOUIS BLANC, ARMAND MARRAST, FLOCON, ALBERT, *ouvrier*."

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

"The mayor of Paris, being warned that the citizens have showed some intention of destroying the residences belonging to the monarchy which has lately been overthrown, in order that the last vestiges of tyranny may vanish from their sight, wishes to remind them that from henceforth these buildings belong to the country; and that, in accordance with a resolution passed by the provisional government,

"They should be sold, and the money thus obtained be applied to helping the victims of our glorious revolution, and to indemnifying the loss both to labour and trade.

"He entreats, then, all good citizens to remember that the national edifices have been placed under the safeguard of the people.

"*The Mayor of Paris*,

"GARNIER-PAGÈS.

"*February 25th.*"

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

"CITIZENS,

"Monarchy, in every conceivable shape, is abolished.

"No more Legitimacy, no more Bonapartism, no more Regency.

"The provisional government has taken all necessary measures to render impossible either the return of the old dynasty, or the accession of a new one.

"A republic has been proclaimed and the people are united together.

"The chain of forts around Paris is in our hands, and the brave garrison of Vincennes is a garrison of brothers.

"Let us guard with respect the old Republican flag, the tricolour which has made, with our fathers, the tour of the world.

"Let us show that this symbol of equality, of liberty, of fraternity, is likewise the symbol of order,—of order the most real, and the most durable, since justice is its base, and the nation its instrument.

"Already, the people have understood that the provisioning of Paris has necessitated a freer circulation in the streets of Paris, and the same hands which raised the barricades have made in many of these barricades openings large enough to admit the passage of transport-waggons.

"Let the example thus set be universally followed, and let commerce regain its usual activity and confidence. Let the people guard their rights, while they continue to assure, as they have done hitherto, public tranquillity and security.

"*The members of the provisional government, etc.*"

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY

"The provisional government orders the immediate establishment of national workshops.

"The minister of the *Travaux Publics* is charged with the execution of the law.

"*The members of the provisional government, etc.*"

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY

"The provisional government declares that the national banner is the tricoloured flag, and that the colours shall be placed in the order adopted by the former French Republic: that on the flag shall be inscribed these words, 'République Française, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité'; three words that

proclaim the doctrines of democracy in their widest sense, doctrines of which this flag is the symbol, as well as the guardian of the old traditions.

"As the token of a rallying-point and as a sign of gratitude for the last act of the popular revolution, the members of the provisional government and all other authorities shall wear a red rosette, which shall also be placed on the shaft of the standard.

"*The members of the provisional government, etc.*"

"The provisional government proclaims that:

"The children of citizens who died in battle shall be adopted by the country.

"The Republic makes itself responsible for all the help given to the wounded, and to the families of the monarchical government.

"As General Bedeau has declined the post of Minister of War, General Subervie has been nominated in his place, and is now in office.

"General Bedeau is nominated commander of the first division of the army, and is already occupied with all the duties that concern this important position."

CHAPTER CVI

What had been accomplished.

LET us now see what the Republic had accomplished in seventy-two hours.

The Chamber had been dissolved; the Chamber of Peers closed; the self-government of the nation proclaimed; liberty, equality, and fraternity revived in principles and crystallised in emblems; the Municipal Guard disbanded; the police placed under the mayor of Paris; work guaranteed to the labouring classes; [1] the right to form unions conceded; twenty-four legions of the *Garde nationale mobile* formed; law courts and tribunals established; justice placed under the protection of the French people; the unity of the people with the army declared; political prisoners set free; death for political offences abolished; the million accruing from the civil list reserved for the benefit of the wounded workmen. Studies reorganised in all schools; the courts of appeal provided with courts to meet in; the Tuileries for the future to be set apart as an asylum for infirm workmen; freedom of circulation restored in Paris; a grand demonstration held by the political government at the foot of the July column; the reorganisation of the National Guards, recently disbanded; the postal service established on a regular basis; all the buildings and palaces of the crown declared public property; monarchy, under every form, abolished; national workshops to be established immediately.

The exact amount of the sums which the State could dispose of at the moment is as follows:

In the Bank	135	millions
In the Treasury . . .	55	,,
	190	,,

[1] See Appendix I for an account of the troubles consequent upon the founding of the National Workshops.—*Translator's Note.*

The same morning gold could be obtained at the undermentioned rate:

1,000, premium		. . .	100	francs
,,	,, later	. .	80	,,
,,	,, ,,	. .	60	,,
,,	,, ,,	. .	50	,,
,,	,, ,,	. .	40	,,

That day passed much as the previous day had done; but things were growing calmer as the dread of a return of armed forces became less. The rumour of the king's death was declared to be false, but the fact remained that no one knew where he was. It was further reported that the duchesse d'Orléans, who had sought vainly to take refuge in the Invalides, had found a temporary shelter with Marshal Soult, and had left with her children for Germany, the evening before. As for the duchesse de Montpensier, she had been discovered by General Thierry wandering about the place de la Concorde, and he had taken her to England.

A boat had got up steam in order to inform MM. d'Aumale and Joinville of what had befallen the king, and that the duc d'Aumale had been replaced by General Cavaignac; and from all the towns in the neighbourhood of Paris news poured in that the Republic was proclaimed to the singing of the Marseillaise.

With the approach of dusk it was whispered that armed bands had set fire to many of the châteaux near Paris; indeed, at the moment of writing, the château de Neuilly and the château of M. de Rothschild at Suresnes were in flames, the bridges of Asnières, Reuil, Chatou, and Besons burnt, and the railway stations wrecked. This was said to be the work of the bargees out of hatred to the railways.

To put a stop to these disorders, the following proclamation was issued:

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"CITIZENS,

"The promoters of trouble and of anarchy have

conceived the criminal project of preventing the delivery of produce necessary to feed Paris, and to this end intend to cut all railway communication. You are entreated to combine together in order to oppose the carrying out of this wicked scheme. The directors of the Rouen railway have generously offered to transport, free of cost, all the grain and other provisions needed for your subsistence. Protect therefore property that is so precious to every one, and which belongs to the nation.

"The Minister of the Interior, member of the provisional government,

"LEDRU-ROLLIN."

About five o'clock that evening, carriages began to circulate on the boulevard, and by this time there was a free passage opened in the centre of the barricade. The cross-streets, however, were still only accessible to foot passengers.

During the day the brother and the nephew of the great Napoleon wrote two letters to the provisional government:

"*To the members of the provisional government of the Republic.*

"The treaties of 1815 have been torn up by the people; and from henceforth, the old soldier of Waterloo, the last surviving brother of Napoleon, enters into the bosom of his vast family.

"The era of dynasties has gone by for France, and the proscription which affected me has fallen with the last of the Bourbons.

"I demand, therefore, that the government of the Republic shall declare that my proscription, which was an insult to France, has vanished with all else that has been imposed on us by a foreign yoke.

"Accept, gentlemen, members of the provisional government of the Republic, the expression of my respect and of my devotion,

"(Signed) JEROME BONAPARTE."

"PARIS,
"*February 26th*, 1848."

"*To the members of the provisional government of the Republic.*

"At the very moment of the people's victory, I presented myself at the hôtel de Ville. It being the duty of all good citizens to assemble round the provisional government of the Republic, I was particularly anxious not to be behindhand; happy in the thought that my patriotism may prove of use.

"Accept, gentlemen, the expression of the sentiments of respect and devotion of your fellow-citizen,

"(Signed) NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"PARIS,
"*February* 26*th*, 1848."

CHAPTER CVII

The ceremony of the proclamation—The speakers—Removal of the barricades—Louis Napoleon arrives.

February 27th.—Almost the whole day has been taken up by the proclamation of the Republic at the foot of the July column; and here are the details of the ceremony.

To-day Paris has witnessed one of the most magnificent fêtes that her annals can furnish.

The evening before, two battalions of each legion of the National Guard had been ordered to assemble; a few hours later, every man was at his post, and never had the ranks been fuller. Those who had fought were still under arms, having shared for many days with the National Guards the duty of keeping order and securing the safety of the public; they now swelled the numbers of this militia of the people, thus giving proof that the brotherly union begun under fire had been cemented by victory. The populace, confident both in its strength and in its greatness, had fixed the rendezvous at that immortal place de la Bastille which has filled more than one noble page in the history of the revolution and of liberty.

The members of the provisional government quitted their chamber of consultation punctually at two, descending the grand staircase in the midst of a crowd of citizens, to the sound of drums, the guard presenting arms. The cries of "Vive la République!" raised by an enthusiastic crowd found an echo in the square overflowing with a dense multitude.

Immediately the procession set forth. At the head rode a detachment of the National Guard, then the pupils of the Staff College; behind these marched a

legion of the National Guard, and among them were citizens whose arms and dress bore witness to the revolution which had been so lately accomplished. Amidst the companies of this legion came the youths from every school, whose courage and devotion were heightened by their patriotism and intelligence. Next walked the members of the provisional government dressed in black, wearing the tricolour scarf and the red rosette in their buttonholes. The Ministers of War, Commerce, and Public Instruction, their deputies in Paris, and the Director of the Post, joined the members of the provisional government. All these elect of the insurrection were received with loud cheers. They were preceded by the cadets of Saint-Cyr, while a detachment from the École polytechnique, with naked swords, marched in line.

Behind them pressed an immense crowd which swelled in numbers till the goal was reached. The Cour de Cassation, the Cour d'Appel, General Bedeau, who commanded the military division, officers both of the army and navy, officials of other departments, had gathered in the place de la Bastille, where a large multitude was already standing round the July column, whose summit was decorated with tricoloured flags. The weather, which up to that moment had been wet, suddenly cleared, as if the sun had wished to enliven with his rays this first fête of the Republic. When the members of the provisional government arrived at the foot of the column, they stood in line while the Marseillaise was played, and in front of them were the flags.

After a roll of the drums M. Arago spoke. In a loud voice, he announced to the assembled people that the provisional government had felt it to be its duty solemnly to proclaim the Republic before the heroic population of Paris, whom this government by spontaneous acclamation had consecrated. Doubtless the sanction of the whole of France was yet lacking, but there was every hope that it would ratify the act of the Parisians, who had given a new and magnificent example of their

courage, their power, and their moderation. They desired to prove to their country, and to the world, that they possessed not only the instinct of their rights, but also wisdom and intelligence. Calm and strong, energetic and generous, the Parisians could stand before the rest of France, as one of its titles to honour.

It almost seemed as if M. Arago had allowed the ill-doing monarchy to fall into contemptuous oblivion, in order to concern himself solely with the great interests which belong equally to all nations, with the immortal principles that should be the moral law of politics, and also of humanity.

"Citizens," he exclaimed in a burst of enthusiasm, "repeat with me the popular cry, 'Vive la République!'" Then the members of the provisional government took off their hats; the flags were dipped in salute, the drums beat, the blast of the trumpets was heard; and above them all rose the shout of the people, "Vive la République!"

As soon as the excitement had a little subsided, the venerable president of the Council, M. Dupont (de l'Eure), thanked the Parisians for their work of conquest, for the order they had maintained even through the times of greatest anxiety, and for that legitimate indignation which a high moral sentiment had enabled them to confine within bounds. The Republic, based on such a foundation, should be eternal; eternal as the principles, as the victory, of which it was the outcome.

Cries of "bravo" accompanied the oration of the president, and the enthusiasm increased when M. Arago added with emotion:

"Citizens, it is eighty years of a pure and patriotic life which is speaking to you."

"We know! We know! Long live Dupont (de l'Eure)!"

"Vive la République!" he replied, and for several minutes the shouts continued.

In glowing words, M. Crémieux invoked the memory of the brave citizens who died in the July revolution,

and whose names were engraven in bronze on the column. This day should comfort their souls for eighteen years of affliction, for none could deprive the people of the fruits of their victory, as it was from the people that the government derived its power and its support. Equality effaced all class distinctions; all antagonisms disappeared before that holy fraternity which made the children of one country to be also children of one family, and allies of all nations.

The speech was again and again interrupted by loud cheers.

General Courtais, commander of the National Guard, gave the order to defile, but the crowd was such that the ranks were broken. It, likewise, marched past the provisional government, amid shouts of "Vive la République!" The two detachments took nearly an hour to pass, and then it was the turn of the members of the provisional government to put themselves in motion, and march between the legions posted along the boulevards.

From the place de la Bastille to the top of the faubourg Poissonnière one cry resounded, and was echoed from point to point by the countless multitude. Every face bore the impress of confidence and of joy; not an infectious and frivolous gaiety, but a joy that was deep-seated and serene. Altogether, the spectacle was one of the most imposing that could be witnessed, for there is nothing that can be compared with the majesty conferred by the presence of the people.

Henceforward, this day would find a place in the annals of those that leave in history marks on which we love to look back.

This same populace, only three days before so outraged, so full of the lust of battle,—there it was to-day, modifying its impressions, feeling at peace with all the world, and abandoning itself to dreams of a future of greatness and prosperity, with a faith that now would never be deceived.

Here is the list of the wounded admitted to the

hospitals of Paris, on February 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

	Men.	Women.	Soldiers.	Total.
Hôtel Dieu	84	2	34	120
Pitié	8	—	1	9
Charité	89	2	28	119
Sainte-Antoine	27	—	9	36
Cochin	—	1	—	1
Necker	3	—	2	5
Bon-Secours	3	—	—	3
Saint-Louis	45	3	1	49
Clinique	5	—	1	6
Eraison de Santé	9	—	—	9
Incurables	2	—	—	2
Hôtel Dieu (annex) . . .	5	—	2	7
Baujon	62	—	—	62
				428

As will be seen, the sum total is 428 wounded, of which 350 were civilians and 78 were soldiers.

The Act of impeachment of the ex-ministers is, it is believed, to bear this date, and judgment doubtless must be given in default. M. Guizot is said to have escaped in the disguise of a servant, and to have reached England. M. Duchâtel had got away hidden in the folds of a large cloak, while M. Hébert had found a pair of false moustaches sufficient. Two corpses were exposed in the place du Palais-Royal, with the word "thief" pinned on their chests. Bou-Maza had taken flight, and orders had been sent by telegraph to arrest him wherever he might be.

Now, foreign affairs began once more to find their way into the preoccupations of the nation. Milan was passing through a reign of terror. Martial law was proclaimed, and rigorous measures taken against the people. From moment to moment some revolt was expected which might assume the proportions of a revolution. Meanwhile, the provisional government could count on the support of the *Journal des Débats*, which had made its "profession of faith" devotion to the Republic.

The paving-stones were returned to their proper places, the barricades were lowered, and it was again possible to drive through almost all the streets.

At eleven o'clock, a rumour went abroad that prince Louis Napoleon had entered Paris.

February 28th.—This morning the papers announced that M. Guizot had left for England in the steamboat *Express*; and that eight other persons, whose names were unknown, had likewise embarked in the neighbourhood of Havre.

It is presumed that these passengers are the king and those who had shared his flight.

Prince Louis Napoleon has written to-day the subjoined letter to the members of the provisional government:

"PARIS,
"*February 28th*, 1848.

"GENTLEMEN,

"The people of Paris, having by their heroism destroyed the last traces of the foreign invasion, I hasten from my exile to range myself under the banners of the Republic which has so recently been proclaimed.

"Devoid of any ambition except that of serving my country, I wish to announce my arrival to the members of the provisional government and to assure them of my devotion to the cause they represent, and also of my sympathy with them personally.

"Accept, gentlemen, this expression of my sentiments.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

In the course of this same day, Mr. Richard Rush, the minister of the United States in Paris, visited the hôtel de Ville, and acknowledged the provisional government; and it was fitting that the representative of the American Union should be the first to greet our young Republic. In the circumstances, the action of the United States minister partook almost of a solemnity; and although it had been expected, the members of the provisional government felt moved and touched. After an interview in which noble sentiments had been uttered

on both sides, the whole body escorted this representative of a great people to the door of the hôtel de Ville, in order to demonstrate the cordial affection that ought for ever to exist between America and the French Republic.

M. Cabet and the Icarians sent in their adhesion to the Republic, and further promised to demand neither money nor a share in the division of property. Some one, reading this statement in the paper, inquired of M. Dennery what was meant by "Icarians." "The Icarians," he answered, "are the disciples of a man who tried to steal but was not able to manage it."

CHAPTER CVIII

The flight of Louis Philippe—A manifesto.

THE most contradictory reports and the most singular rumours are being circulated relative to the last moments which the family of Louis Philippe spent in France. A letter from Saint-Cloud that was communicated to us contains the following details respecting the flight of Louis Philippe:

"The mayor and his deputy were both absent when, about three o'clock on Thursday, the ex-king arrived at Saint-Cloud, escorted by some dragoons and a few mounted National Guards, in order that he might feel no fears as to his safety. The commander of the troops announced the abdication of the king, adding some particulars. It appears that when Louis Philippe got out of the little carriage in which he had made the journey, he sent for M. Tallier, asking him to supply riding horses; but on hearing that these were not to be had, he called one of the public vehicles of the Sicard company, and drove to Versailles. With him were the queen, the duchesse de Montpensier, and the duc and the duchesse de Nemours. He only stayed in the château three-quarters of an hour, and then departed, telling the deputy mayor he had been woefully deceived.

"That evening Prevost his valet reached Saint-Cloud, hiding under his waistcoat two shirts for the king, who, in his hasty flight, had forgotten to take any. Only in the morning, the valet with tears in his eyes had told his master that Paris was in a state of ferment and that it was necessary to make concessions to the people. And what was the answer? 'Oh! that is nothing but club gossip. We are going to bring them to reason. In a few hours everything will be quiet again.'"

The ex-king reached Dreux on Thursday the 24th, at

half-past eleven at night. He was accompanied by the queen, the duchesse de Nemours, and the two children. All the way, the strictest incognito had been preserved, except that the valet, who with two maids formed the entire suite, had carelessly pronounced the name of the king, a slip which seems to have passed unnoticed. An hour later, the duc de Montpensier arrived, with the news, which filled them with consternation, that the crown was irretrievably lost.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Friday the 25th, the ex-king and his family quitted Dreux. In order the better to conceal their departure, the footman who was sitting on the box had exchanged his livery for a coat bought for the purpose a few hours earlier. At the exit from the town, the *sous-préfet* was awaiting them, and he also took a seat on the box. The carriage was stopped at Saint-André by some gendarmes, who inquired at the local posting establishment whether they knew anything of the occupants. At this the *sous-préfet* instantly got down, and whispered in their ears, after which the gendarmes immediately retired.

The ex-king's adventures were, however, not yet over, for scarcely was the forest of Anet left behind them, than the workers in a paper manufactory in the neighbourhood entered it in force, with the intention of seizing his person and stopping his progress.

Achmet Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, had attracted much notice by the courage which he had displayed on February 20th in the attack on the château d'Eau. Since that, he had been seen on the boulevard, sitting by his coachman, while men in blouses occupied the inside of his curricle.

The body of M. Jollivet, deputy for Ile-et-Vilaine, missing for four days, has now been found. It was one of the three corpses buried hurriedly under a heap of sand, just as the king was making his escape past the large pond in the Tuileries.

An interview has taken place between Lord Normanby and M. de Lamartine, which leads us to suppose that

there will be no interruption of our friendly relations with England. Meanwhile, M. de Lamartine is preparing a manifesto to be addressed to the whole of Europe, in the name of the French Republic, and the report of a revolution in Belgium has been contradicted.

We learn from a tourist that M. Guizot landed at Dover on Sunday morning.

Two thousand factory hands marched to the hôtel de Ville to demand that their working day should be reduced to twelve hours, that piece-work should be abolished, and that prompt measures should be taken to bring about the association of masters and men.

This action has resulted in the publication of another manifesto.

"Considering that the revolution, having been made *by* the people, should also be made *for* the people;

"That it is time that the long and iniquitous sufferings of working-men should cease;

"That the question of work is of supreme importance;

"That no subject is more worthy of the attention of a republican government;

"That it belongs to France, above all other countries, to study diligently and to solve the problem with which the industrial nations of Europe are now confronted;

"That it is necessary that there should be no delay in assuring to the people the legitimate fruits of their labour;

"The provisional government of the Republic appoints:

"A permanent commission which shall be called 'the government commission for workers,' with the express duty of inquiring into their conditions.

"In order to show how great is the importance attached by the provisional government of the Republic to the solution of this difficult problem, it nominates as president of the Commission for the Working-classes one of its members, M. Louis Blanc, and as vice-president another of its members, M. Albert, a working-man.

"Other working-men will also be summoned to sit on the commission.

"The place of assembly for the meeting of the commission will be the Luxembourg palace.

"LOUIS BLANC, ARMAND MARRAST, GARNIER-PAGÈS."

Signs of approbation poured in from all sides; every one claimed to have had a share in the fall of the recent government; and Victor Hugo remarked after the July revolution:

"There is at this moment a shower of places. And this shower has produced a strange effect; it has washed some people, while it has dirtied others."

CHAPTER CIX

The details of the royal flight—The two hurricanes—The king's bargain.

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

February 29th.—"The provisional government,

"Considering:

"That equality is one of the main principles of the French Republic, and should therefore be instantly put into application:

"Declares:

"All the ancient titles of nobility to be abolished, and the privileges belonging to them void. The titles can neither be used publicly nor figure in any public act whatsoever.

"*The members of the provisional government.*"

By this time Louis Philippe had arrived in London, and taken up his abode at Mivart's Hotel. Here are some details of his flight and of the various incidents that marked it, of which we can guarantee the authenticity.

The king had been seen to go; he had been seen also to vanish completely. He had been seen to make a halt at the Trianon; he had been seen to stop at Dreux. At Dreux he had sent for the *sous-préfet*, M. Maréchal, for the king had not yet found his pocket-book, and had only about 13,000 francs in gold. M. Maréchal put his cash-box at his disposal, and the king remained for some hours at Dreux. He did not doubt for a moment that the regency had been accepted, and had nothing to fear since his grandson was king.

Suddenly M. de Montpensier appeared on the scene, bringing with him the fatal news. They had refused the

regency. At this intelligence, a carriage without armorial bearings was got ready; the royal family quitted Dreux, and M. Maréchal drove them.

From Dreux, an express had been sent by M. de Rumigny to M. de Perthuis, captain of a little coast-guard boat, ordering him to come to Honfleur and fetch the king, who arrived safely the next morning. M. Mathieu Dumas, M. de Rumigny, M. Dupuis de Paulignes, and a valet accompanied him. Now, M. de Perthuis, aide-de-camp to the king and brother of the sailor, possessed a little tumble-down hut on the coast of Grace, on the very spot where a more important house would presently be built, and it was to this hut that the fugitives directed their steps. The keeper, a former valet called Racine, knew Matthieu Dumas, whose daughter had married the son of M. de Perthuis; so when Matthieu Dumas asked for the keys of the hut, Racine gave them up at once. He had, besides, recognised the king, though his Majesty had cut off his whiskers and wore green spectacles; had enveloped his face up to the nose in a comforter, and affected an American accent.

The other members of the royal family established themselves in the downstairs room, and the rest slept on straw in the garret.

The morning was spent in waiting for M. de Perthuis and his coast-guard, but it was not till two that he arrived in a barque. He had almost capsized at least twenty times, for the swell was too great to permit him to land at Grace. Still, there he was, entirely at the disposal of the king.

A council of war was held. What was to be done? for all felt it would be dangerous to go to Havre, where the king might be recognised. At last it was decided that during the night they should drive to Trouville, and try to embark from there. Racine was to be sent in front, so as to arrange with the captain of a ship to carry over to England an old American and his family whom terror had driven from Paris.

The valet started on his mission, and when night

came, the king, queen, and princesses started also, under the escort of MM. de Rumigny, Matthieu Dumas, Dupuis de Paulignes, de Perthuis, and the valet who had left Paris to follow his master's fortunes.

On the way, they met Racine, who told the king that the price of the voyage was to be 5,000 francs, and for this sum a ship-master named Halley would land his passengers in England, without troubling himself as to who they were, or what was their status. Once at Trouville, they would find shelter in the house of a doctor called Biard. This was welcome news, and they proceeded on their road.

The house of M. Biard opened wide its doors to the fugitives, but, on the advice of his host, the king consented to ask counsel of a captain of great experience, one Victor Barbet, before embarking, for the wind off the sea was blowing a gale, and the noise of the waves could be heard plainly. M. Biard himself undertook the mission, and repeated to Barbet the fable of the American. Barbet replied that it was quite possible to make the voyage, and that he would answer with his head for the American's safe arrival in London.

The king, however, was not content without questioning Barbet for himself, and when the captain stood before him, thought it as well to deceive him by again representing that he and his family were Americans, flying from Paris.

"I do not wish to know your secrets; I offer to risk my life in order to take you over to England, that is all," said Barbet.

"You are too good a fellow for me to hide the truth from you any longer," replied Louis Philippe. "I am the king."

"I had already recognised you, sire," answered Barbet.

The king flung his arms round the captain's neck, and embraced him.

"Thank you," he said, "but I will not expose such a brave man to death. Just find out for me if the little vessel I have hired can sail."

"That depends where it is anchored," replied Barbet.

"If it is on the shore, yes. If it is in the Fouque, impossible."

Now the Fouque is a little river, or rather stream, which flows past Trouville, and throws itself into the sea about a hundred yards from the village. Ten minutes later, Barbet, who had been to inspect the position of the boat, returned. His news was bad. The sea was higher, the gale had increased, and Halley's vessel was still in the Fouque. And so long as the wind continued to blow, no human power could enable it to put to sea.

Thus the king found himself between two hurricanes; that which was blowing in Paris, and the other which came from the ocean. The first pursued him, the second stopped him. The case looked desperate, but Barbet had a vessel lying on the shore, and this he placed at the king's disposal, and offered to sail it himself. The waves had no terror for him, old sea-dog that he was; he had weathered worse gales than this, and he would answer for everything. Only, the bargain with Halley must be cancelled, and Halley, seeing his American depart with somebody else, might become dangerous.

So Racine the valet, who had arranged the matter with Halley before, was sent to offer him half of the 5,000 francs agreed on; but Halley would listen to nothing. "Ah!" he cried suddenly, "you are trying to bargain! It is the king," and Racine returned trembling from the interview.

Happily it was night; the king might escape unnoticed. But Halley was beforehand with them; he had instantly hastened to a commissioner, and by this time twenty Trouville men were watching the coast. So said Barbet's brother, captain of the port.

Then they fixed on another plan; the king must go back to Honfleur. A carriage was procured for him, and they started along the road to Fouque, accompanied by eight or ten guards, all well armed. From Fouque, he was to continue his journey to Honfleur. Meanwhile M. de Perthuis was to stay two hours longer in the house in order that he might be able to report what was happen-

ing, and know how to counteract the schemes of evil-disposed persons.

Scarcely had the king departed than a knock was heard at the door. It was opened by M. de Perthuis, who found outside the commissioner come to search the premises. The precaution of leaving M. de Perthuis behind had therefore been a wise one; and he was so calm and composed that it was impossible to guess that anything was at stake. "He was expecting M. Biard," he said, "who had gone on an errand to the village."

All this time, the king was rapidly gaining ground, and two hours after his departure M. de Perthuis followed him, as had been agreed on. He took a cross road that went along the coast, and, riding at full speed, arrived at Honfleur almost at the same moment as the king. The hut which had previously sheltered them was still there, and they entered it, while M. de Perthuis flung himself into a boat, and returned to Havre.

The king was worn out, and depressed; a wanderer and a fugitive like king Lear; like king Lear he had felt the lash of the tempest all night on his face. But his spirits revived when at the end of an hour M. de Perthuis came back bearing good news. At Havre, the English steamer *Express* was lying in the harbour for the purpose of taking on board any of queen Victoria's subjects who might be anxious to leave France, and it would give a passage to the king and his family. On learning this, M. de Perthuis had hired for 120 francs a small packet-boat that plied between Havre and Honfleur, and it was there, below, steam up, ready for them to come on board.

Then the king took farewell of his brave escort, who did not leave him till he was safe on the steamer, which they followed with their eyes till it entered the port of Havre, where the *Express* awaited them.

M. de Perthuis' boat ranged itself alongside, and at the spectacle of all the people crowded on the pier the royal family hastily passed from one ship to another.

The harbour was so full of vessels that the *Express* had some difficulty in hewing her way through them. But at last she was out in the open sea, her course set towards England.

Kingship had bidden its last adieu to France.

CHAPTER CX

A prediction fulfilled—Death of Louis Philippe (August 26th, 1850)—The funeral.

THUS was fulfilled the prediction I had made in 1831:

"This is the gulf which will swallow up the present government; the beacon we shall kindle is destined to light a wreck only, a wreck which, did it wish to tack, can no longer do so, for the current which sweeps on is too rapid, the wind which fills its sails too strong. Still, in the hour of stress, our feelings as men will override our stoicism as citizens, and a voice will be heard crying, 'Let the monarchy die, but God save the king,' and the voice will be my voice."

Two years and a half after these events we read in the newspapers:

"This morning (August 26th) news was received in London of the death of Louis Philippe, which took place in his temporary home at Claremont, where he had been residing for some days with his family. The exiled prince has recently, and indeed since his abdication, suffered much from great nerve weakness, caused, no doubt, by the shock produced upon his system by late events. On Friday he became so alarmingly worse that it was thought necessary to summon all the members of his family, but in spite of the most affectionate care and the resources of science, the strength of the royal patient failed rapidly, and he expired this morning at half-past eight o'clock.

"The news reached London an hour later, and has inspired profound regret."

Let us give a few details respecting his death.

For several months the king's health had been

rapidly declining. In October he would have completed his seventy-seventh year, and the turn politics had taken in France dealt a cruel blow even to his vigorous constitution.

In June last however, the sojourn of the king at St. Leonards appeared to have been of considerable benefit to his health, and he had there received the visits of many friends which had given him great pleasure. During July this improvement continued, but in the beginning of August the weakness showed signs of returning, and increased day by day. By the 24th it had made such progress, that it was needful to countermand a journey which had been planned, and the following morning the doctor conceived it his duty to warn the queen of her husband's imminent danger. The queen received the intelligence with her habitual religious resignation, and said at once:

"Monsieur, you must acquaint the king with his condition."

"Madame," answered the doctor, "this last supreme service is generally rendered to the dying by the priest and not by the doctor. It is, on the contrary, the duty of the doctor to seem to doubt the fact till the very last moment, and to close the horizons of death to the dying. I entreat, then, that the queen will charge another than myself with this sad mission."

"Monsieur," replied the queen, "the king believes only in what is capable of proof. Warned by science, he *will* believe in the imminence of his danger; warned only by religion, he will probably turn a deaf ear."

"What your Majesty has done me the honour to inform me is the exact truth. Yet unless you give me a positive order to acquaint the king with his serious condition——"

"I *do* give you the order, monsieur."

The doctor bowed, and went back to the king's room.

The king listened to the fatal news with composure; and when the doctor had ended, he said gaily:

"Oh! yes, I understand quite well! You have come to tell me it is time to pack up."

"Sire."

"It was the queen, wasn't it, who begged you to do me this last service?"

"Yes, sire."

"Ask her to come in."

The doctor opened the door where the queen was waiting. During some minutes these two old people, who had for eighteen years worn together the heaviest, if the fairest, crown of the world, spoke in whispers, their trembling heads close to each other.

At length the queen raised her voice.

"His Majesty wishes to see the Abbé Guelle, my almoner," and the Abbé Guelle speedily answered the summons.

Behind him entered all the royal family—that is, the queen, the duchesse d'Orléans, the comte de Paris, the duc de Chartres, the duc et duchesse de Nemours, the prince et princesse de Joinville, the duc et duchesse d'Aumale, and the duchesse de Saxe-Coburg. They all knelt down, but far enough from the bed not to be able to hear what the king was saying to the Abbé Guelle.

His confession ended and absolution received, the king turned round, and remarked with the same gaiety he had previously shown:

"Well, Amélie, are you satisfied?"

"Yes, sire," answered the queen, "for now I can hope that, if God will grant me a good end like yours, we shall only be parted for an instant, and be reunited for eternity."

The king next begged to be left alone with the duchesse d'Orléans. Their conversation lasted for over an hour. No one knew what was discussed between them; but it was presumed that the king was trying to overcome the objections of the duchesse to the system of coalition. That which was policy in a living king might be remorse in a dying one. Was it not an effort to give back, if merely for a moment, the crown to a prince he knew could have no heirs; a crown which on the throne had felt light, but in the tomb might seem heavy?

However this may be, the confession over, and this

long conversation finished, the king visibly revived. He asked for his memoirs, and dictated the last page to his aide-de-camp. The composition of these memoirs had been the chief distraction of his exile.

"Ah, Pardieu!" he cried cheerfully to his doctor, "do you know, monsieur, that there is something I want dreadfully to do?"

"What, sire?"

"To proclaim you a liar, by recovering."

"It would be a great happiness for me, sire," answered the doctor, "and I will spare no pains to bring it about."

Unfortunately, the king deceived himself. In the evening he was attacked by a violent fever which grew worse and worse till two o'clock, and then diminished till six, when he felt better, though terribly weak.

At seven, he was still in perfect possession of his faculties, and told the doctor he felt quite well.

At eight, he died, without pain, without convulsions, and quite peacefully, in the midst of the tears and prayers of his family.

The funeral took place on September 2nd, at Claremont, and an account of the ceremony appeared in the *Globe*. This is it:

"The remains of Louis Philippe, ex-king of the French, were borne to-day from Claremont to the Gothic chapel at Weybridge. A large number of Frenchmen were present, and from nine o'clock in the morning the great hall at Claremont and the roads leading to the house were thronged with men distinguished by their birth, their position, or their talents, among whom we remarked M. de Rumigny, our former ambassador at Brussels, the baron de Bussières, ex-ambassador at Naples, the duc de Montmorency, the duc de Guiche, comte Anatole de Montesquiou, the comte de Sarnac, and the ministers of Belgium, Spain, and Naples.

"At half-past 9 low Mass was said in the chapel, from which the public were excluded.

"The chapel was hung throughout with black, and black also covered the altar which had been raised at the back, an ivory crucifix, magnificently carved, surmounting it.

On each side of the altar stood massive candelabra with huge tapers.

"The coffin containing the body of the king was placed in the centre, surrounded by twenty-four candles. On it was the following inscription:

"Louis Philippe I, King of the French,
"Born in Paris, October 6th, 1773,
"Died at Claremont, in the county of Surrey, England,
"August 26th, 1850.

"After Mass, the coffin was carried by MM. the duc de Montmorency, General d'Houdetot, General Berthois, General Dumas, General de Chabannes, and the comte Friant, to a spot called White-Gate, half-way between the house and the park entrance, where it was laid in the hearse.

"The chief mourners were the comte de Paris, the duc de Nemours, the prince de Joinville, and the duc d'Aumale.

"The cortège then began to move, headed by the hearse, which contained the plain coffin, without any arms or heraldic device,—just the letters L. P. with a crown above them.

"This procession took the road to Hersham, through a beautiful country, with rows of trees on the right and left, more worthy of admiration than the decorations of king's palaces. It crossed the river Mole by a pretty bridge, and, after leaving Hersham behind, arrived at Walton Heath.

"The rising ground along the route was covered by a grave and respectful crowd. In the village of Weybridge, curiosity was at its height, and shortly before the time when the procession was expected a dense multitude collected in front of the Catholic chapel, where the king's body was to be laid.

"It was a quarter to twelve before the cortège reached Weybridge, having left Esher at half-past ten. The hearse was drawn by eight horses, and twelve mourning coaches followed it, one with six horses, and the rest with two.

"At the moment that the coffin quitted Claremont, the queen, accompanied by the duchesse de Nemours and by the other members of the royal family, set out for Weybridge in three mourning coaches.

"The procession entered Weybridge in the following order: Twenty-two horsemen; the tradesmen of Esher;

a boy bearing a censer; another boy carrying a cross; two acolytes followed by M. Lyre, the reverend Doctor White, pro-vicar-apostolic, and by nine other ecclesiastics; the rear was brought up by the hearse and the mourning coaches.

"At the private entrance to the chapel, the coffin was taken out of the hearse and borne into the chapel on the shoulders of the men, followed by the comte de Paris, the duc de Nemours, the prince de Joinville, the duc d'Aumale, and about a hundred other persons.

"The coffin was placed in front of the altar, and after Mass was carried down into the vault, which was instantly sealed up.

"The procession then returned to Claremont."

During the seventy-six years since Louis XV, who died after a debauch, this was the fifth king of France to be buried; and out of five of these kings, one only, Louis XVIII, died in the Tuileries. Louis XVI had been guillotined on la place de la Révolution. Napoleon died at St. Helena. Charles X at Goritz. Louis Philippe at Claremont. What a terrible reflection to those who still wished to reign!

Now let us look at the verdict of the English press on Louis Philippe.

The *Morning Chronicle* says that "in this family, intrigue was an hereditary tradition"; and the paper goes on to show him fighting for his House, and in that respect faithful to the family tradition. "We can hardly say," it adds, "that a great and good man has gone from among us. He obtained the crown by duplicity and kept it by tyranny, and his conduct towards England was marked by a policy totally devoid of scruples, and as far removed from a real wisdom as from a nice honour."

The *Morning Advertiser* reproaches him with an immoderate desire to accumulate riches, titles, and power in his family, without regard to the interests or feelings of the people that he governed, and of entire indifference to the most solemn engagements.

The *Morning Post* says that if the subtleties of a cool and calculating mind could have welded together the July monarchy, Louis Philippe would have died king of the French. But he had the misfortune of not being able to carry out his principles, and "his race has fallen" amidst the contempt of Europe.

The *Times*, which gives a long biography of the deceased monarch, expresses itself in these terms:

"Louis Philippe, king of the French, has distinguished himself amongst all the men who have figured with the same prominence on the stage of history and in the government of civilised peoples, by the absence of those transcendent intellectual faculties, of those fierce passions, of those imposing virtues, or of those bold crimes, which commonly are to be found in the annals of humanity. But he replaced those dangerous gifts of genius and power by a singular combination of the lower qualities of human nature. For good or evil, these qualities, taken together, formed the basis of his character; and in seeking to judge impartially this remarkable man, it would be as false to raise him to the position of a teacher or a hero as it would be to degrade him into that of a selfish tyrant."

This is the opinion of the *Sun*:

"Louis Philippe of Orléans, after having taken an active part in the terrible struggle of princes and people, was destined to be the witness of the triumph of democracy which he dreamed had been crushed by his powerful hand; to see the Phrygian cap replace the Bourbon diadem. Such has been the just punishment of Égalité's son, who sought to strangle Liberty by embraces, to betray it by kisses, like Iscariot, to lull it to sleep by the insidious poison of his flatteries. And to crown all, Providence seems to have allowed him to live just long enough after his fall to behold the consolidation of the French Republic. The death of this remarkable individual appears due to the remorse which undermined his health, added to the thunderbolt of February."

Finally, in the *Daily News*, one reads these lines:

"During the eighteen years of his reign, not one single

great or generous idea germinated in his soul. His internal policy was limited to cajoling or corrupting the deputies, and neither he nor his ministers had the slightest knowledge of the condition, the needs, or the state of mind of his people. They contented themselves with contemplating the surface, and never turned over the layer of artificial soil which covered the volcano ready for eruption.

"Harsh laws accelerated the explosion. This Solomon of the drawing-rooms of London and Paris had no conception of either the essence or the object of government, of the development and the satisfaction of popular wants. For him, politics meant diplomacy, and nothing more."

APPENDIX 1[1]

(Included in the Original Edition)

DECREES OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC RESPECTING THE SALE OF PROPERTY BELONGING TO THE ORLÉANS FAMILY

"The President of the Republic, taking into consideration that all governments which have succeeded each other have judged it indispensable that every family on ceasing to reign should be forced to sell the lands and personal property it possessed in France;

"That in obedience to this law, on January 12th, 1816, Louis XVIII obliged the members of the emperor Napoleon's family to sell their personal property within six months, and that on April 10th, 1832, Louis Philippe acted in the same manner towards the princes of the elder branch of the Bourbons;

"That such measures are always a matter of public interest and order;

"That to-day, more than ever, high political considerations demand insistently the diminution of the influence obtained by the house of Orléans by the possession of real estate in France to the value of nearly three hundred millions;

"Decrees:

"*Article* 1.—That the members of the Orléans family, their husbands, wives, and descendants, can never possess real or personal property in France of any kind whatsoever; and they are therefore compelled to sell, in a manner that must be absolute, everything belonging to them contained in the territory of the Republic.

"*Article* 2.—That this sale must be effected within a year, dating, for those estates free of charges, from the day of the promulgation of this decree, and for the property subject to mortgage, or to liquidation, from the date at which the legal title to it shall have been formally proved.

[1] The decrees here given, though forgotten to-day, are exceedingly curious and afford ample material for reflection.—*Editor's Note.*

"*Article* 3.—In default of having carried out the sale within the time above indicated, the same will be undertaken by the bureau of the administration of demesnes as prescribed under the law of April 10th, 1832.

"The price of the sale will be handed over to the owners or to any others duly entitled thereto.

"Given at the palace of the Tuileries, this January 22nd, 1852.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON.
"By the President:
"The Minister of State,
"X. DE CASABIANCA."

"The President of the Republic, considering that—without desiring to infringe the rights of property in the persons of the princes of the house of Orléans,—he would be unworthy of the confidence reposed in him by the French people if he permitted lands which should belong to the nation to be withdrawn from the State;

"Considering that according to the ancient public rights in France, confirmed by the decree of September 21st, 1790, and by the law of November 8th, 1814, all property belonging to a prince became on his accession to the throne instantly and of necessity a part of the demesnes of the Crown;

"That accordingly both the decree of September 21st, 1790, and the laws of November 8th, 1814, declare:

"That the private property of a prince who ascends the throne, and all that he may have accumulated during his reign, however he may have become possessed of it, form henceforth part of the demesne of the nation, and that this union is irrevocable and perpetual;

"That the consecration of this principle dates back to the most distant epoch of the monarchy; and in support of this, the example of Henry IV, among others, may be cited. This prince, wishing, by the issue of Letters Patent on April 15th, 1590, to prevent the reunion of his lands to those of the Crown, was met by a refusal of the parliament of Paris to register these Letters Patent, in an Act of July 15th, 1591. Later, their firmness was applauded by Henry himself, and in an edict dating from July 1607 he revoked the publication.

"Considering that this fundamental law of the monarchy was put in force during the reigns of Louis XVIII and of Charles X, and reiterated in the Act of January 15th, 1835;

"That it had not been revoked by the legislature on August 9th, 1830, when Louis Philippe accepted the crown; and that thus, by the very fact of his acceptation, all the property he possessed at that time has become incontestably part of the State;

"Considering that the deed of gift of his entire property, with the reservation of the assessment, to which Louis Philippe agreed on August 7th, 1830, was intended to benefit his younger children to the exclusion of the eldest son; and that on this very day he was offered the crown, though his acceptance was not given till two days later; and considering that the sole object of the delay in this acceptance was to prevent the absorption in the State of the large properties possessed by the prince now called to occupy the throne;

"And that afterwards, when it became known, the public conscience revolted against it;

"That if the retention of the usufruct were not cancelled, it was because there did not exist, as in the old monarchy, an authority competent to hinder the violation of the public rights, of which in former days the parliament was the guardian;

"That in reserving to himself the usufruct of the property included in the deed of gift, Louis Philippe deprived himself of nothing, and only desired to secure to his family property which in reality belonged to the State;

"That the very fact of the deed of gift, and of the exclusion of the eldest son, in the anticipation of the accession of that son to the throne of France, was in itself a proof of the formal recognition on the part of Louis Philippe of this fundamental rule, since so many precautions were necessary in order to elude it;

"That it would be vain to plead that the union of the prince's property with the public domains could only be the result of his acceptance of the crown, which acceptance not taking place till August 9th, the donation of August 7th could be carried into effect;

"Considering that on this latter date Louis Philippe was no longer a private person, seeing that both Chambers had declared him king of the French, subject to the single condition of his taking the oath to the Charter;

"That it followed from his acceptance that he was king from August 6th, because on that day the will of the nation was made known by means of the two Chambers, and that

a fraud upon a law for the commonweal is none the less a fraud when it is intended to defeat a definite act about to be accomplished;

"Considering that the property included in the donation of August 7th, being irrevocably incorporated in the domain of the State, cannot be separated from it by the provisions of Article 22 in the law passed on March 2nd, 1832;

"That to make this law retrospective by rendering valid an act intrinsically null and void, according to the legislation existing at that period, would be contrary to every principle;

"And besides, such a law, dictated for private interest by a private individual, could never be upheld against the permanent benefits to the State, and the immutable rules of public rights;

"Considering, also, that the rights of the State having been thus vindicated, there still remains to the Orléans family *more than a hundred millions* with which to support its position in foreign countries;

"Considering, lastly, that it is proper to continue the grant of 300,000 francs a year, charged on the Budget for the dowry of the duchesse d'Orléans:

"It is decreed as follows:

"*Article* 1.—That the real and personal property included in the deed of gift of August 7th, 1830, by king Louis Philippe is restored to the State.

"*Article* 2.—That the State makes itself responsible for the payment of debts in the Civil List, incurred in the last reign.

"*Article* 3.—The allowance of 300,000 francs to the duchesse d'Orléans is continued.

"*Article* 4.—That the property restored to the State in virtue of Article 1 shall be sold at the request of the Administration of Lands and the proceeds divided as under:

"*Article* 5.—Ten millions are allotted to Mutual Benefit Societies, as authorised by the law of July 15th, 1850.

"*Article* 6.—Ten millions shall be employed to improve the housing of working-men in the large manufacturing towns.

"*Article* 7.—Ten millions shall be set apart to establish loans on mortgage in certain departments under certain conditions.

"*Article* 8.—Five millions shall go to form a fund for pensioning poor priests.

"*Article* 9.—The surplus of the sale announced in Article 1 shall be given to the endowment of the Legion of Honour, the income to be divided between the undermentioned objects, to be supplemented from the Budget in case it should not prove sufficient.

"*Article* 10.—All the officers, petty officers, and soldiers on active service on land or sea, who shall for the future be nominated to or promoted in the national order of the Legion of Honour, will receive, according to their grade, the following annual allowance:

	Francs
The Legionaries (as formerly)	250
The officers	500
The commanders	1,000
The chief officers	2,000
The Grand Crosses	3,000

"*Article* 11.—A military medal has been struck conveying with it the right to a pension of one hundred francs to all soldiers and petty officers whether on land or sea, under conditions hereafter to be fixed.

"*Article* 12.—One of the châteaux belonging to the nation shall be used as a school for the daughters or poor orphans of families whose heads have obtained this medal.

"*Article* 13.—The château de Saverne shall be restored in such a manner as to serve as an asylum for the widows of high civil or military officials who have died in the service of the State.

"*Article* 14.—In consideration of the above, the President of the Republic withdraws all claims on the confiscations pronounced in 1814 and 1815 against the Bonaparte family.

"*Article* 15.—The ministers are charged, each in his own province, with the execution of this decree.

"Given at the palace of the Tuileries, January 22nd, 1852.

"Louis Napoleon,

"By the President:

"Minister of State,

"X. de Casabianca."

"FIRST CIVIL TRIBUNAL OF THE SEINE COURT. SITTING FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF FEBRUARY 14TH

"*Sale by auction of property belonging to the late king, Louis Philippe*

"The announcement of this sale attracted to the court of auction a large crowd of spectators. The sale took place by the request of the princes of the house of Orléans, and we give the abstract of qualifications taken in the action by the parties. This abstract will be useful as explaining the circumstances in which the sale took place.

"The executors of the will of king Louis Philippe, M. Dupin, M. Laplagne-Barris, the duc de Montmorency, the comte de Montalivet, and M. Achille Scribe, have addressed a protest to the prince-president of the Republic relative to the decree of January 22nd in regard to the disposal of the property of the house of Orléans; and have demanded that the case shall be brought into court. The receipt of this protest has been acknowledged by M. de Casabianca, minister of State.

"A judgment of the chief court of the Seine (the first Chamber) of April 12th, 1851, orders the sale by auction of the pavilion of Wurtemberg, part of the domain of Neuilly, after valuation; and in consequence of this judgment, and of two other judgments of the same Chamber on July 28th, 1851, and January 10th, 1852, the sale previously ordered was carried out by the petition and at the instance of:

"1. H.R.H. Louis Charles Philippe d'Orléans, duc de Nemours.

"2. H.R.H. François Ferdinand Philippe Louis Marie d'Orléans, prince de Joinville.

"3. H.R.H. Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orléans, duc d'Aumale.

"4. H.R.H. Antoine Marie Philippe Louis d'Orléans, duc de Montpensier.

"All four of the above are domiciled in Paris, 55 rue de Varennes, but reside actually: the duc de Nemours, the prince de Joinville, and the duc d'Aumale at the palace of Claremont (England), and the duc de Montpensier in Seville (Spain), without prejudice (as is expressly stated in the Act of procedure), in the case of the duc d'Aumale, to his private domicile in Paris, 71 rue de Grenelle, Saint-Germain,

where are the offices for the administration of the estates accruing to him from the will of the duc de Bourbon.

"5. H.R.H. Marie Clémentine Caroline Leopoldine Clotilde d'Orléans, duchess of Saxony, princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and wife of H.R.H. August Louis Victor, duke of Saxony, and prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who authorises the action of his wife.

"All those here cited, acting in their own names, and in reference to the rights belonging to them by the donation made for their benefit by the late king Louis Philippe, their father, on August 7th, 1830, before Maître Dentend, Notary of Paris, as was duly registered;

"Acting, likewise, as heirs of the share pertaining to each one of them, but only under the law known as *bénéfice d'indentaire*, as witness the declarations made at the Record Office of the civil court of the Seine, on November 14th and 19th, 1830, by the late king Louis Philippe their father, possessing domicile in Paris, and dying at Claremont (England) on August 26th, 1850;

"In presence of

"1. H.R.H. Hélène Louise Elisabeth, princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, duchess of Orléans, widow of Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri d'Orléans, duke of Orléans, having domicile in Paris, 55 rue de Varennes, office of the administration of the affairs and estates of the house of Orléans, and residing actually at Richmond, in the county of Surrey (England);

"H.R.H. the duchesse d'Orléans, acting as the natural and legal guardian of: (1) Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, comte de Paris, and of (2) Robert Philippe Louis Eugène Ferdinand d'Orléans, duc de Chartres, her two children, being minors, issue of her marriage with the late duke of Orléans.

"2. His Majesty Leopold I (George Chrétien Frédéric), king of the Belgians, residing at the château of Brussels (Belgium). H.M. the king of the Belgians, legal and natural guardian of (1) Leopold Louis Philippe Marie Victor, Duke of Brabant, prince royal; of (2) Philippe Eugène Ferdinand Leopold, comte de Flanders; and of (3) Marie Charlotte Amélie Auguste Victoire Clémentine Léopoldine, his three children, minors, residing with him, issue of his marriage with H.M. Louise Marie Thérèse Charlotte Isabelle d'Orléans, queen of the Belgians, who died in the palace of Ostend, October 11th, 1850;

"3. Of H.R.H. the duke Frédéric Guillaume Alexandre of Wurtemberg, residing at Bayreuth (Bavaria) legal and natural guardian of H.R.H. duke Philippe Alexandre Marie Ernest of Wurtemberg, his son, still a minor, residing with him, issue of his marriage with Marie Christine Caroline Adélaïde Françoise Léopoldine d'Orléans, died at Pisa (Italy), January 2nd, 1839.

"The sale is fixed to take place to-day, February 14th, in the auction rooms, by means of an auction, whereby the lot falls to the highest bidder. The property to be sold is divided into three lots, *i.e.* :

"1. The pavilion of Wurtemberg and all that belongs to it ;

"2. A house at Neuilly, 28 rue de Château ;

"3. A piece of ground in cultivation as a fruit garden, belonging to the great park at Neuilly.

"All these are part of the demesne of Neuilly.

"The sheriff's officer announces the sale of the pavilion of Wurtemberg.

"Maître de Normandie, attorney for the plaintiffs, asks for certificate of the suits made by him in bringing on the sale and begs the solicitor, as official auctioneer, to give orders for the lighting of the tapers and the auction proceeded with.

"Lot 1, the pavilion of Wurtemberg, starts from 95,000 francs the reserve price, and Maître Levaux, a solicitor, offers an advance on this of 50 francs.

"Three tapers being lighted successively without a further rise in the bidding, Maître Levaux is awarded by the judge the pavilion of Wurtemberg for 95,050 francs and the expenses of sale.

"The second lot, consisting of the house, started at 9,000 francs reserve price, but it was not bid for. At the request of M. Normandie the auction is adjourned to the first convenient day.

"The third lot, consisting of some land, was put up at 7,000 francs, and M. Nourry, solicitor, offered 50 francs more.

"The three tapers having been lighted without any further bids, the land was knocked down to M. Nourry for 7,050 francs, with expenses of sale."

"To the Prince-President of the Republic, the Executors of the Will of the late King Louis Philippe

"The executors of the will of the late king Louis Philippe feel strongly that it is their duty to protest against the decree of January 22nd, 1852, relative to the property of the house of Orléans. This decree upsets entirely not only the wills that they have undertaken to see carried out, but also all the civil contracts which have fixed the position and the rights of the divers members of that august family. Setting aside all party questions, they desire to point out to the justice of the Prince-President of the Republic the legal errors on which the second decree is wholly based. Should these errors not be recognised and redressed, they will constitute a grave danger to the sacred rights of family and of property.

"In order to annul the deed of gift of August 7th, 1830, and in order likewise to declare the property possessed by the duke of Orléans at that date, as henceforward forming part of the property of the State, the second decree of January 22nd, 1852, invokes the ancient axiom that the property of the prince when he ascends the throne belongs to the State. We might examine this principle historically; we might show that in the ancient law itself it was only considered as an emanation of the Feudal System, when there was no distinction between the property of the State and that of the Crown. We might prove that the emperor Napoleon formally denied this principle; (*senatus consultus* of January 30th, 1810, title III, articles 48–49); we might recall the fact that it was set aside by king Charles X when he consented to a donation in favour of his younger son, brother of the prince who was at that time heir presumptive. But these considerations are too numerous to be dealt with here. One only, of an entirely different nature, deals with the questions. The ancient law of the monarchy can hardly be seriously invoked against the prince who was accepting the crown, not in accordance with, but precisely contrary to, that very law. King Louis Philippe occupied the throne after king Charles X, but he was neither his heir nor his natural successor.

"The laws of the ancient monarchy cannot be applied either to a new monarchy, a new civil list, or a new constitution, without bringing about new results in the laws, as

well as in the administration and therefore in the future of the country. Thus, in abandoning to his children their patrimony on August 7th, 1830, the prince was not guilty of any fraud, because the law concerning it was not in any way applicable to him. The facts and his right are sufficient in themselves to remove the stain which the decree would fix on his memory.

"Even in the absence of all donations the ancient principle of the lapse of property should have remained a dead letter; how much more so when it had been the very condition imposed by the duke of Orléans before accepting the crown in 1830. He did not hesitate to devote his life to saving society which stood in peril, in the midst of a tempest that he had neither wished for nor excited; but he had every intention that his children should keep the patrimony which he himself had inherited from his ancestors.

"The deed of gift of August 7th, useless from the point of view of a right now non-existent, only shows one thing: the determination of the prince who was about to ascend the throne, to keep his private property in the hands of his family, and this was assuredly a stipulation he had the right to make on August 7th. Although he had been declared by both Chambers king of the French, he was in point of fact at this date, and until he had accepted the throne, nothing but a simple French prince. And that this assertion is true is proved by the law of March 2nd, 1832, in which it is stated that the civil list would take effect from August 9th, the duke of Orléans only recognising himself as king from the day when he accepted the crown, and took the oath to the Constitution. This was the moment in which the solemn contract between the nation and the prince was entered into; and in seeking to recall the occurrences of that epoch, we are unable to understand how the idea arose that this donation, when it later became known, could have 'shocked the public conscience.'

"So far from that, it is very certain that to the authority of the principles we have invoked in the discussion of this question are joined, not only the sanction of the law, but also the consecration by all the powers which have succeeded each other since 1830.

"In 1830, it is true, the parliaments, those guardians of the principles of the rights of the public, no longer existed; but none the less, authority was not collected into one hand,

and the two Chambers would have doubtless possessed the right as well as the duty of applying the ancient monarchical principle to the prince who had ascended the throne, if they had deemed it advisable.

"Now on the contrary, they formally recognised (Article 22 of the law of March 2nd, 1832) that the king had retained the property which had belonged to him before he accepted the throne.

"The law of March 2nd, 1832, the work of authorities eminently independent, who will never be accused by history of being too complacent towards the material interests of the royal family, has in no sense acted retrospectively on a past unknown to its framers. This law has confined itself to recognising that the principle of the rights of the public invoked by the decree of January 22nd, 1852, is not applicable to the special position of the duke of Orléans, and that never at any moment had the property included in the gift, lapsed to the State. The law of March 2nd, 1832, is declarative of the pre-existing right, exactly as would a judgment which might have been interposed about this analogous claim of State domain; only it is enacted more explicitly and more solemnly. To deny, as the decree of January 22nd does not hesitate to do, the competence and authority of the constitutional monarchy, is to threaten every interest or guarantee during a period of thirty years. It is to take the first step towards a profound disturbance of our public rights.

"Suddenly there broke out the revolution of 1848, which of itself would have been enough to destroy the effects of the pretended reversion to the demesne of the State, even if (which is not the case) it had occurred in 1830; for if the ancient law had desired that the prince, on becoming king, should hand over to the State his private fortune, it was apparently on the condition that he should keep the crown. But the provisional government, limiting its severities to a measure of sequestration, respected and even acknowledged the gift of August 7th, 1830.

"In October 1848, the question was raised before the constituent assembly, on the motion of a representative of the people, M. Jules Favre. The statement was confided to M. Berryer:

"'Whether it concerns a monarch or a private individual,' said the eloquent proposer; 'whether the spoliation touches the palace or the cottage; whether it deals with small

holdings or great estates, is nothing to the point. The evil is the same, and this evil is more contagious now than at any other time. The invasion of property, the oblivion of rights, the contempt of contracts are examples full of danger to the security of all social conditions, and every government ought to feel that its dignity, its strength, its influence on the public, will be judged and measured in the mind of the people in proportion as it knows how to respect and guard the public rights and public honesty.'

"The proposal was unanimously rejected without its proposer even attempting to defend it from the tribune.

"Later, the Legislative Assembly, far from contesting the donation of August 7th, authorised the late king Louis Philippe to consent to a loan, and in this loan the receivers of the donation possess an interest, as they have power to mortgage the property comprised in the gift. And more; the government intervened directly in this loan, which was concluded by the administrators of the estate of the house of Orléans under the auspices of the Minister of Finance. The State itself had already taken up a mortgage on this very property of which it is now pretended that it was at that time the owner.

"At last, in 1850, a commission of the Assembly having proposed to raise the sequestration on the property of their Royal Highnesses the prince de Joinville and the duc d'Aumale, the Minister of Finance in the name of the President of the Republic set forth the ideas of the government, and demanded from the Assembly a measure still more complete and more just, in raising the sequestration of the property which formed the subject of the donation of August 7th, which was thus definitely restored to the royal owner. (See the *Moniteur*, speech of M. A. Fould, February 24th, 1850.)

"Thus on every occasion, up to the decree of January 22nd, 1852, there has been recognition, after serious debates, of the rights of family property; and triple recognition that the property included in the donation has never ceased to belong to the house of Orléans.

"Now let us see the consequences of the decree.

"Not only does it attack the estate of the head of the family, but it upsets all contracts, whether between members of this family or between them and a third person.

"The advantages of a power of anticipation of inheritance have already been proved in the case of certain of

the king's children, by *dots* fixed by eight marriage contracts, by diplomatic treaties on these subjects with foreign powers. Some of his children have predeceased him, and are themselves represented by heirs who are minors, some French, others foreigners. Some of the property has been sold, the rest used to raise money. Hereditary rights, rights of foreign princes, rights of minors, rights of third persons —the decree attacks them all, reverses them all.

"And this is not everything; by annulling the will of the king, the decree annuls also that of Mme. Adélaïde, his royal sister.

"The king and madame had, in point of fact, so constructed their testamentary dispositions as to avoid the necessity of partition by the family of the great amount of property which would come to them. In order to effect this, one of the wills assured a larger amount to him who inherited less in the other. Both wills therefore were intended to realise the dominant idea of equality among them all.

"This equality of necessity disappears if the testament of the king is made null and void, and the properties included in the donation are subtracted from the rest of the patrimony. Further, if among the inheritors there is one to whom has fallen a share of the estate not included in the terms of the decree, is he at liberty to retain this share when the decree affects the other co-heirs?

"It is to this point in the execution of the will confided to our care that we must specially call attention, and it is concerning this that it is our duty to appeal to the enlightened justice of the chief of the State, and from every consideration we demand a hearing by a court of judges.

"It is a question of property which the decree has dealt with, and it has dealt with it under pretext of the application of the principles of the rights of the public. But in reality the decision of these kinds of cases belongs to the tribunals whose authority is still to be reckoned with.

"Lastly, the executors of the will of the late king Louis Philippe cannot pass over in silence two capital errors in the proclamation of January 22nd. Although foreign to the question of rights, these errors seem, unhappily, to have exercised too great an influence over the decision for them to be left uncorrected.

"According to the decrees, the Orléans family possess estates in France worth 300,000,000 francs; and even if

the value of the donation is left out, more than 100,000,000 of landed property would remain. These figures must have been furnished by some one totally ignorant of the affairs of the Orléans family.

"The testamentary executors of the late king Louis Philippe, whose duty it has been to examine everything, are in a condition to affirm that both these statements are erroneous. They likewise attest that the execution of the decree of January 22nd, 1852, would be the almost entire ruin of the heirs of the late king. They hope, then, that they have not appealed in vain to the justice and loyalty of the Prince-President of the Republic."

"To the Testamentary Executors of King Louis Philippe:

"Claremont,
"*January 29th*, 1852.

"Gentlemen,

"We have received the protest you have made against the decrees of confiscations affecting our property, and we give you our most sincere thanks for your efforts to resist both injustice and violence.

"It seems to us much wiser that you should have occupied yourselves solely with the question of law, without touching the insults to our father's memory, involved in the decree. For one moment, we ourselves dreamed of departing from the reserve imposed on us by our exile, in order to contradict the assertions so meanly thrown on the kindest of fathers, and—we are not afraid to add—on the best of kings. But after long consideration we decided that the silence of contempt is the most effectual answer.

"We will therefore not stoop to show—as we might do—how particularly odious are these calumnies put forth by the man who twice had cause to know the magnanimity of Louis Philippe, and whose family had received from him nothing but benefits. And we will leave to public opinion the task of doing justice to the words as well as to the act that accompanies them; and if we can judge from the sympathy for us manifested on all hands, we are amply avenged.

"For the honour of the country to which the king, our father, gave eighteen years of peace, prosperity, and dignity, of the country which we, his sons, have loyally served; for the honour of that France which is always the country

that we love, we are happy to declare that these shameful decrees, and the still more shameful motives prompting them, have only dared to make their appearance under the régime in some sort of a state of siege, and after the suppression of all guarantees of the liberties of the nation.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, we beg that you will express our gratitude to the eminent men of all parties who have sought you out to offer the help of their united talents and courage. Very gladly we accept this help, convinced that in defending our cause to-day, they are defending the rights of the whole of French society.

"Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of our affectionate sympathy towards you.

"LOUIS D'ORLÉANS (duc de Nemours).
"FR. D'ORLÉANS (prince de Joinville)."

"MEMOIR FOR REFERENCE

"The Orléans family appealed to the leaders of the bar, and begged them to pronounce upon the legal character and tendency of the decrees of January 22nd last.

"Is not the question decided by the second of these decrees a question of property, and does the decision rest with those who have issued it? Can it be an obstacle to the rights of property remaining under the protection of the law?

"These are the points submitted to the examination of the eminent lawyers to whose aid the Orléans family thought themselves entitled to have recourse.

"It is necessary that a brief summary of the facts should precede the account of the description.

"In order to realise exactly the fortune possessed by the duke of Orléans before he ascended the throne, it is needful to grasp the elements of which it was composed.

"The property of the prince may be divided into two parts:

"1. Landed estates or appanages which would revert to the Crown on the extinction of the family;

"2. Inherited properties; those he derived from his mother; those bought back from the *succession bénéficiaire* of his father; acquisitions made between 1814 and 1830.

"Every one knows the origin and the nature of the appanage of Orléans. It was by no means *à titre gratuit* that it had been granted to the head of the branch, but

rather *à titre successif* in place of his lawful share in the property of Louis XIII his father, and of Anne of Austria his mother. This appanage represented the legal heritage of the Orléans branch; and was the price of Philippe duke of Orléans' renunciation in favour of his elder brother Louis XIV of the lands and lordships, furniture and personal property falling in by the death of their said lord and father. 'In this way,' so said the letters patent of December 7th, 1766, 'the law of nature was fulfilled, and the obligations of royalty discharged.'

"Confiscated by the laws of the revolution, the appanage of Louis Philippe, duke of Orléans, was restored to him by the three regulations of May 18th–20th, and of October 7th, 1814, later confirmed by the Act of January 15th, 1825, which did not create the appanage anew, but recognised a pre-existent right, by a form of simple declaration.

"In 1830 this property represented to the Orléans family an annual income of 2,500,000 francs.

"In consequence of the accession to the throne of the duke of Orléans, the whole of the appanage, without exception, returned to the State on August 9th, 1830, in accordance with the title by which such appanage was held, as is shown by Article 4 of the law of March 2nd, 1832. The only privilege remaining to the appanage by virtue of this same title is an indemnity in proportion to its increase in value during the time after it had been restored to the prince, and before its absorption in the State; and the law of 1832 enacted that the indemnity should only be paid at the close of the reign.

"Thus, from August 9th, 1830, the fortune of the Orléans family was diminished by the value of the profits from the appanage; and it is either forgetfulness or ignorance of this fact which originated the errors too long believed in, as to the sum total of the revenues of this house of Orléans.

"As to the patrimony of the duke of Orléans, it was, as we have said, composed of: (1) the estate he had received from his mother, the origin of which was entirely patrimonial; (2) the estate he had received from his father, which he had bought back in a court of law; (3) the property that he had acquired under different titles.

"It was exclusively with these patrimonial estates that the deed of gift of August 7th, 1830, was concerned.

"Now, was this deed of gift necessary in order to preserve

the private property of the duke of Orléans from the application of the old custom, by virtue of which the property of the prince ascending the throne became part of the State ? Is it, as has been stated, by means of a fraudulent evading of this principle that the duke of Orléans has given to his children the life interest of the property he possessed ? Can it really be pretended that the law of the ancient monarchy could be applied on August 7th, 1830, to the prince to whom the crown did not devolve by inheritance, but who was about to accept it in precise contradiction of that very law ? These are questions to be decided by the lawyers to whom we are at present addressing ourselves.

"This much, however, is certain, that the deed of gift of August 7th proves the intention of the duke of Orléans to preserve to his children the hereditary estates that came to him from his ancestors, and that in this condition on which rested, and had the right to rest, his acceptance of the crown, there was nothing whatever to disturb the public conscience, as was declared by the decree of January 22nd. Is it really not enough that the house of Orléans should lose the appanage which returned to the State ? Must all the remainder of the family property be included also ? And this revolution, which made no provision for the children exactly because they had already been provided for by the donation of August 7th, determined later to deprive them of their patrimony, and thus despoil them twice over !

"Another question to be decided by the lawyers was up to what point the authority of the law of March 2nd, 1832, could be contested ; up to what point the rights that have been created, the acts which have been committed in faith in its provisions, can to-day be annulled and set aside.

"During the discussion of this law in the Chamber of Deputies, the question was expressly put as to whether a private domain actually existed, or whether the old principle of absorption in the State was applied to the personal property of the king. This question was discussed on two different occasions : December 30th, 1831, and May 14th, 1832. M. Dupin, king's commissary, held that the old principle of absorption was here inapplicable ; and the opposition itself, by the mouth of M. de Salverte, declared for leaving the king his private property, but to this General Bertrand raised strong objections. In the end, the existence of the deed of gift of August 7th was recognised, and the

Assembly, in full possession of the facts, voted the following articles:

"*Article* 22.—That the king should retain the property which belonged to him before his accession to the throne. This property and all that he may acquire, during his reign, either by free gifts or taking on himself the discharge of certain debts, are held to constitute his private domain.

"*Article* 23.—The king can dispose of this private domain either in a transaction between living persons, or by will, without being subject to the regulations of the Civil Code, which limits the amount available for disposition.

"*Article* 24.—With this exception, the property included in the private domain shall be subject to the laws regulating other properties. Its value shall be ascertained and publicly registered, and it shall be rated accordingly.

"*Article* 25.—The private property of the deceased monarch shall be charged with payment of creditors, and of those employed in his service, who have contributed out of their salaries to a pension fund.

"All the obligations of this law have been strictly fulfilled by Louis Philippe and his children. The estates composing his private property have been duly valued, registered, and taxed, like the estates of ordinary people. When he quitted the throne, these same estates remained liable for the debts contracted and the pensions granted in the course of his reign; and since his fall, each day part of the capital, as well as the revenue, has been used to discharge these obligations.

"For nearly twenty years, this law of 1832 has been for Louis Philippe the law of the father of a family. Under protection of the dispositions just cited, his eight children have married, and have carried with them into the families with which they allied themselves the rights it gave them. Seven marriage contracts according to the usages of nations have been concluded; and those contracts are attacked by the decree of January 22nd.

"It follows that not only will all contracts of marriage be rendered null and void, but all wills also. The king, relying on the law of 1832, made his testamentary dispositions, and in these he co-operated with the dispositions of his august sister, princess Adélaïde, to prevent the division into small estates of the great properties which it was the wish of both to keep intact in the family. If one of the

children was given a larger proportion in the will of one, he inherited less in the other will; and in this manner the testators sought to keep a balance of equality between the legatees. But from this arrangement, so natural and so legitimate, it results that if the principle of the confiscation of the estates included in the king's donation is admitted, the will of his sister is likewise waste paper.

"But it is not only the contracts affecting the house of Orléans which the decree calls in question; it also sets aside the interests of all third parties; acts concerning loans, sales, leases, rents, and many other things.

"Thus there have been sold either by amicable arrangement or by forced sales part of the estates included in the donation; which have realised 9,622,162 francs, and are now in the hands of sixty-two families. If the act of August 7th is void, are not these sales void also?

"Leases have been granted to farmers, loans have been contracted, mortgages have been created. These mortgages, these loans, these leases, are they likewise to be annulled?

"Large buildings, châteaux, factories, etc., have been erected on the lands included in the donation of August 7th; how are they to be dealt with?

"Finally, as to the pensions, the help that the king in his goodness has wished to maintain since 1848, in spite of exile, and in spite of the unexpected burdens charged on his property by the revolution, pensions paid either to old servants, or wages due to the actual servants of the house. What will be the fate of the recipients of these pensions, which amount annually to 300,000 francs?

"The decrees of January 22nd have dared to do that which the revolution of February left untouched. The provisional government respected the donation of August 7th, and the law contented itself at that time with a temporary sequestration, that included, indeed, all the family, but only concerned itself with the administration of the property, without calling in question the rights of the owner.

"Not only did the deed of gift of August 7th escape the troubles of the February revolution, but it has since been recognised and honoured by the Constitutional Assembly in 1848, by the Legislative Assembly, and by the Executive power in 1850.

"On July 5th, 1848, a suggestion was made by a representative, M. Jules Favre; it had the same object, and was

prompted by the same motives, as the decree of January 22nd last. But no one even tried to defend it, and the Assembly, (the sovereign assembly) rejected it unanimously.

"On February 4th, 1850, the Legislative Assembly, so far from contesting the consequences of the donation, authorised the late king, Louis Philippe, to consent to a loan having for security the property included in this donation; and as the king had only reserved to himself the income, the princes, who as owners of the security were in no way obliged to agree to the proposal, spontaneously offered to mortgage their patrimony and to allow it to serve as guarantee to the creditors of the old Civil List. At length the financial minister of the President of the Republic personally gave his support to the loan, by the sanction of his signature. And as already twenty-six millions had been subscribed in the name of the State (then only the mortgagee of the estates of which it now claims to be owner), the minister consented to allow the subscribers a priority of mortgage, thus giving them a pledge which at that time was recognised as being the property of their common debtors.

"And this is not all. The commission of the Legislative Assembly, in accordance with the ministerial plan, proposed to set aside the sequestration that menaced the private property of the prince de Joinville and the duc d'Aumale. To this end the Minister of Finance (M. Fould) mouthpiece of the wishes of the government, *in the name of the Prince-President of the Republic*, proposed a more equitable measure, by demanding that the voiding of the sequestration should be extended to all the property included in the donation of August 7th. And that happened less than two years ago.

"Is not this proof enough to establish the fact that the ownership of the property attacked by the decrees of January 22nd rests on the most ancient and the most incontestable of titles, on the actions of three successive governments, and on the laws of the Republic, as well as on those of the Monarchy.

"It should suffice, in such cases, to invoke both principles and laws, for they cover with equal justice all rights and all interests, and draw no distinctions between the possessors of the richest lands and those of the poorest heritage. But as the decrees of January 22nd have alleged among other motives the importance of the wealth of the house of Orléans (estimated by them at 300,000,000 francs), and only

reduced by the framers of the decree, after proof given, to a hundred millions, it is our duty, on this point also, to oppose exact figures to fictitious statements, and truth to falsehood.

"The actual domain of the house of Orléans is composed partly of parks, châteaux (very costly to keep up), and of property such as Neuilly, Monceaux, etc., which produce scarcely any returns, and would be very difficult to realise.

"The present revenue, calculated on an average of the two last years, with deductions from estate charges, contributions, expense of administration, etc., can be divided in this manner :

	Francs
"1. The property included in the deed of gift of August 7th, 1830, with a deduction made for what has been alienated since 1830 . .	1,109,000
"2. Property acquired by the king since 1830 (part unsold)	175,000
"3. Property left by the will of Mme. Adélaïde	863,000
"4. Personal property of the queen and independent of the income of the domain of d'Aumale	49,000
"5. Personal property of the duc d'Aumale	900,000
Total . . .	3,096,000

"From this income, or rather from the capital it represents, and which it is impossible, from the nature of the property, to value at more than 103,000,000, a sum of nearly 30,000,000 must be subtracted on account of the debts that still remain to be paid by the duc d'Aumale and the other heirs of the king. That leaves 73,000,000 francs, to which, in order to be precise, must be added another 8,000,000 for furniture and other objects not available for revenue.

"Such are the actual facts respecting the whole fortune of all the Orléans family, compiled in the most exact and careful manner, from the official accounts of the property. And such has been, as regards the patrimony of that family, the result of the accession to the throne of its august chief; it has lost the appanage property, and since 1848 part of the estate has been applied to pay off obligations,

almost all of which were contracted for the discharge of the duties of a monarchy that exists no more.

"Now, supposing it is admitted that the decrees are put into force, let us look at the inevitable consequences.

"The house of Orléans will lose all the property comprised in the donation of August 7th, 1830.

"And there will remain to it besides the fortune of the duc d'Aumale, which is his private property, and on which the others have no claim :

"1. The fortune of the queen ; but of this the greater part consists only of income and unhappily constitutes a very uncertain resource :

"2. The estates which the king acquired after the donation of August 7th, and which, when the payment of the debts had been provided for, represent a revenue of about 100,000 francs :

"3. The estate of Mme. Adélaïde, which, after all testamentary and administrative expenses are deducted, may be worth 800,000 francs :

"Making a total income of 900,000 francs to be divided amongst twenty-eight persons, sixteen of whom are minors. And the lands on which the legacies are charged—lands such as Randan—must be sold within the year!

"These are the facts in all their naked truth.

"The representative of the children of king Louis Philippe requests, in the name of this august family, that the jurisconsults who have had the kindness to respond to his appeal will further indicate to him what legal steps must be taken to resist this violation of the sacred rights of property.

"PARIS,
"*February 4th*, 1852."

APPENDIX II

REVELATIONS CONCERNING THE ARREST OF ÉMILE THOMAS [1]

I

It was on February 25th [1848], at the hôtel de Ville, that M. Marche had forced on M. Louis Blanc the decree that promised bread and employment to all working-men,—or at any rate bread, if employment was not forthcoming,—and the foundation of the national workshops dates from this decree. Thus though they were only instituted on February 25th, many of these *ateliers* were opened between February 26th and March 9th, in different places; and as they were found too small to contain all the applicants, another decree was issued granting 1 franc 50 daily to every man without work. The result of this law was that on March 6th there existed 17,000 men in receipt of this assistance. They flocked around the municipal department, which was obliged to devote all its time to their affairs. The doors of every *mairie* were besieged by them, and perpetual disturbances ensued; while the *mairies* of the 6th and 8th *arrondissements* had been more than once threatened with fire. And besides these 17,000 workmen receiving the daily largess, the Minister of War was forced, by order of the engineers, to employ in the Champs de Mars 4,000 others, who remained under his sole direction till May 17th.

The Minister of Public Works, on his side, undertook the charge of three thousand who were employed either at the place de l'Europe, at the Barrière d'Ivry, or at Courbevoie, and for these, MM. Baude, Chanoine, and Onffroy de Bréville, the chief engineers, were responsible.

In addition, there existed two central *bureaux*; one at the Halle aux Veaux with M. Wissocq at the head, and the other near the *mairie* of the 5th *arrondissement* under the

[1] See page 392. Dumas wrote these unique "Revelations" for his paper *La France Nouvelle.* He subsequently issued them in pamphlet form (Lévy, 1848).—*Editor's Note.*

control of M. Hygonnet. At these *bureaux* were received all workmen passed on by the *mairies*, and holding certificates; and from them they were dispatched to the national workshops already in existence. But should these workshops be too full for them to find a place, the workmen returned to whatever *mairie* had sent them, to obtain the daily pay of thirty sous. Hence, the eternal coming and going; hence, the double registration; hence, abuses.

Day by day, the number of beggars increased; and the problem of dealing with them was becoming acute when M. Émile Thomas proposed a scheme for the organisation of a central *bureau* to regularise both work and payment. The scheme was discussed between M. Marie and M. Émile Thomas, then between M. Marie and the provisional government, and lastly between M. Marie and the twelve mayors of Paris, and was finally adopted both by the mayors and by the government, as it had been previously adopted by M. Marie.

On March 6th at 2 p.m., M. Émile Thomas was charged with the execution of his scheme; and here let us hasten to say that we are in no sense his apologists, but merely state the facts as they occurred; which is the more needful as the Chamber was called on to judge between M. Émile Thomas and the Minister of Public Works.

We repeat, then, that on March 6th at 2 p.m., M. Émile Thomas was duly authorised to carry out his scheme, and for this, it was essential within forty-eight hours to discover a "local habitation," take possession of it, collect a staff, organise the accounts, create a system which should permit all the workmen to receive simultaneous payment, without crowding and without disturbance. In short, and above all, to invent a half-military state of things which should give to the administrative hierarchy the lever necessary to influence the workmen.

The means of carrying out this project simply lay with fifty or sixty pupils of the Central School; there was not a soldier, not a Municipal Guard, not anybody in authority; nothing but Moral Force. But before this Moral Force could be exercised over the workmen, other things must first be vanquished, and among them the spirit of disorder always abroad after a revolution, the propaganda of the emissaries of the more violent clubs, and the influence of M. Louis Blanc, and of the delegates of the Luxembourg.

There may likewise be reckoned: the jealousy of the

government department of Civil Engineering; the formalities pertaining to all branches of the administration; the apathy and ill-will of all public functionaries, and finally, the prejudice of the rich, who accused the government of supporting idleness instead of remunerating work.

But by March 9th all was ready. Three thousand men belonging to the 8th *arrondissement*, the poorest and therefore the most eager of all, were inscribed. In itself alone, this 8th *arrondissement* numbered 22,000 working-men. And from March 9th to May 26th, there were enrolled in all 120,000 men, including 5,000 waverers.

The chief factor in recruiting the national workshops was the daily conciliation meetings promoted by M. Louis Blanc, that took place in the Luxembourg, and had for result an immediate rupture between masters and men; for the men struck, and, at the end of two or three days, came to the *ateliers* to demand food. Then the director found himself in a strange position; he was at once the representative of the working-man as against authority, and the representative of authority as against the working-man. And it was this anomaly which, after the first organisation, that is after the general organisation, necessitated another or secondary organisation. The first was the machine; the second gave to the parts the balance they needed, and enabled the machine to work.

Chiefs were elected by a majority, and delegates were nominated which held meetings, listened to complaints, and transmitted the results of their observations. A free medical *bureau* was set on foot, and a free dispensary established. The working-men, to their honour be it spoken, demanded real and useful work, and were urgent that private workshops should be reopened.

It was at this juncture that M. Émile Thomas made his very excellent proposals to the government. He began by suggesting that the working-men should be ordered to make embankments. Every man, whatever his trade, could be put to this; and thirty or forty thousand men could be usefully employed in quarrying and working with stones, chalk, plaster, or sand, and in the continuation of railway lines which had come to a standstill. This would give work to fifty or sixty thousand, whether under the companies who badly wanted men, or under the government, who desired

the completion of the railway of Argenteuil (which for a long time had hung fire), and also to make a circular railway.

Another scheme was to erect, in imitation of the English system, proper workmen's cottages, whole districts composed of small, furnished houses, two or three storeys high, each inhabited by three or four families. These districts to be provided with common bakeries, kitchens, and ovens; with everything, in fact, that constitutes life in common, that is to say at its cheapest.

The guarantee of private funds would be twofold: (1) the security of the government; (2) a mortgage on the property. The buildings could be raised on the uncultivated and unappropriated lands which lie between the walls of the custom-house and the fortifications of Paris. Proposals in regard to these houses had already been received from landlords of the quarters of Rollin and Ferdinandville. The suggested combination would enable the workmen to obtain food and lodging at half the usual cost, while it would give a real value to lands which at present had none.

Further: the project would rid Paris of those poisonous furnished attics where the workman could not breathe, and therefore could not live. It would utilise men of every trade—masons, carpenters, cabinet-makers, locksmiths, painters, etc., etc.—because the houses needed not only to be built, but to be decorated and furnished, and kept in order, in accordance with the old Parisian proverb, "When the house goes well all prospers."

These proposals, with *fifteen* others, were laid before the government, but no answer was returned to them. Then, other outlets were tried, other means attempted.

It was suggested to help the masters by an advance of money, so that they could take back their workmen on conditions favourable alike to master and man. In this case, instead of expending a large amount on unproductive labour, the government would only advance a part of this sum, as had been done in regard to the 30,000,000 of 1830, and to the 160,000,000 of 1832, laid out on the public roads of La Vendée. The syndicate of building contractors was summoned and it was proposed, with certain exemptions in the direction of duties and taxes, to take up the work over the whole surface of Paris.

Finally, a last proposition, wider than all the rest, was again made by M. Thomas, and was most urgently presented

by him. This was the creation of trades unions, formed half of men and half of masters, all of whom nominated a syndic independent of and above themselves, who would have power to decide questions of wages with regard to the workmen, and would combine under his authority professional as well as social unions. The social unions would be put in communication with all sorts of places throughout France, with a view to the universal creation of labour bureaux which would send, on application, workmen of every kind to every local bureau. A national *atelier* would also be created for each union.

This *atelier* would be under the authority of a manager appointed by the magistrate, in which men on strike would be engaged at half the usual wage, and be supported either by private capital guaranteed by the State, or by the sale of goods manufactured in the *atelier*; goods in which, in a general way, the small amount of raw material is worth little, and the handicraft much; goods which, as far as possible, shall be articles of luxury, intended primarily for exportation, but saleable nevertheless at home, and if sold at home to be rigorously subject to the current price of the locality, so as not to enter into competition with private industries.

This scheme presented an efficacious remedy for the unsatisfactory state of things actually existing, and would gradually have relieved Paris of its overcrowded market, by establishing a circulation of working-men between the capital and the provinces. For the provinces stood in need of many classes of merchandise, which could not be had for want of labour, while, on their side, the provinces could send to the capital certain specialities of their own manufacture.

And this was refused also. Why? We do not venture to suggest that the reason of the refusal was the maintenance of a Prætorian guard of working-men, whom the slightest hint from above or the least impulse from below would throw into the streets in order to suspend a sword over the head of the National Assembly, and create a dictatorship to the profit of the executive power.

Only . . . let us remember the three gunshots of the vote of confidence, and ask ourselves if the men who are ready to search for methods which are non-existent are not men sure to employ methods that already exist.

II

The attitude of the provisional government towards the question of National Workshops may be stated as follows:

On the part of MM. Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert: complete hostility resulting from their loss of influence over the working-men.

M. Marie: Much good-will, but more of weakness, indecision, and a desire to experiment. Not daring to encourage good, even for the purpose of preventing evil.

M. Garnier-Pagès: Admiration for his own work, and consequently entire contempt for the work of other people.

M. Armand Marrast and the whole mayoral body: Good-will and excellent intentions, but total lack of power.

And it was in the teeth of all this ill-will, this irresolution, this contempt, and this weakness that it was necessary to act.

There existed besides undoubted abuses, and one of the chief of these was an inherent defect. The manager of the workshops was obliged to register every workman bearing an order of admission emanating from the mayor; and these orders were obtained by means of a certificate of residence signed by the landlord. Now it sometimes happened that these certificates were given lightly and on improper grounds, and there were even cases of collusion. Hence, there also were instances of double registration, of the entry into the national workshops of people standing in no need of help, thus depriving of aid those who really needed succour; hence, too, youthful apprentices were exploited by their masters, by the means of false certificates, enabling these children to draw thirty sous, of which the masters took twenty.

An effort was made to check this enormity by appointing forty-eight agents for the *arrondissements*, and twelve inspectors who paid "surprise" visits to the lodgings of the registered men, and after obtaining details (often fictitious) of their circumstances, took pains to find out the real truth of the matter. These officials—instituted on May 8th, as soon as the evil was perceived—had in eighteen days inspected more than 18,000 lodgings, and expunged 3,200 names from the list; but this was not carried through by other officials.

Then another abuse came to light: that of the foremen paymasters. When some of the men were absent or the gangs were incomplete, it not infrequently happened that the foremen kept the money and filled in the papers with forged signatures; fifty or sixty such frauds were detected and their perpetrators arrested. The remedy proposed for this was the creation of an agent controlling the payments in every gang. This agent took with him to the treasury of the *arrondissement* the lists of men and brought back the corresponding amount of money. As the hours of payment were fixed to be the same everywhere, it was impossible for the men to obtain payment at various offices, seeing he could only be present at one. These posts were almost entirely filled by poor artists, actors, painters, or sculptors, 2,000 of whom had been received into the national workshops.

Such was the state of affairs when M. Trélat entered the government, and from that moment the national workshops became the centre of every sort of annoyance. This was probably owing to the circumstance that the director of the national workshops, having been summoned before the workmen's committee in order to furnish information regarding the situation of the administration, had brought to light the following facts:

That the management was subordinate at one and the same time to:

1. The mayoralty of Paris, as the source of help and power in the municipality.

2. The department of the Interior, as responsible for the public peace.

3. The department of Public Works, as controller of funds.

4. The department of Commerce, as a council of experts and of agricultural colonisation.

5. The department of Finance, as the daily paymaster.

It would have been far better to place the national workshops under the jurisdiction of a special commission of the Chamber, than to leave so much power in the hands of one minister. Such a commission would likewise have introduced into the administration of the workshops, now directly responsible to it alone, that unity in which it was wholly lacking as long as it continued to be subject to five different authorities. Further, the director of the national workshops

would lose his influence if he became a simple agent of this commission.

The annoyances to which we allude are as follows: During one week, M. Trélat ordered three different returns to be made, always adding to the old conditions new ones which rendered useless the work already performed, and requiring everything to be done all over again.

In accordance with the regulations, the tables were to indicate:

1. Name, age, and profession.

2. To the name, age, and profession were to be added whether the man was married or single, and if married, the number of children (if any) issue of the marriage.

3. Thirdly, to the age, name, profession, and married or celibate condition were to be appended the name of the last employer of the workman, the time during which he employed him, mention to be made as to the possession of a certificate, the duration of his stay in Paris, and lastly, if he occupied a furnished lodging, or one which he had furnished himself, and if he worked at home or in an *atelier*.

On each of these occasions, a fresh census of 115,000 men had to be taken.

Very shortly, a special commission was appointed to report on the national workshops, and the director was the only man able to give the commission the essential information. He was, however, hardly consulted, and the report was drawn up without his knowledge.

At length, under pressure from the National Assembly, which, he declared, worried him incessantly about the national workshops, the minister announced that an end would have to be made of them, and that violent measures would be taken to ensure their dissolution. In consequence, a letter was sent to the director desiring him to carry out the order, couched in these terms:

"MONSIEUR,

"*I have the honour to inform you that the Commission of the Executive Authority has decided to adopt the following measures, as regards the National Workshops:*

"1. *All unmarried workmen between the ages of* 18 *and* 25 *will be invited to enlist under the banners of the Republic, so as to complete the strength of the different regiments of the army. Those who refuse will be immediately struck off the lists of the national workshops.*

"2. A census of the workmen of Paris will be taken without delay. This will be taken concurrently by the mayoralties and by

the employees of the central *bureau* of the national workshops, who have been nominated for this duty.

"Workmen unable to prove continuous residence in one place during six months, previous to May 24th, will be dismissed, and will cease to receive salaries or be entitled to help.

"3. Lists of workmen drawn up according to their *arrondissement* and their trade will be deposited in a *bureau* specially created for this purpose, to be established, if possible, in the centre of Paris, and will be placed at the disposal of employers of labour, by the servants of the government. Thence, the masters can requisition whatever number of men they consider necessary for the work they have in hand. Those who decline the employment offered them will be instantly erased from the general list of the national workshops.

"4. Workmen not falling under any of the heads of exclusion comprised in the preceding regulations, and who for the moment continue to form part of the national workshops, will henceforth work by the piece, and not by the day.

"5. There will be organised, with the shortest possible delay, brigades of workmen who will be drafted to the various departments for employment under the Office of Civil Engineering for the execution of public works.

"I shall be obliged, monsieur, if you will put into force, with the greatest possible celerity, the regulations formed by the commission of the executive authority. You will have to prepare lists of the workmen who are of an age to enlist in the armies of the Republic; those whom it will be necessary to send back to their respective departments, as not being furnished with the requisite certificates of a six months' residence; those who may be taken on again by their masters; and lastly, those whom it may be convenient to inscribe as capable of being employed in great public works either in the suburbs of Paris or in the provinces. I will to-morrow inform you of the place where the lists of workmen of various trades, not excluded from the national workshops by virtue of the two first regulations, may be obtained, and you will communicate this information to the masters.

"You will also have to fix on two or three clerks in your department, who, as permanent officials of the district, will be at the disposal of masters wishing to be provided with workmen.

"I leave to you the duty of informing the public, by means of advertisements and paragraphs in the papers, of the day on which the *bureaux* of investigation will be opened. You will understand the extreme urgency of this measure, and that no time is to be lost in putting it into practice.

"I attach great importance to the clause which fixes the salary on the basis of the special work. This must be executed without delay.

"I will later furnish you with instructions in respect to the or-

ganisation of companies of workmen who will be drafted in the various departments.

"Accept, etc.,
"For the Minister of Public Works,
"(Authorised),
"*The General Secretary,*
"Boulage."

On the receipt of this letter, the director of the national workshops hastened to the minister of Public Works, in order to point out to him that his regulations were in direct opposition to the decree of February 25th, which declared that the Republic owes to every citizen bread and employment; that if this decree was still in existence, his own regulations were arbitrary violations of this law; that to force the workmen to enlist under the banners of the Republic, or to resume work under their former masters at whatever wages might be allotted to them, or else die of hunger, was not in any respect fulfilling the intentions of the second programme of the hôtel de Ville, and that such a measure, carried out in such haste, and executed with so much severity, was dangerous to public peace.

The minister appeared convinced by these arguments, and granted twenty-four hours' respite to the director of the national workshops, during which, he said, he would consider the matter. On this, the director retired.

During the day, however, a new commission, with more extensive powers, was nominated by the minister; and the following morning, the 26th, this commission ordered a fresh census, and seemed inclined to pursue a policy of violence. Then the director inquired on whom the responsibility would rest.

"On everybody in his own line," replied the minister. "The minister for creating the commission; the commission for its recommendations; the director for the way in which he carries out these recommendations."

"Very good," said the director, "but since I do not form part of the commission, and as the commission does not seem anxious to consult me, if the commission should decide to act in a manner which my experience shows me to be unwise or my patriotism unworthy, I shall not be blamed if I send in my resignation."

"I understand," answered the minister; "but we are counting on your whole-hearted assistance, and we contem-

plate doing nothing that is not possible to do, and above all that is not useful."

The conversation being ended, the minister and the director went to visit some private workshops; wheelwrights, shoemakers, and tailors; and in reference to these, the compliments made by the minister to the director appeared almost fulsome.

At 6 o'clock that same evening, the director of the national workshops received a letter desiring him to present himself at 9 at the office of the minister, to discuss urgent questions.

And here we may say "to be continued in our next," as they put at the end of the numbers of a novel; for really, what follows is much more like a novel than it is like truth.

III

At 9 o'clock precisely, M. Émile Thomas was shown into the minister's room, where he found M. Boulage already installed, near the fireplace. The minister was seated at his desk, and without rising made a sign to M. Émile Thomas to sit down, which he did. For a moment no one spoke; then the minister said:

"Monsieur Thomas, we are obliged to ask you to send in your resignation."

"It is evident, monsieur," replied the director of the national workshops, "that you have decided to take steps for which I cannot hold myself responsible. Of course you have the right to act as seems good to you; only allow me to address to you one last request, and that is to prefer methods of conciliation to those of violence; for moral influence is, believe me, the greatest of all influences over the people. As for me, monsieur, it is the bare truth that my chief desire is to return to private life, and to pursue my chemical researches; and if I have not anticipated your wishes by sending in my resignation sooner, it is because I feared that by doing so,—especially should my reasons come to light,—I might give rise to further trouble."

"Well, monsieur, you see that everything has fallen out for the best. Take that seat and write your resignation," said the minister, pointing out a desk to M. Émile Thomas.

"In what terms would you prefer that the document should be formulated?"

"In whatever terms you like."

"Still, there is one question I should be glad to put to you."

"Put it."

"What is the real motive of the resignation you demand of me?"

"I am not obliged to give you any explanation. I have only to obey the orders of the executive commission."

"You have invested the commission with the powers of a director. Well, then, on my side, to put the matter in order, and to leave you all your initiative, I will base my resignation on this fact. The public will see nothing in it but an exhibition of wounded pride, and will not worry itself as to whether anything serious may underlie it. Thus you will remain master of the position."

"Thank you."

M. Émile Thomas took up his pen, and wrote:

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

"The terms of the decree of this day's date, which has emanated from your office, places between you and me the directorial authority of a commission, for whose actions I cannot hold myself responsible, being in total ignorance of the motives that prompt them. My principle has invariably been to try and inculcate wisdom to the workmen and prudence to the officials, and to both, the energy indispensable at this time to our social and political regeneration. But first, and before all, to obey my conscience, and to keep my right of judgment.

"Being deprived of this right of judgment, I feel that in spite of my personal attachment for you and for other members of the commission, I must consider the terms of the decree as a dismissal, and I accept it with the more gratitude, as it enables me to retire into private life, and to confine myself to my duties and privileges as a simple citizen.

"Yours faithfully,
"ÉMILE THOMAS."

His resignation written, M. Émile Thomas made a copy which he folded up and addressed to his brother.

"Now, monsieur, will you tell me who is to take my place?"

"We have not yet decided. It must be thought over."

"Well, if I could influence the decision I should be glad if the choice fell on your son Émile. He is my old schoolfellow, and I would put myself at his disposal to initiate

him in the numerous details of an office which I alone understand, since it was founded by me."

"What you wish is impossible," replied the minister. "I have other views for my son."

"Then I must place myself at the disposal of the other director."

"It is unnecessary, monsieur; and quite contrary to my intentions. For us, as well as for you, it is expected that you should leave Paris at once for Bordeaux, where you will carry out a mission to be confided to you."

"What sort of a mission?"

"You will study the prolongation of the Canal des Landes, and also of the prolongation of the Teste de Buch to Bayonne."

"Excuse me, monsieur, but this is simply exile, for reasons which are unknown to me, and it strikes me as another piece of imprudence. Besides, I am a chemist and not a builder of bridges; such a mission would make me ridiculous, for I am in no way fitted for it, and I cannot therefore accept your proposal."

"Then, if you prefer, consider this mission as a pretext. But, I repeat, for your personal safety, which we know to be menaced, it is urgent, it is indispensable, that you should spend some weeks at Bordeaux. The air of Paris cannot agree with you at this moment; in truth, it will be fatal to you."

"I have never run away from danger, monsieur. More than once, since I have devoted myself to the work I undertook and which you are forcing me to abandon, my life has been threatened. It is vain, therefore, to appeal to the interest you pretend to bear me; you would be better advised to invoke my patriotism. The love of order has always been my motive power, and I have thrown aside everything that appeared to injure it, even the proposals made me by the Luxembourg, at a time when it was all-powerful. You say that the command is peremptory, and must be obeyed by a good citizen. I bow before that command, and will fulfil it. I will go home, get some money and pack some clothes, after which I shall be at your disposal. When do you wish me to start?"

"As soon as possible."

"Very well, to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. There is not an earlier train."

"That is too late, and besides, my orders are precise.

A carriage is waiting in the courtyard of the hôtel—and you must leave at once. I will give you money for your journey, and send your luggage after you to Bordeaux."

"At least allow me, monsieur, to see my mother. As I know, if I do not return she will imagine something dreadful has happened to me. And even in your own interests and for the safety of the public, I must inform some of my comrades and beg them, for the sake of their country, not to place the question on a personal footing, but to continue to act as though I were still at the head of the national workshops."

"All that you ask is impossible. You can see nobody."

"Not my mother?"

"Not your mother; my orders are positive."

"Forget them, monsieur, I implore you, on this one point. Do you not understand how cruel it would be to go on a journey that may last, I do not know how long, without seeing my mother? Spare me just one half-hour, and I give you my word of honour that in half an hour I will be here again."

"It is very painful to me, monsieur, please believe that, to have to carry out such rigorous orders. It cuts me to the heart. I am not in the habit of doing such things, and it is against all my traditions and all my feelings. But I have no choice but to obey my instructions."

"Listen, monsieur: you, too, have been proscribed, accused, and imprisoned. But I am sure you have never suffered such a cruel refusal as that which I suffer at this moment."

The minister was silent.

"Besides," went on M. Thomas, "where *are* your instructions? I have a right to see them. Show them to me."

"I have nothing more to say except that the government desires that you should start immediately; and in order to make sure that you will reach Bordeaux in safety, it takes the precaution to send two police officers with you."

"Oh, monsieur, things are beginning to take on a new colour, and to look terribly like an arrest. Have you a warrant out against me? In that case there is no more to be said."

"For the last time," cried the minister impatiently, "I am not responsible to you! Will you go? Yes or No."

"And if I refuse to obey an order which seems to me unjust, what will happen?"

"I should be extremely sorry, but I must have recourse

to force. The hôtel is guarded; a commissary of police and two men are in the ante-room. Your resistance was foreseen."

"Be calm, monsieur. I leave you all the responsibility of your action. Only I wish it to be recorded that violence has been employed against me, and that I protest against that violence."

"Very well, protest," and with these words the minister left the room.

Then M. Boulage, who up to this point had taken no part in the conversation, rose and approached M. Émile Thomas.

"Monsieur," he began, "I wished to be present at this interview, so as to soften as far as I could any bitterness or violence. I give you my word of honour that at Bordeaux you will be perfectly free."

"May I entrust this copy of my resignation to you, monsieur, and will you hand it over to my brother?"

"I will."

"Will you also undertake to give a note to my mother?"

"Yes."

"On your honour?"

"Yes."

So M. Émile Thomas wrote:

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I am obliged to leave for Bordeaux. My personal safety is not in any danger, and I hope to be back soon.

"É. THOMAS."

To this letter M. Thomas added a line to one of his friends, apologising for failing to keep an appointment. M. Boulage promised to deliver all three papers that same night, but let us hasten to inform the reader that only the note of farewell reached its destination, and that it was four days later before a young man arrived to extract the others, so to speak, from the grasp of M. Boulage.

Scarcely had M. Boulage taken possession of these papers, than the minister entered with the commissary of police whom he had fetched himself. This functionary drew up a description of M. Émile Thomas, and presented him with a passport, and as he did so a voice from the antechamber called out: "The carriage is here."

The minister accompanied M. Émile Thomas as far as the gate; gave the police the money for the journey,

enjoined them to treat their prisoner with every possible consideration, and, saying to the driver "the road to Chartres," went back into the house.

The details of the voyage will be given to-morrow, and we may state that we are able to guarantee their absolute authenticity, as well as that of the strange interview we have related to our readers. Change the date, and we find ourselves in the sixteenth century; change the names of the actors and the scene, and we are in Venice.

IV

It was eleven o'clock when the carriage rolled away.

As we have seen, isolation was held to be strictly necessary and there must be no delay; instead, therefore, of travelling by rail, it was needful to make the journey in a post-chaise, which took twenty-four hours longer to go the already long distance, even when the driver chose the most direct roads and shortest cuts.

At the Barrière de Chaillot, the prisoner, finding himself alone with his two guards, who were apparently unarmed, had some thought of opening the door and attempting to escape; and in this he might have been aided either by the postilion or by a passer-by. Happily, it occurred to him, on reflection, that the more arbitrary was the action of the ministry, the more essential was passive obedience on his part, till the day should come when this passivity and this violence should meet face to face, and judgment would be pronounced by the wisdom of the people, who rarely err in the just division of praise or blame.

Likewise, instead of showing themselves hostile, M. Thomas' two companions had already given signs of good-will. It was cold and the carriage would not shut properly; so M. Collin, one of the policemen, had covered M. Thomas with his own cloak. The other man, M. Tasnon, without actually doing anything, had made it clear that he shared the feelings of his colleague. Therefore when they stopped at Versailles to obtain a fresh relay of horses, M. Thomas begged his two guards to allow him to write to his mother. They consented at once, and with a pass signed by the minister, M. Thomas wrote in pencil these lines:

"My dear Mother,

"Do not be frightened. I was forced to resign. Two policemen, excellent fellows, are escorting me by carriage to Bordeaux, with instructions to set me free when I get there. Write to me, *poste-restante*, Bordeaux, as soon as you can.

"É. Thomas."

Then, above the address, M. Émile Thomas added these seductive words, "ten francs to the bearer."

The latter was confided to the postilion, who, more faithful than M. Boulage, fulfilled his commission.

From this moment, the relations between M. Émile Thomas and his guards became more familiar. He questioned them as to their orders concerning him, and they answered that they had received none, except to treat him as a prisoner during the journey, and then to set him at liberty, and in all probability they spoke the truth.

On Saturday at eight in the morning they reached Chartres, and here again M. Thomas asked permission to write to his mother, which was granted without more difficulties than before. For the matter of that, the police had correspondence of their own to attend to; summoned to the minister's house without the smallest idea what they were wanted for, they were nearly as much prisoners as their prisoner himself. They also desired to write as much as he did, but while his letter was to his mother, theirs were to their wives.

At half-past eleven that night they were at Tours, and here a fresh project of resistance occurred to M. Émile Thomas.

"Messieurs," he said, "I have a relative at Tours, while at Bordeaux I know nobody. What would happen if, instead of going to Bordeaux, I announced to you that I wished to remain at Tours?"

The two policemen looked at each other.

"Monsieur," they replied, "our orders are positive; we are to take you to Bordeaux and nowhere else. But as we have made friends, and should be sorry to have to use force against you, we shall be satisfied to accompany you wherever you prefer, because we are quite sure that it is you who will get tired first. Still, such a resolve on your part cannot fail to do us harm, and after the way we have treated you we are certain you would not like to injure us. We therefore implore you, not as obeying the orders of the government, but for our own sakes, to continue your journey."

These arguments were too sensible not to appeal to M. Thomas, and he gave in.

On their arrival at Poitiers the following day they went to the telegraph office, and here M. Émile Thomas called the attention of his companions to the strange way in which the semaphore was working.

"Look," he said, "the minister is having the kindness to busy himself about us."

"But why do you think that?" asked the policeman.

"Well, my departure has probably excited some slight feeling on the part of the workmen which my presence might have allayed; and I shall find some news of M. Trélat on reaching Bordeaux, or even before we get there."

"And what news do you expect to have?"

"Oh, very simple news. I shall be arrested."

"Monsieur," said one of the men, "our orders are to take you to Bordeaux, and, once there, to set you free. Nothing in the world will prevent us from obeying this order, unless force is used, and in that case you will understand that we shall be obliged to yield."

M. Émile Thomas thanked his companions, and they continued on their way. All went well till they were passing through Carbon-Blanc, the last stage before Bordeaux, at eight o'clock on the Monday morning; then, while the horses were being changed, some gendarmes came to the carriage and asked the travellers for their passports.

"I told you so," said M. Émile Thomas.

He was right; the gendarmes took the passports and examined them minutely, while a crowd collected to watch their movements. The gendarmes then informed M. Émile Thomas and his two companions that they must consider themselves prisoners.

The affair was really beginning to have its comic side: the two policemen were actually included in the order of the government; authority had arrested authority, and the poor men were tempted to regret that they had not allowed M. Émile Thomas to stay at Tours, and had not remained with him.

In reply to their remonstrances a telegram was handed to them by the superior officer couched in these words:

"The citizen Émile Thomas, ex-director of the national workshops, is *en route* for Bordeaux in a carriage drawn by two horses, and

accompanied by two persons. Arrest him, and keep him and his companions under surveillance till further orders."

It was official and could not be gainsaid. The policemen with a dejected air bowed to necessity.

The brigadier took his seat in the carriage, which, escorted by four gendarmes, proceeded along the road to Fort Ha; but scarcely had they reached their destination when the prisoners beheld a mounted gendarme approaching them. He was the bearer of a fresh order; they were to be conducted to the constabulary.

The order was executed; the carriage entered the town, and the prisoners were received at the constabulary with great politeness by the captain in charge, who showed them to the room which for the moment was to serve them for the prison.

M. Collin protested against the illegality of his arrest; but while he did so, he was none the less forced to hand over to the captain the pistols that he had upon him. After this, half a dozen gendarmes were posted in the antechamber, on the stairs, and below the window, to deprive the prisoners of all chance of escape.

After this, having made his arrangements, the captain went off to obtain some information and returned, in great confusion half an hour later, to announce to the prisoners that they were free; that all that had happened was to be as if it had never occurred, for a second telegram had that moment arrived, enjoining him to pay no attention to the first. He further suggested that M. Émile Thomas should pay a call on the Préfet.

M. Ducos, the commissary of the government for the department of the Gironde, gave M. Émile Thomas a cordial reception, and confessed that he could not understand the recent contradictory orders, but that in virtue of the last he was at liberty to execute his mission, and that moreover 600 francs had been transmitted to the Préfet towards the accomplishment of this mission.

On quitting the Préfet, M. Émile Thomas went straight to the hôtel de France, and wrote the following letter to the minister:

"Monsieur le Ministre,

"On my arrival this morning at Bordeaux I was arrested by gendarmes, and marched through the public streets like a criminal, in virtue of an order conveyed in a telegram *which I saw*. Although, thanks to a second telegram, I am now free, the fact none the less

exists that my personal rights have been twice set aside in violation of a solemn promise and in contempt of the liberty possessed by all.

"I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been of real use in the maintenance of order for the service of the Republic, which, however, has not permitted me to do all that I wished in my single-minded devotion, to the public safety and prosperity, to democratic principles, and to a government composed of trustworthy men. Still, I have been good for something, as my friends are well aware; I have sacrificed my career to my country, and I have been repaid by ingratitude.

"You will understand, Monsieur le Ministre, that in these circumstances I am unable to accept any mission, be it what it may, without having obtained adequate reparation for the injury to my patriotism, and I must therefore throw up the one you have confided to me.

"But as I desire before all to be a good citizen, I have placed myself at the disposal of the Préfet of the Gironde, and I shall not leave Bordeaux without further orders, as you seem to consider that my presence in Paris would have a pernicious effect; although I, on the contrary, consider that I could still render to the government services which I have never been backward in offering, and for which I have never, and will never, demand other recompense than the gratitude of my fellow-citizens and the satisfaction of always having behaved as an honest man.

"É. Thomas."

To-morrow we will relate what had passed in Paris while M. Thomas was making his strange journey to the department of the Gironde.

V

Everybody was at Monceaux, and, as might be expected, news was awaited with impatience.

At half-past eleven at night, M. Boulage arrived, bringing with him the note which M. Émile Thomas had written to his mother. The tenor of this note will be remembered by the reader, and it will be easily understood how alarming it was rendered by its very brevity, and by the foreseeing of the very anxiety it sought to calm.

But to those assembled, M. Boulage was not only there as an ambassador; it was taken for granted that he would also be informed of the reason why M. Trélat had caused M. Thomas to vanish in this way. Thus the moment he made his appearance, questions were rained upon him; and to them all M. Boulage had but one answer:

"The life of M. Émile Thomas was in danger as long as he remained in Paris; that is why the minister sent him away."

"But," was objected on every side, "there was really no need to kidnap M. Thomas like that. If *he* was in danger, so also were his friends. Why not keep him in the hôtel de Ville or in the government offices? in the midst of us all, in point of fact. And were not his friends and his family much better safeguards than a journey which could only take a short time? We should be glad of an explanation."

Now it was precisely this that was impossible; so M. Boulage hastened to answer:

"To-morrow I will bring the minister who will explain to you things of which I am ignorant," and he left the room.

So they must still wait; and they waited. All the same, one of the sub-managers who was present went straight off to two or three of the ministers, to question them on the matter, but they knew as little as he did himself, and were stupefied at the news.

The next morning, early, the pavilion was crowded, and when M. Trélat arrived in his turn he found awaiting him two or three hundred people, masters, workmen, friends, all impatient, not only for news, but for explanations. M. Trélat began to speak, and in a sententious voice announced to Mme. Thomas that her son had gone away. This was strange; and from all parts of the room arose the cry:

"Where has he gone to? And why?"

"He left," replied M. Trélat, who thought he could soon satisfy this natural anxiety and all these questions, "he left in order to fulfil a mission entrusted to him. He is to study the methods of organisation in the Landes."

It would have been difficult to find an answer at once more useless and more stupid. To offer to a family and to friends such an explanation was in the circumstances more than stupid; it was impertinent.

By this time more people had pressed into the room, and the sub-managers, in their turn advancing, questioned the minister; at first with respect, then, seeing that they could obtain nothing but the most ambiguous replies, with greater impatience and gravity. At length one of them ejaculated:

"Well, we know the truth now. M. Émile Thomas has been forced away. We have had no instructions from him, so either he has refused to give them, or they have been seized. Whichever way it is, he can count on us. We

will help him by doing nothing." And as they spoke, they laid down their badges of office, and the minister retired, promising to meet the assembly of delegates at 3 o'clock.

Thus, on the side of the minister there were only arbitrary actions, evasive replies, empty reasons; on the side of the family, friends and subordinates of M. Thomas, a total absence of violence, an attitude of exceeding calm, and men who were content to hand in their resignations where they might have imposed their will.

It was at this moment that two members of the Board of Public Works, of that very commission charged with the suppression, first, of the commission of the hôtel de Ville, next, of the director of the national workshops, and lastly, according to all probability, of the national workshops themselves—it was at this moment, then, that MM. Polonceau and Flachat made their appearance.

These gentlemen had not the proud and threatening air which M. Trélat had done his best to assume that morning; their words were honey and their promises gold. They offered everybody places, and they tried to buy silence without bargaining, after the manner of a *grand seigneur*.

Unluckily, it was consciences and not interests with which they had to deal, and the question remained what it had been from the beginning, a question of hearts and not of money. The proposals were met by a smile of pity; and it was the delegates themselves who drew up that protest from the masters of the workshops which we have all seen posted on the walls of Paris. This protest terminated with the following words:

"To sum up: we have found amongst these gentlemen [the persons charged with the management of the national workshops], in the present critical condition of the *ateliers*, a unanimous wish to render all the services that the most disinterested devotion can inspire; but we have also recognised that an act of reparation which will maintain M. Émile Thomas in the position he has gained by his personal services, as well as by the esteem that he has won from those who work with him, is the formal condition attached to this support, and. if the feelings of the men who thus protest against the methods employed in the removal of M. Émile Thomas are to be fully satisfied, it is necessary that such an act should immediately be made public."

While this protest was being drawn up, M. Boulage re-

turned—to find the excitement at its height. His hesitations, his evasive answers, his ambiguities, had produced their fruit. The assembly wished to retain M. Boulage as a hostage. The workmen had come to the end of their patience, and a riot would have broken out, had it not been for the courage shown by Mme. Thomas, and the power of her dignity upon them. By her means an action was avoided which would have been precisely the *pendant* of that of M. Trélat.

At last, the letter conveying the ultimatum of the pupils was finished, and M. Cauchoix-Lemaire hurried to take it to the minister, and to ask for an answer. What that answer was, everybody knows.[1]

At 3 o'clock, M. Trélat presented himself as he had promised before the assembly of the delegates. He believed that he had given perfect satisfaction by the publication of the three lines in which he acknowledged that the reasons that had prompted the departure of M. Émile Thomas did not affect his character, his honour, or the just appreciation of his services. This answer did not, however, suffice, and now the workmen wished to retain the minister himself as a hostage.

"Let us shut him up and keep him," they said, "till we have Émile Thomas back again. It is the only way to get justice."

It was evident that the position was becoming more and more complicated, and that the minister-doctor did not know what remedy to apply to the incident. It is impossible to give any idea of what passed at that time. The agitation was at its height, and the minister, cross-questioned on every side, at last had his defences forced, and ended by saying:

"I am really only a very small part of the government, and I am therefore not accountable to you for my actions.

[1] *To the citizen members of the commission instituted for the solution of the questions relative to the national workshops:*

"CITIZENS,

"I hasten to reply to your report. There has been nothing in the measures employed with regard to M. Émile Thomas which reflect in any way on his character or his honour, or can affect the just appreciation of his services.

"I am not surprised at what you have obtained from the pupils of the École Centrale; the country expects much good work from them in the future, etc., etc., etc.

"(Signed) TRÉLAT."

All that I can tell you is that an important mission has been confided to M. Émile Thomas; that he was obliged to start at once, and that I shook hands with him on his departure."

"That is a lie," was heard from every throat, and the excitement was redoubled.

Still, it was necessary to put an end to it all. Personally, the minister had nothing to fear, but the persons who had engaged to protect him from insult ran some risk. Then the working-men returned to their original plan, the incarceration of M. Trélat, and in order to distract their attention they were asked to sign a petition, so that the minister might be whisked away during the process.

Ten o'clock that night found family and friends gathered together in the salon, discussing these strange and disquieting events, when the doors were flung wide open to admit M. Boulage and M. Lalanne dressed in the full uniform of the National Guard, while the 2,000 men who accompanied them surrounded the park. An armed detachment took possession of the vestibule, and it was thus, encircled by all the pomp of war, that M. Boulage proclaimed the new dynasty—the reign of M. Lalanne in place of M. Émile Thomas.

That evening the new director entered into his kingdom, after which M. Boulage retired.

Next began the resignations.

On Monday at 2 o'clock, the Thomas family quitted the Parc de Monceaux, and, in justice to everybody, let us state here that M. Lalanne behaved in his difficult position extremely well.

Now that we have finished with the events which took place in Paris, we will go back to M. Émile Thomas, who was joined, the day following the installation of M. Lalanne, by his brother Pierre and M. Boucard. Their arrival was a great pleasure to him, although he was turning his exile to profit in the study of the commerce and characteristics of the town, and in seeing—what appeared to him an easy enough task—how to make Bordeaux the second city in France. Every day he visited the Préfet, who had no news of any kind to impart, and the elections once over, M. Thomas was authorised to leave.

Up to that time, M. Émile Thomas had resisted all the blandishments of journalists, club delegates, and the rest, anxious to make him write or speak of what had happened.

But when he reached Tours, when he learned that in Paris he was the subject of the vilest calumnies, he did not lose a moment in hurrying to the capital and demanding that the vague accusations against him should be formulated by the government. To this demand no answer was given, so quite recently he has addressed a petition, to the same effect, to the National Assembly. Has he ever had an answer to *that* ?

Arrested and sequestrated, M. Émile Thomas is silent; rewarded for his services by ingratitude, he has made no sign; deposed, for having tried to uphold order and the rights of all against violence, he has refrained from appealing to his friends.

Now, only, when his honour is attacked and his loyalty suspected,—*now* he arises and drags the affair into daylight and asks: "What is the accusation and where are the accusers ?"

It is in support of this manly action that we have lent our support, given our sympathy, and opened our columns, and in doing so we thank M. Émile Thomas for having given us the opportunity of proclaiming the truth and of offering our aid to a great cause.

Alexandre Dumas.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE

Émile Thomas

Letter addressed to the National Assembly, June 10th

"Citizen Representatives,

"When, a month ago, I was summoned before your commission for working-men, to explain certain things with reference to the national workshops, I undertook to clear myself in the eyes of your colleagues from the ill-natured insinuations relative to my conduct, which had been disseminated by the minister of Public Works. On that occasion some of you, feeling that I was speaking sincerely, were moved to cry out: 'But you are *not* accused, you have *not* got to defend yourself; we appreciate to the full your single-mindedness and your integrity, and we are grateful to you for the services you have rendered and are rendering

to the country, and we have only asked you to come here to-day to give us your views on the situation.'

"With profound gratitude I accepted these kindly words, which encouraged me to proceed in the prudent and loyal course of action I had marked out for myself; yet—you can see it to-day, citizens, for yourselves—my disavowal was already preparing, calumny was already hanging over my head.

"I am one of those who know how to sacrifice their repose, their career, their very existence, to their principles, and to the men who represent those principles; before disgrace, before deprivation, before even the flagrant and illegal violation of the most sacred of all rights, the right of personal liberty, I should therefore have kept silence; I should have resigned myself to inaction, and to injustice, and should have waited patiently for the time when I could be useful to my country and to the suffering classes of society. But before dishonour, if it should be my ruin, I will never draw back.

"This same minister who, on May 28th, declared in an official document addressed to the commission of the national workshops that my honour was safe—and let me quote his own words: 'There has been nothing in the measures taken with regard to M. Émile Thomas that can reflect on his character or his honour, or lessen our appreciation of his services,'—this same minister, citizen Trélat, summoned by the National Assembly to declare publicly that I had not forfeited the esteem of honest men, by his silence and by his accusing smile lent a colour and support to every calumny; this same minister has allowed to be circulated among the people, to be inserted in the papers,—above all in the *Moniteur*,—has permitted you, citizen representatives, to believe reports which are most injurious to my reputation. Ought I to suffer this?

"The first step was to address myself to your delegates, to the power you have created by your votes. So I wrote the following letter to the members of the executive government:

" 'Citizens,

" 'I have uttered no protest against the arbitrary action that has torn me without warning from the work which I was disinterestedly fulfilling; neither have I complained of the ingratitude of those who know quite well that I have in some measure contributed to their safety—to the safety of the Republic.

"'I have waited patiently in exile till it pleased the government to give me an explanation of the violence offered to me; and for ten days at Bordeaux I was in hourly expectation that the Minister of Public Works would acknowledge my refusal to accept the pretended mission which he thrust upon me, but no acknowledgment ever came.

"'However, I made no compromise with my conscience, or with my honour, in spite of perfidious accusations launched at me from all sides (doubtless starting from high places), and even by the *Moniteur*.

"'It was my duty to face my detractors and to force an explanation, therefore I returned to Paris and went straight home.

"'And now, citizens, it is not gratitude that I require of you, but reparation; reparation full and complete.

"'Firmly as I am resolved to retire into private life, and devote myself to the study of chemistry, I do not intend to leave one speck upon my honour, and I will take care that every fault that has been committed shall be borne by the man who has committed it.

"'I solicit, then, from you, citizens, an inquiry, that shall be judicial, severe, and minute, into my administration.

"'Further, I ask that this inquiry shall be public and shall be prompt; so that I may honourably return with as little delay as possible to the sphere which only the love of my country caused me to leave.

"'You have deprived me of the means of working for the improvement of the conditions of the labouring classes, therefore I shall now devote myself to the holiest of duties which stands next, the duties devolving on me as the head of a family.

"'I remain, citizens, etc., etc.,

"'ÉMILE THOMAS.'

"My letter, citizen representatives, remained without an answer.

"Henceforth it is to you that I must address myself, and from you that I hope and expect justice. You cannot refuse judges to an accused man, and such I must consider myself, since all rational explanation is denied me.

"However humble I may be in comparison with you, citizen representatives, with you, the direct emanation of the sovereignty of the people, of the supreme power; however weak I may be in comparison with the Minister of Public Works, with him who is likewise the Minister of the Executive Government, whose instructions he pretends he has followed,—the position in which I have been placed does not the less impose on me the solution of the question that touches now the fundamental principles of our political and social regeneration.

"An inefficient administrator is deposed; an untrust-

worthy official is dismissed and judged; a seditious citizen is arrested. But all this is done openly and with reason.

"*I* have been deposed and arrested, but they refuse to judge me; mystery wraps the true cause of an action that seems to have proceeded only from somebody's good pleasure, which recalls the *lettres de cachet*, and for which a precedent is only to be found in the reigns of a strongly marked despotism.

"What are they afraid of? Of my right, after I have justified myself, to bring accusations in my turn? Whatever may be their motives, it is on you, citizen representatives, and on your impartiality that rest all my hope in the present, all my confidence in the future. Order the inquiry, I implore it from my heart, I desire it from my soul. I will *not* remain dishonoured.

"Accept, citizen representatives, etc.

"ÉMILE THOMAS."

Letter addressed to the editors of various papers, June 12th

"MONSIEUR,

"I have the honour to send you a copy of a request which I have this morning myself deposited in the hands of the Minister of Justice.

"Convinced of the integrity of the first magistrate of the Republic, I confidently await his decision; and it is only in consequence of the exceptional position in which I have been placed, and which obliges me to make public all my actions, that induces me to ask you to publish my letter.

"'CITIZEN MINISTER,

"'As a public official I have demanded from the executive government, and, failing any reply from that quarter, from the National Assembly, the institution of a judicial inquiry into the acts of my administration.

"'In virtue of my natural rights as a simple citizen, I present to you a request for leave to bring against citizen Trélat, Minister of Public Works, a suit for illegal arrest, for sequestration of person, and for publicly asserting things concerning me that are not only false, but of a nature to injure the reputation of a private citizen, of all of which he has been guilty towards me.

"'I have the honour, citizen minister, to entreat you, having regard to the urgency of the case, not to delay, and to transmit my request to the proper person, and I shall be further obliged if you will acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

"'Accept, monsieur, etc., etc.,

"'É. THOMAS.'

"You will understand, Mr. Editor, that it is not only because the matter is personal to myself that I have been moved to take this action, but it is the duty of every good citizen to protest energetically, by every legal means, against any violation of the rights of men. With regard to myself, monsieur, I am quite determined to use my lawful rights, and in protecting my own person against tyranny, to protect also each of my fellow-citizens against unjustifiable measures, which may in their turn be applied to them.

"É. THOMAS."

Letter of June 15th to the Minister of Justice

"CITIZEN MINISTER,

"As the result of my request to be authorised to prosecute the citizen Trélat, Minister of Public Works, I to-day place my protest in your hands.

"I declare that having been kidnapped and illegally detained on May 26th, he neglected to provide either for a substitute or for my signature and responsibility on May 27th and 28th.

"Also that on May 29th, citizen Trélat, Minister of Public Works, represented by citizen Boulage, secretary-general of the department, and citizen Lalanne, engineer of canals and bridges, entered my private abode without any of the forms prescribed by law, and seized my keys, papers, letters, books, and cash-box, as well as certain documents locked up in my various bureaux, illegally and in the absence of witnesses who are always bound to be present, and made no inventories of the property of which they had taken possession, nor any public declaration thereof, and did not even impose seals.

"Against these acts I have protested and do protest, because they imply an absolute misinterpretation of justice and of the law.

"I place in your hands, citizen minister, this protest, entreating you to see that it is delivered to the proper person, and to acknowledge its reception to me.

"Accept, citizen minister, the assurance of my profound and respectful devotion.

"É. THOMAS."

Extract from "La Presse" of June 12th

"M. Trélat, a recent convert to republicanism, has kidnapped M. Émile Thomas, exactly in the manner of a

wicked baron of the twelfth century kidnapping a peasant; and the National Assembly, which in the presence of such an act of tyranny should have risen as one man in its wrath, has remained quietly seated, so true is it that France is always the same. Sow liberty, and tyranny will spring up. M. Émile Thomas has now returned to Paris, and does not appear to be of the same accommodating spirit as the National Assembly, for he has demanded an inquiry, and demanded it insistently. He declines to rest under the weight of treacherous insinuations, that are heavier to bear than open accusations. If our information is correct, the replacing of M. Émile Thomas, far from resulting in an economy will probably end in showing a greatly increased expenditure.

"The following statement is sent us by a lover of truth, and an enemy of despotism; should the figures prove wrong M. Lalanne will correct them:

Expenses during 15 days, under E. Thomas			Expenses during 15 days under Lalanne		
From May 11 *to* 25 *inclusive*			*From May* 27 *to June* 10 *inclusive*		
	fr.	cts.		fr.	cts.
11. . . .	159,637	54	27. . . .	198,438	58
12. . . .	179,774	75	28. Sunday		
13. . . .	196,107	42	29. . . .	190,922	25
14. Sunday			30. . . .	175,856	36
15. . . .	484,904	06	31. . . .	201,813	93
16. . . .	180,243	62	1. June . .	149,360	75
17. . . .	169,109	71	2. . . .	188,580	04
18. . . .	182,908	06	3. . . .	204,416	79
19. . . .	182,879	79	4. Sunday		
20. . . .	223,035	81	5. . . .	177,422	90
21. Sunday			6. . . .	173,760	04
22. . . .	189,742	20	7. . . .	188,848	65
23. . . .	193,662	67	8. . . .	180,288	18
24. . . .	178,135	95	9. . . .	183,636	60
25. . . .	184,983	41	10. . . .	208,127	86
Total . .	2,425,423	02		2,419,562	93
Returned to the common treasury by the cashiers of the *arrondissement* .	32,731	90		2,419,562	93
	2,393,693	12		2,393,693	12
			Difference .	25,869	81

"But this is only one of the points of the accusation.

These figures do not give the lie to the reports which have been spread abroad of the 'reckless extravagance,' of the 'preposterous expenditure,' of the 'more than Roman orgies' held behind the walls of the Parc de Monceaux during the time when M. Marie was Minister of Public Works and M. Émile Thomas director of the national workshops.

"How much is there of truth and how much of exaggeration in all these reports which the *Moniteur* has ended in believing? In order to ascertain this, it is necessary that everything should be placed in the strongest light. For the question of the national workshops is far from being exhausted. The only things which are exhausted are the loans granted or allotted. The last loan granted by the National Assembly was exhausted the day before yesterday, Saturday. Not a centime is left with which to pay the workmen, and the Assembly has voted no new loans. How, then, are they to be paid?

"The Minister of Finance has promised his colleague the Minister of Public Works a sum of 500,000 francs, by means of a simple advice note; but an advice note is not a bill of exchange, and even if it were, in these days a letter of exchange is not money.

"Well, is there not the budget? Unluckily the appropriation of grants forms a barrier not to be broken down.

"Ah! this did not matter under an extravagant government like the last; but under a government which is regular, thrifty, popular, and republican, such as the present government, barriers have fallen into disuse. Money can be borrowed from the 32 millions destined for roads and bridges.

"But this would be fraud, embezzlement! Possibly, but would it be these things for the first time since February 25th?

"In a Republic such an action would have no significance, for all means are justified by the end.

"Is this the view of the National Assembly?

"Émile de Girardin."

Answer of M. Émile Thomas to the above article in "La Presse"

"Monsieur,

"I am deeply grateful that you have given me the opportunity of replying in the columns of your paper, in a

manner that shall be clear and unequivocal, to the equally precise accusations of which I have been made the subject.

"As to the gossip of the *Moniteur*, as to the insinuations and misleading silences of citizen Trélat, republican yesterday and despot to-morrow, I despise them too thoroughly to answer them otherwise than through the law. But to the sincere and open charges brought frankly by an honest man, I shall state the facts.

"Did you really believe for one instant, monsieur, in those stories of ostentation, of Roman orgies, and of unbridled luxury which were thrown in my face, while at the same moment I was held responsible for the faults and incapacity of many of the men I was forced to obey—to obey, that is, till my conscience, the sovereign law of all true and upright men, revolted against the evidence of injustice and bad faith.

"You, at least, I hope to convince, for I set a higher value on the esteem of respectable citizens than on the favour of officials or on a deceptive popularity.

"The son of a man once rich, who, after having bestowed on the city of Paris an income of more than two hundred thousand francs, died in poverty at the end of a ten years' struggle against bankruptcy, died fighting, having preserved his name unstained by dishonour. I proved myself worthy of the name I bore, and of the memory of my father.

"The posts which I have filled I only accepted on condition of their being gratuitous, because I hold that every good citizen owes a debt to his country. I therefore received no remuneration whatever.

"The charge of 'orgies' is surely disposed of by this one fact: that my mother never left the Pavilion of Monceaux while I was living there, and that she invariably ruled the house and presided at the table of the director of the national workshops.

"The Pavillon de Monceaux, where I lived, consists of seven rooms, three of which served as offices. It was in very bad condition, and I could only repair it to a certain extent. It is to the kindness of the head of the furnishing department that I owe some common carpets to spread over the worm-eaten boards; some half-worn hangings to cover the cavities in the walls, and some very inexpensive furniture. Far from my house being filled with valuable pictures and rich gilding, it did not boast of a single mirror.

"In recompense for the constant calls of my work, from

which in the beginning I was never free, the provisional government granted me table money for ten persons, at six francs a head.

"My table was what it ought to be, simple and suitable, as my guests, employees of all kinds in the national workshops, can testify.

"If I did not throw the Parc de Monceaux completely open to the public, it was because of the importance of the work carried on, and because, as a good 'head of a family,' I was responsible, in regard to the ex-civil list, for any waste or injuries committed there. But I never refused a card of admission to any one who asked for it, and every Sunday the gates of this promenade were opened to all who chose to apply to the doorkeeper. I have not dismissed a single one of the old servants of the works at Monceaux, and I was careful to retain the former manager, so that he might supervise my actions during my forced occupancy.

"Thirty-eight horses and fourteen vehicles were in use while I was director, but these were necessary for service, for inspection, and public order, and were bought with the consent of the minister. Both horses and carriages were excellent, for the simple reason that at that moment such things were very cheap and the State would profit to at least 200 per cent. And in this respect I am sure that I was well-advised, for the cost per diem of every vehicle, including harness, was 7 francs; while we should have had to pay from 15 to 20 francs for a hired vehicle; besides, in case of sale, I should have benefited the Treasury by 60,000 francs on purchases which had cost us about 30,000.

"All these purchases, together with expenditure of every sort, were sanctioned by an inspector of finances, attached, at my request, to the national workshops.

"Should you wish to form your own opinion as to the utility of both horses and vehicles, you are at liberty, monsieur, to inquire of the former Minister of Public Affairs and of the Mayor of Paris, as to the task of keeping order night and day from March 14th to May 15th in the public streets, which was undertaken by the pupils of the Central School, with me at their head. You can likewise remind them of the riots at Neuilly, Montrouge, Belleville, and several other places.

"Forgive me, monsieur, for these tedious explanations, and allow me to hope that you will make them public. I

am convinced that your well-known impartiality will render me this justice.

"I intend shortly to publish an historic memorial[1] of my action relative to the national workshops, which will, I trust, set me right in the eyes of my fellow-citizens.

"ÉMILE THOMAS."

[1] See "Histoire des Ateliers nationaux" (Lévy, 1848).

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